

The Smart

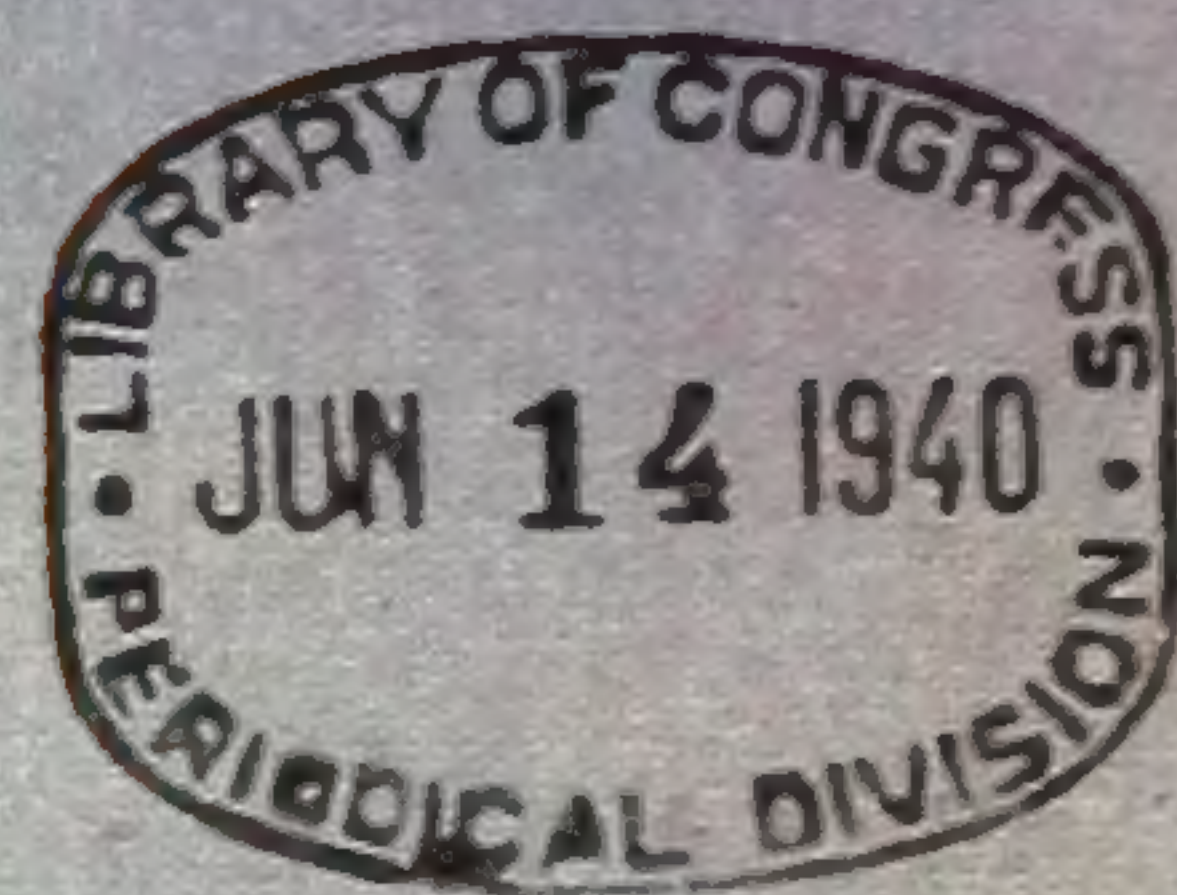
Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August

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in England



**THE
CLARK
GABLES
AT
HOME**

ANN
SHERIDAN

What Hollywood Insiders Know About Shirley Temple!

YOUR ROMANTIC FUTURE BY NORVELL



You didn't believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED? *Hear the People!*

DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a *fact* demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff *can* be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a *germ disease!* . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus *Pityrosporum ovale!*

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to *germicidal* treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, *does* master dandruff . . . *does* kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*



"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month 'just in case,' and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARLSTEDT
Box 507, Boynton, Fla.

"I have been a dandruff victim for years. Lately it became very bad and I could shampoo my hair every day and have just as much dandruff at night. As a last resort I tried Listerine and after four days it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it."

RICHARD SCHNACKENBERG
New York, N. Y.



"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
Oshkosh, Wis.

"I was comparatively a young woman when I turned grey. This was some twenty years ago. My scalp was in bad condition, and my hair was falling out badly.

"I had the idea of trying Listerine, and after the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone.

"Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp. And at 65 my hair is snow white and I have a perfectly healthy and normal scalp."

MRS. PAUL NESBITT
Chama, New Mexico



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE

THE PROVED TREATMENT FOR

DANDRUFF



Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

*Hooded robe in terry cloth
with cord belt, multi-colored
stripes on sleeves and hem.*



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

WATCH FOR THESE EXCITING FEATURES!

This issue of SCREENLAND which you are holding in your hands right now is a sample of the scoops you may always expect from The Smart Screen Magazine! For example, here you have "George's Women," the very first glimpse of Hollywood's sensational all-woman film in action, with first scene stills of "The Women." You have the only interview with "The Clark Gables At Home." The exclusive story of why Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., soft-pedaled his marriage publicity. And many more.

Now, we want you to look forward, to watch for the September issue, and forthcoming issues, for SCOOP features and pictures. You'll get:

THE TYRONE POWERS AT HOME

First visit by any magazine to Tyrone and Annabella in their new honeymoon house.

HAS HOLLYWOOD LOST THE COMMON TOUCH?

Highly controversial article discussing frankly the problems of movie producers, directors, and stars in endeavoring to live normal, sane lives and produce fine pictures to appeal to all audiences—while they are smothered in luxury and glamor, swamped with thrills.

WHO'S WHO ON ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY LIST!

Once again, the inimitable Elsa, international society's pet hostess and now a Hollywood star herself, shocks the world with her daring and originality. Every woman will want to read this!

SEPTEMBER SCREENLAND IS
ON SALE AUGUST 2nd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, PUBLISHER

August, 1939

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COVER PORTRAIT OF ANN SHERIDAN FROM WALTER WANGER'S
"WINTER CARNIVAL," BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

V. G. Heimbucher, President

Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher

D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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Lady Esther asks
**"Where's the girl who wants to be
 LUCKY in LOVE?"**



If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You!

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* the powder she is using is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use

today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently



sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older...that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until *midnight*!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.



"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

LADY ESTHER POWDER



Most satisfying cinema session you can treat yourself to is the wonderfully heartwarming "Goodbye Mr. Chips," M-G-M's fine picture from James Hilton's story. You'll take Mr. CHIPS, gentle English schoolmaster, straight to your hearts. You'll come from the theatre cheered and inspired as well as heartily entertained—for Mr. CHIPS, in his quiet way, brings a bit of encouragement to those who prefer to believe that a life well lived and work well done are important after all.



Robert Donat gives a great performance in the rôle of Mr. CHIPS, the idealistic schoolmaster who never had a child of his own and yet "had thousands of 'em—all boys," as he says at end of his career. Greer Garson, enchanting English newcomer, is perfection as Mrs. CHIPS, and Terry Kilburn matches their splendid performances with his own as no less than four generations of boys who benefit by Mr. CHIPS' teaching. Scenes on this page are highlights of picture.



1500 GIRLS INVADE
MEN'S COLLEGE!



We gave you Hedy Lamarr. Now we give you America's New No. 1 Glamour Girl (voted "first in allure" by jury of motion picture critics) in her first big starring role... An exciting story of romance and front-page headlines against the background of Dartmouth College's colorful Winter Carnival.

SHE WAS "HARD TO HANDLE"
—UNTIL SHE MET THE HAND-
SOME YOUNG PROFESSOR.

Ann Sheridan in the Season's Gayest Picture

"WINTER CARNIVAL"

with Richard Carlson

*Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong
Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin*

Original screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole... Music by Werner Janssen

A WALTER WANGER Production • Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Released thru United Artists



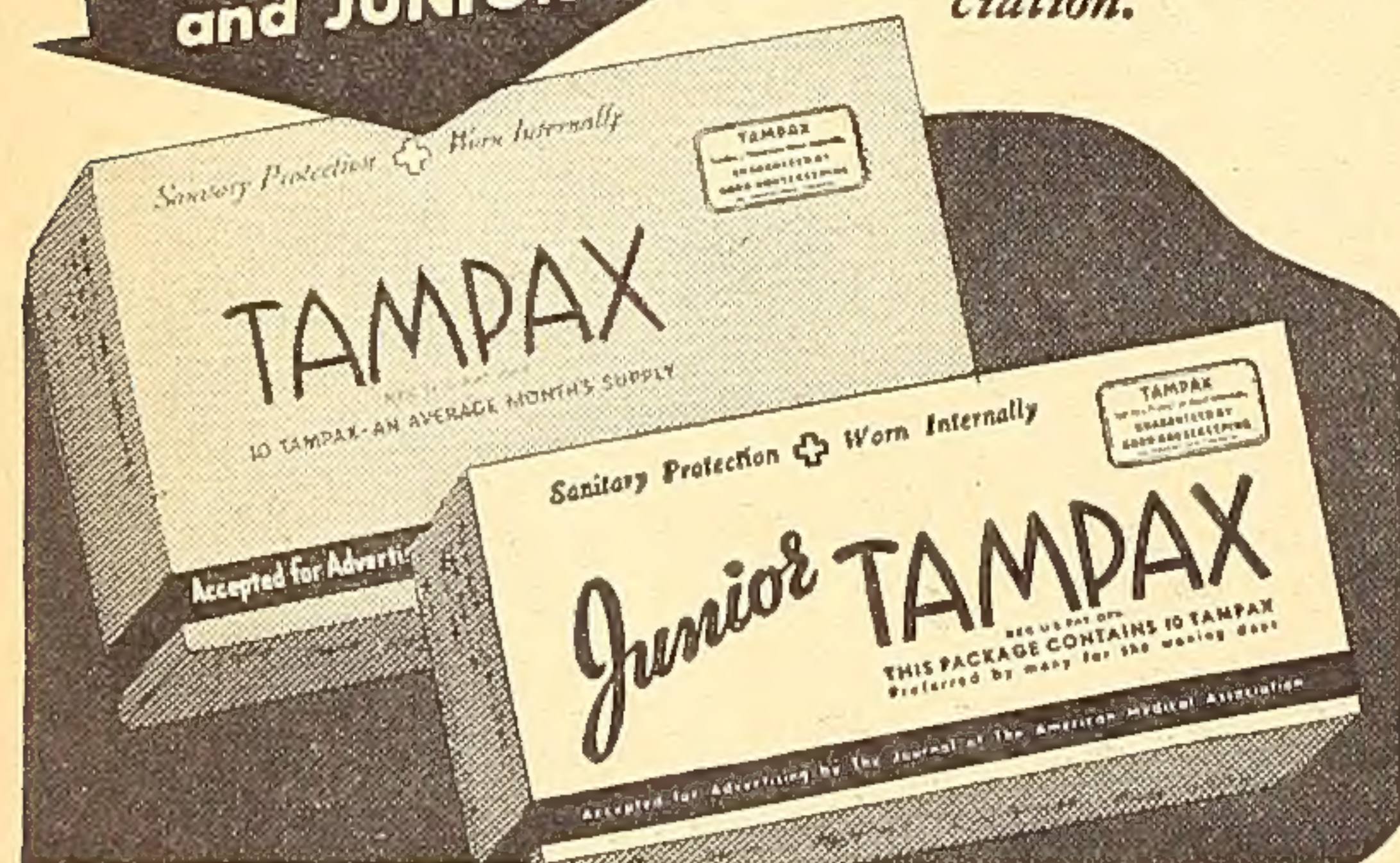
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

NO stay-at-home week-ends, no calendar days—if you use *Tampax* for sanitary protection. Even in a modern swim suit there is nothing to “show”—no line or edge of belt or napkin. *Tampax* is worn internally, acting gently as an absorbent and allowing you to golf, ride, bathe, swim—in comfort, without chafing, without the formation of odor!

Perfected by a doctor, *Tampax* is made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Firmly cross-stitched, it cannot come apart and fail in protection. Each sealed in patented applicator—neat, quick, dainty. Your hands do not even touch the *Tampax*. Quite unlike any other product, because it flattens out to a thin shape in use. No disposal difficulties. Comfortable and efficient, the *Tampax* way is the civilized way for women.

At drug stores and notion counters. Average month's supply, 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% may be saved by purchasing economy package of 40.

NOW SOLD IN
TWO SIZES
REGULAR
and JUNIOR



TAMPAX INCORPORATED SU-89
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of *Tampax*. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

() REGULAR TAMPAX () JUNIOR TAMPAX

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TAGGING THE TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

It's
a Won-
derful
World

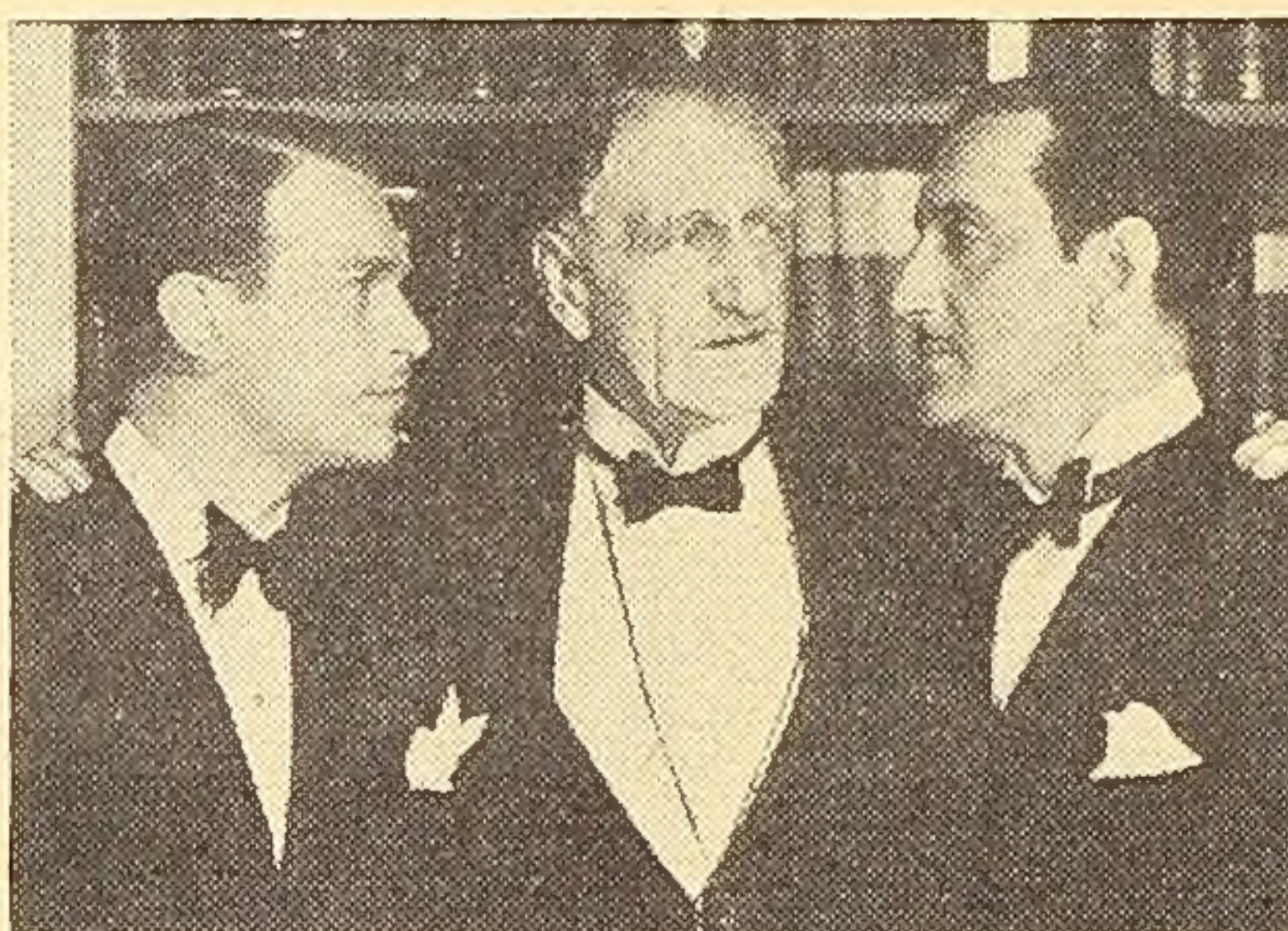
M-G-M



You'll laugh yourself silly at the loony situations in this clever mystery comedy. It has two of the screen's best comedy stars, Claudette Colbert and James Stewart, who caper through the scenes as though they enjoyed the fun too. Claudette's a zany, romantic poetess who attaches herself to Jimmy, much to his annoyance, while he's tracking down a murderer. There's a side-splitting episode in which Stewart disguises himself in scout's uniform and thick glasses. Good laugh show!

The Sun
Never
Sets

Universal



The forceful portrayals of Basil Rathbone as *Clive Randolph* and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as his young brother *John*, who rebels at going into “the service” just to carry on family tradition, puts this picture way up top on list of films you must see. It's a powerful story of the British Empire and the conflict of two brothers in the diplomatic service. The African Gold Coast is the setting and there are some fine bombing scenes. Lionel Atwill, Virginia Field and Barbara O'Neil are in the cast.

Calling
Dr.
Kildare

M-G-M



The second of the *Kildare* pictures is even more entertaining than the first. If you liked the original of series, be sure to see this one. It has mystery, comedy, romance, suspense, and the dialogue is quite clever. The plot has to do with a murder and the medical ethics of a young doctor who becomes involved and turns detective to clear himself. Lew Ayres' performance makes *Dr. Kildare* believable and Lionel Barrymore plays shrewd *Dr. Gillespie* with gusto. Lana Turner, Laraine Day in cast.

The Kid
from
Kokomo

Warner



Here's hilarious comedy! Although it has Joan Blondell, Wayne Morris, Pat O'Brien in it, it's May Robson's picture. Her clowning as a liquor-loving kleptomaniac trying to talk herself out of a jail sentence, is a riot. This scene alone is worth admission price. Pat's good as the promoter who lures Wayne, country lad with a mother complex, away from farm and makes him a fighter. (Remember *Kid Galahad*?) Joan hasn't much of a rôle, but makes the most of it and its clever lines.

The
Gracie
Allen
Murder
Case

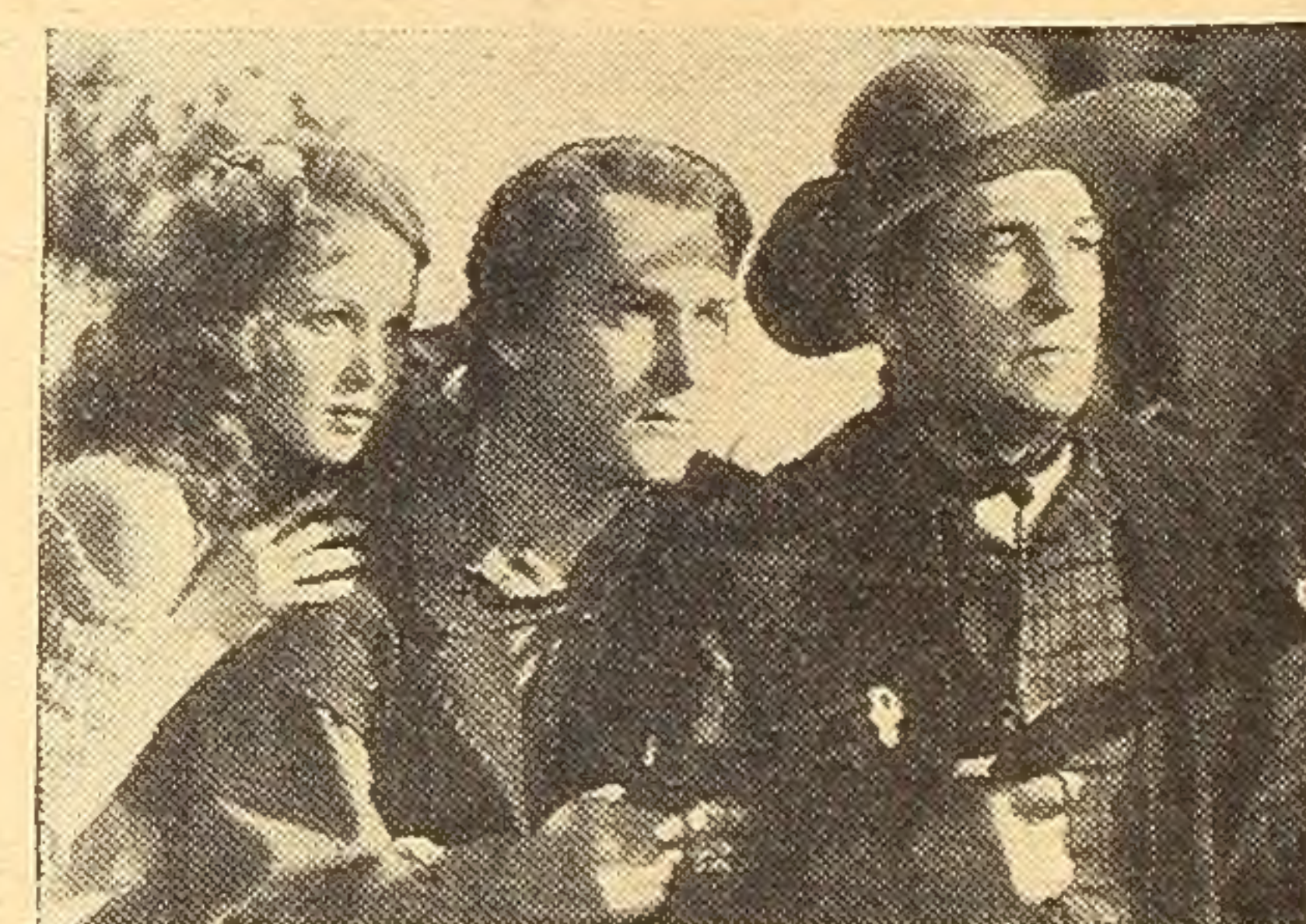
Para-
mount



Better sit up front for this uproariously funny comedy so you'll be sure to catch all the dialogue because the audience will laugh long and loud at some of its insanity and you might miss some of the fun. It's a burlesque on murder mysteries that really gets across. Gracie Allen, who glorifies the dumb dame, tries to help *Philo* (Gracie pronounces it *Fido*) *Vance* (Warren William) solve a murder mystery, jumbles the clues as only Gracie can do it, but succeeds in solving the mystery.

Captain
Fury

Hal
Roach—
United
Artists



Co-starring Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen, this swashbuckling tale of romance and adventure in the 1840's dramatizes the colonization of Australia. Aherne gives a good performance as *Captain Michael Fury*, handsome Robin Hood who fights to help oppressed pioneers. McLaglen's rôle of *Blacky*, burly light-fingered convict-laborer will give you some hearty laughs. The picture has action—fist fights, shooting, and fast riding. June Lang is the lovely lady of *Captain Fury*'s affections.

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, that Mum *prevents* odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need *special*

care—not occasionally, but *every day!* You'll like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of *your* charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! *Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe...frees you from worry of offending.*

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

CRYING WON'T HELP YOU IF YOU'RE SKINNY, RUNDOWN, NERVOUS



Posed by professional model

**THOUSANDS GAIN
10 TO 25 LBS.,
NEW STRENGTH
THIS SCIENTIFIC WAY**



YOU may think your case is hopeless—that you're just naturally skinny, rundown—often tired and nervous. But as a result of recent scientific discoveries thousands of men and women who never could seem to gain before have put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh. They've gained normal health, normal nerves, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring—by simply taking these scientifically prepared Vitamin B and iron tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets, for a few short weeks.

Why this builds up so quickly

You see, it has now been scientifically proved that thousands of people are thin, wornout and cranky—hardly able to eat, sleep or work—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So by simply using their aid for a short time, great numbers of formerly rundown men and women have easily put on just the pounds they needed—gained new pep and much greater attractiveness of appearance—and won new friends and new joy in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and **FEEL** better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't take one of the many cheap inferior substitutes which do not give the same results. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each tablet. That assures the genuine.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 268, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Bridal Suite

M-G-M



The title of this comedy was changed from "Maiden Voyage" after its star, Annabella, married Tyrone Power—perhaps to capitalize on the wedding's publicity and Ty's popularity—but all the efforts of charming Annabella, as a Swiss inn proprietress, and Robert Young in rôle of an American playboy, seem wasted on this mediocre film. Even a fine supporting cast—Billie Burke, Walter Connolly, Reginald Owen—fails to lift it out of the so-so class.

Wolf Call

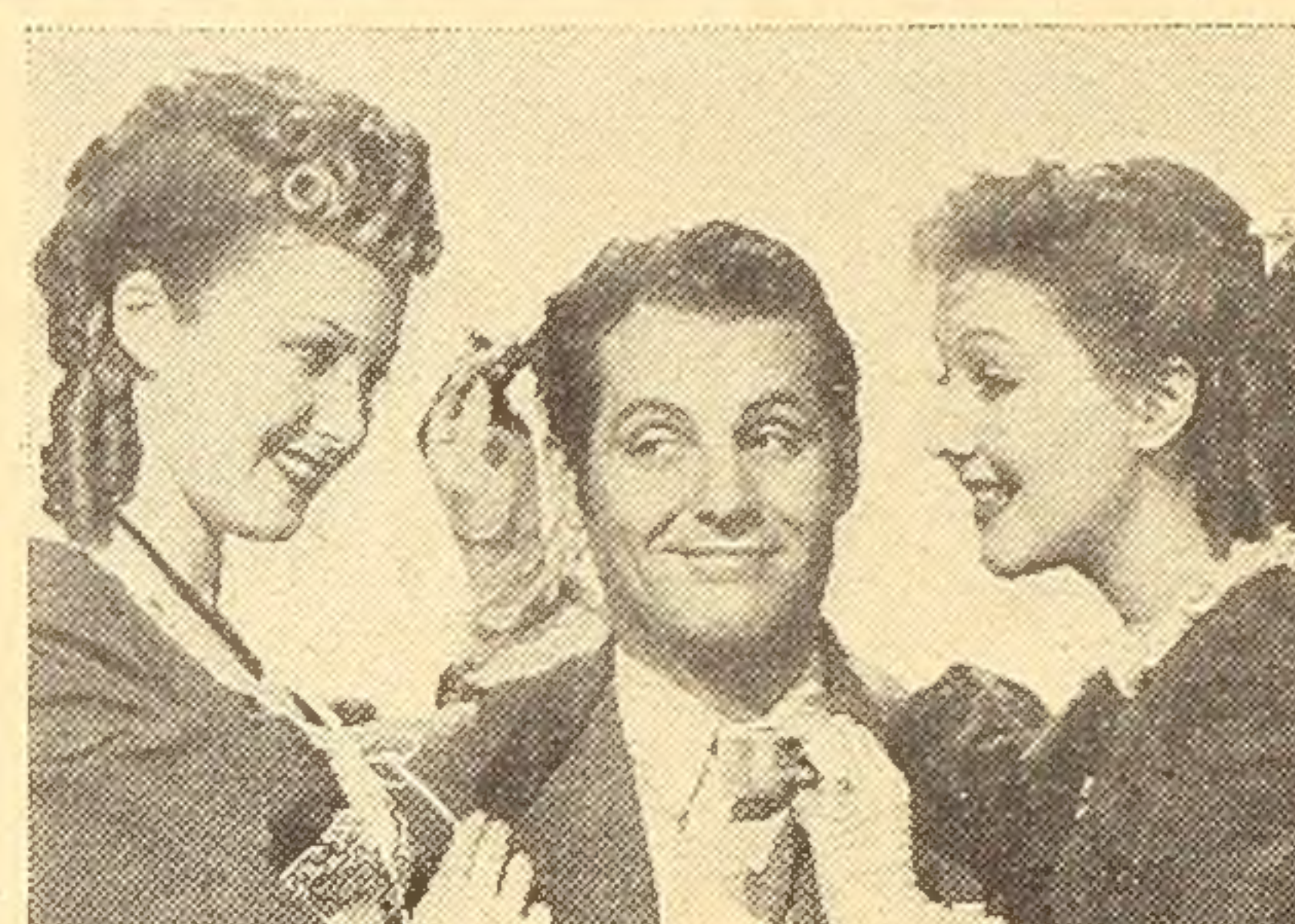
Mono-gram



A modernized adaptation of Jack London's "Wolf Call," tale of the north country, in which John Carroll is a millionaire playboy whose father sends him to a Canadian radium mine to learn its real value, and to keep him away from night clubs. Thrills are provided by a plane crash, fist fights, and the canine actor's (Grey Shadow) encounters with packs of wolves. Movita charming as Indian girl and John's warm baritone voice is heard. Picturesque.

Zenobia

Hal Roach—United Artists



Although the film has a tendency to drag, you'll find the comedy situations very amusing. Oliver Hardy is the small-town doctor who's duped by medicine man Harry Langdon into treating his sick elephant, *Zenobia*, and is embarrassed because the grateful elephant persists in following him around. As the doctor's wife, the fluttery Billie Burke gives her usual good show, as does Alice Brady. Jean Parker, James Ellison, June Lang make up romantic trio.

Exile Express

Grand National



As *Nadine*, Anna Sten tries hard to make this a good picture, but the story is so muddled her efforts are wasted. Too bad, because Anna is really beautiful and she does need a break in the way of good direction and story material. Anna works in the laboratory of *Dr. Hite*, who's murdered by foreign agents. Suspicion points to *Nadine*, who's being deported, meets Alan Marshall on train. They prove her innocence and he gets story for his paper.

Some Like It Hot

Para-mount



With Gene Krupa, his drums and his orchestra in it, this comedy is a feast for the jitterbugs. However, if you're not a rug-cutter, you may not find it very entertaining unless you're particularly fond of Bob Hope's type of comedy. Bob plays a fast-talking amusement park promoter who stops at nothing to get his entertainers a big break. Shirley Ross, one of the performers, sings *The Lady's In Love*, a catchy tune you'll be humming for days.

Tell No Tales

M-G-M



If it's thrills and suspense you're seeking, here's your picture. Melvyn Douglas, editor of a newspaper that's about to fold, accidentally comes into possession of a ransom bill, solves kidnapping, gets scoop for his paper, and saves it from oblivion. It's a novel film, made up of a series of episodes, the experiences of the editor-sleuth as he pursues the trail of the ransom bill. Louise Platt deserves praise for her rôle as the school-teacher and eye-witness.

The Girl from Mexico

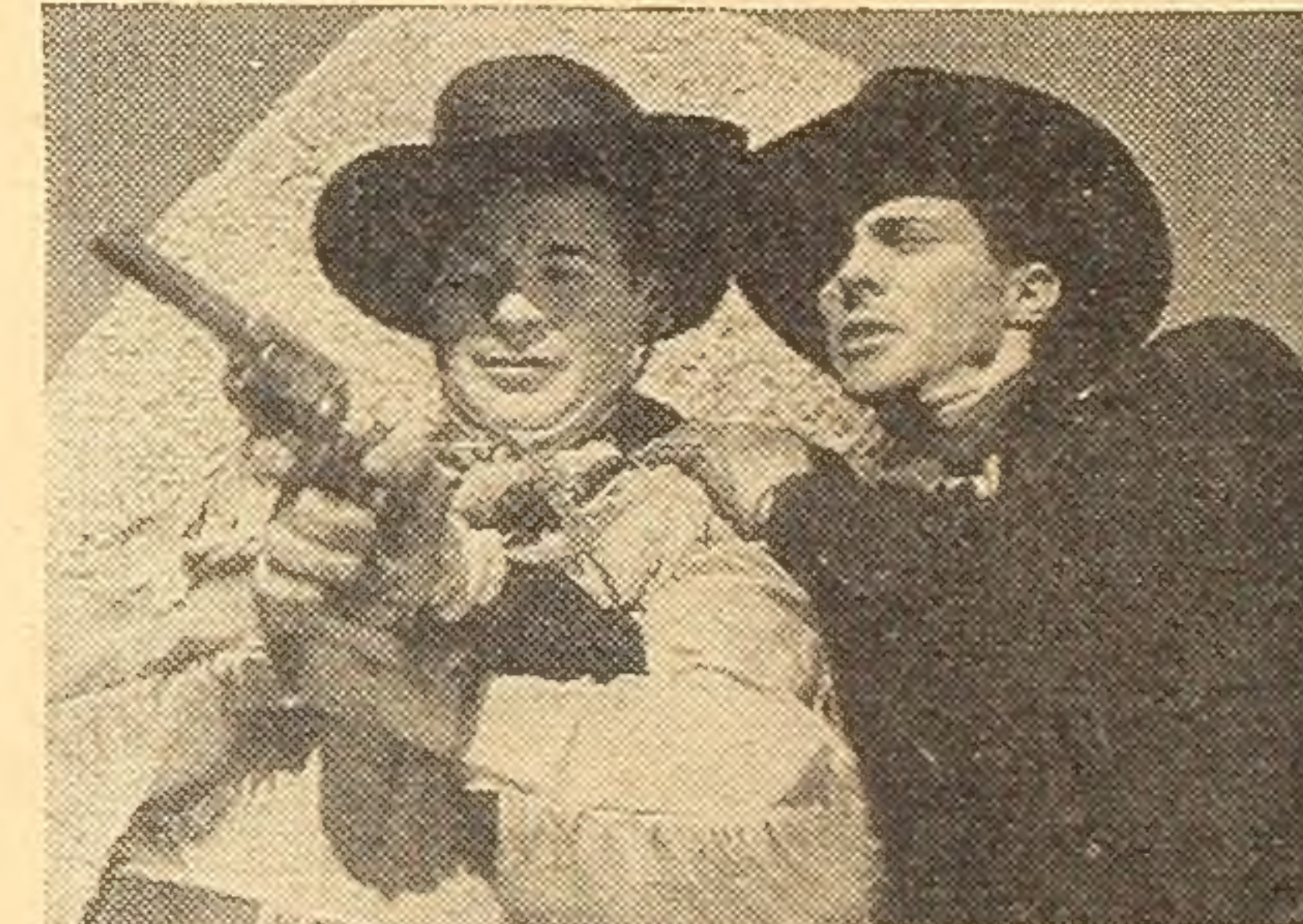
RKO-Radio



If you've missed Lupe Velez during her absence from the screen, you'll be happy she's back as *Carmelita*, fiery Mexican singer, in this farce because the rôle fits her perfectly. In fact, Lupe who's Mexican by birth, IS *Carmelita*. The plot concerns a search for radio talent and the hokum takes place at big league ball games and wrestling matches. The antics of Leon (rubber-legs) Errol and some hair-pulling between Lupe and Linda Hayes make it slapstick.

Across the Plains

Mono-gram



Jack Randall, cowboy star of this outdoor drama, and Dennis Moore play two brothers, parted when renegade whites kill their parents and run off with one of the boys, Dennis, who becomes the *Kansas Kid*. Indians adopt the other, Randall, who's named *Cherokee*. It pictures the old west of wagon trails of the 1850's and spans twenty years in lives of the brothers, bitter enemies, not knowing relationship. Has exciting battle between outlaws and Indians.

Twice IN A LIFETIME

A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN
FAY Bainter • DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ



PREVIEWED BY
WALTER WINCHELL:
"Daughters Courageous"
is superior to
'Four Daughters'!

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture

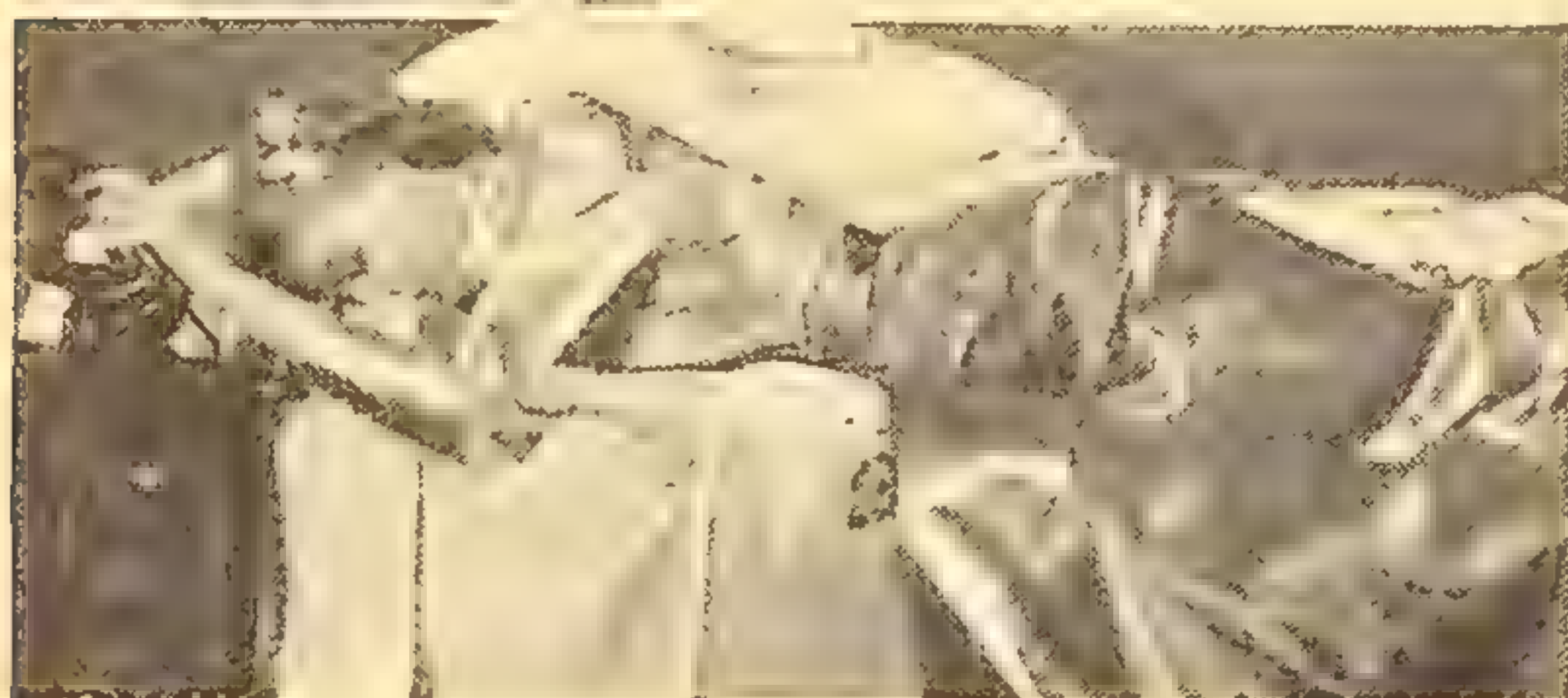
Presented by
WARNER BROS.



How ONE star was made



"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."



"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"



"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."



"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the *invisible, internal* protection of Holly-Pax.

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INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES



Keep calm, cool, and charming with Rosalind Russell, your hostess this month in her gracious home. Clip her good hot-weather recipes

**By
Betty
Boone**

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S house is of mottled brick, with triplicate chimneys in groups, and three poplars guarding the corner. The last time I was in it, the day was wet and a chilly wind was blowing. The effect inside was of warmth and comfort—a grand place to be on such a day. This time, the thermometer was flirting with eighty, and the house seemed cool and delightful.

"No, I haven't redecorated," considered my hostess, thoughtfully, "except for the den. And last time it was in lime yellow and now it's lipstick red! I think it must be flowers, and the emphasis in color, that make it look new to you."

The living-room is in cool blues and greens. Crimson flowers, a fire on the hearth, the warm red of a hostess coat and steam rising from a teapot had made all the difference before. "I may change the entire thing next year," my hostess

went on. "I adore playing around with a house! This wall-paper in the dining-room, for example: I like pink, and I love roses. I searched everywhere before I found exactly what I wanted." The wall-paper is a solid mass of pink roses, most effective.

"But the best place in the house for summer is the patio! I almost live out here in warm weather. I dream of doing it over all in glass so I can use it in winter, too. Have you seen the new glass roofs that roll back so you can see the stars? Terribly, terribly expensive, but fascinating! I may persuade myself I can afford one some time."

The patio is tiled and sheltered on two sides by the walls of the house. A green awning makes a roof, and the high brick wall around the garden prevents any over-looking by passersby. The furniture is of metal painted white and upholstered in turquoise canvas, glass tables for luncheon

...r coffee, each laden with summer flowers from her garden. "I eat out here on warm evenings," said Rosalind, sinking into a chair. "It's usually light enough without candles, but I'm late I'm glad of the excuse to use them. Something so glamorous about candlelight! Eating outdoors is best when you aren't worried about food getting cold, and I don't eat hot food in this weather. For luncheon today we're having frozen fruit salad, muffins, and ice tea with ginger ale."

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

- Orange Jello
- Diced pineapple (Dole)
- Queen Ann cherries
- Berries in season



Rosalind Russell knows the secret of gay yet gracious entertaining. She serves the ideal warm weather dishes to Betty Boone, our home reporter, above — in Roz' patio. Left, long view of Miss Russell's dignified home. On page opposite, a close-up of her as she served the salad.

Mould and serve on nests of watercress with slices of fresh pineapple and berries.

MUFFINS

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder (Royal)
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup Crisco

Beat eggs until creamy. Sift dry ingredients and add to eggs alternately with (Continued on page 98)



OH, ANN—I WISH YOU WERE GOING TO THE HOUSE PARTY, TOO!

ANN THINKS:

SO DO I— WHY DOES BETH GET ALL THE 'BIDS'?

BETH'S SIMPLE SECRET...

WISH I COULD TELL ANN TO AVOID OFFENDING! IF SHE'D ONLY LUX UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING, SHE'D BE HEAPS MORE POPULAR!



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—a little goes so far—Lux is thrifty

The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!



Sonja **HENIE**
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone



POWER

... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in

Irving Berlin's

SECOND FIDDLE

with

RUDY VALLEE

EDNA MAY OLIVER

MARY HEALY

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by Harry Tugend

Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

In Charge of Production

Irving Berlin's
six new song hits... "the
best he's ever written!"

"I'm Sorry For Myself"

"An Old Fashioned
Tune Always Is New"

"Song of the
Metronome"

"When Winter Comes"

"I Poured My Heart
Into A Song"

and the new ballroom
dance craze . .

"Back To Back"



Sonja skating
her sensational
tango with a
partner for the
first time on the
screen!

The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to Jeanette MacDonald

DEAR TROUPER:

That's what you are. I wish there were more like you.

This is not bolony. I have not joined the Jeanette MacDonald Fan Club—ask them, they know me. And hate me. Whenever I don't come right out and call you goddess in every issue they give me an argument. Your Voice is Glorious, your Acting is Glamorous, your Pictures are Perfect. And whoever denies it is nothing short of a fiend in human form. That's me.

So when I cheer you here you, and that Fan Club, can believe I mean it. What I'm cheering you for is your concert tour. Not only because it has been so successful, but because you made it at all. It took courage and it took stamina; it took a sense of humor and a lot of tolerance. Other stars less far-sighted than you wouldn't have bothered. I'm doing all right, you might have said. I have a swell contract, a beautiful home, a nice husband. Why go on a wearing, tearing jaunt around the country? Why not an elaborate, expensive South American vacation, a la Henry Fonda? Or a swank trip with London acclaim like Spencer Tracy's? You chose, instead, a series of one-night stands—very high-class one-night stands, in the very best auditoriums, but troupng nevertheless—with

long sleeper jumps, crowds at stations, insistent autograph hounds—to all of which and whom you smiled that lovely, gracious smile, extended a friendly hand, exposed yourself to pummeling and writer's cramp.

Of course, it was good business. Of course, you made money. But you could have done that staying in Hollywood. Instead, you stepped down from your movie star's throne and mingled. It's being done these days by all smart royalty. You did a grand and gracious job, as the thrilling pictures on this page prove. Salt Lake City wasn't the only place where crowds cheered you, and where you greeted them as friend to friend. Whether you meant it or not, it was heartwarming and wonderful. I choose to think you meant it. That you haven't lost the human touch and that you won't, if you can help it.

Delight Evans

**Opening Day at
the Races! The
Stars Watch 'Em
Run—with Min-
gled Emotions!**

Hollywood couples attracting most attention at opening day of races: right, Randolph Scott and Dorothy Lamour, looking not too romantic here, but handsome subjects of movie gossips' speculation, since Dotty is now Miss Lamour again. Top right opposite page, those happy newlweds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor. Now, below, beauties Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich squired by author Eric Remarque of "All Quiet on the Western Front." At right below, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan picking the winners—we hope.



HOLLYWOOD



W W W



Cutest couple at opening of races may be seen above: Deanna Durbin, growing up fast into a real Hollywood beauty, with her constant swain, nice Vaughn Paul. Note Deanna's smart hat, more sophisticated make-up—we think she's one of the prettiest girls in town. So does Vaughn.



Hollywood Whirl photographs
by Len Weissman



**AT PAT ELLIS
21st BIRTHDAY
SWIMMING PARTY**



All photographs on this and facing page by Len Weissman

BOWLING SEASON OPENS

**Stars
Throng
Opening
Of New
Sunset
Bowling
Center**



Opening night of new bowling center, biggest in the world, brought out movie celebs who are real fans of the sport. Above, Joe E. Brown and John Garfield. Left, Bob Hope and Betty Grable; top left, Betty and hubby Jackie Coogan. Below, Harold Lloyd explains technique to Anita Louise; left below, Jackie Cooper criticizes Judy Garland's scorekeeping.





The Gables aren't snooty, just exclusive! We don't mind, since SCREENLAND is the only magazine privileged to publish the story of their settling-down days. Yep, here's the Gable home-stead; opposite page, Carole and Clark.



Weissman

WHEN two of my favorite people, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, got themselves married some weeks back I was thousands of miles away on the wrong side of the Rockies. I just happened to stumble on to it one afternoon when I was flat on my back in my hotel room having a little trouble with my ethmoid sinuses which were leaking like mad. As I reached for the Kleenex I turned on the radio and heard something dreary about 45,000 Texaco dealers from Coast to Coast quickly followed by a "Flash! Clark Gable and Carole Lombard were married in Kingman, Arizona today! And now U. S. Rubber Co. presents Raymond Paige."

Well, I must say that's a fine way to find out about the marriage of two of your best friends, tucked in there with 45,000 Texaco dealers and Raymond Paige. It was humiliating. It was belittling. "Who do they think they are?" I said with my customary originality. "They can't do this to me! No wire, no scoop, no nothing. They can't do this to me." But they did. As Carole casually explained to me later, "Liza, you couldn't possibly have been further from our thoughts that day." My friends!

It seems that she was just fooling around the house that morning—the earliest riser in Hollywood, that's Lombard—when *Rhett Butler* called up from the studio and said that he had the day off unexpectedly and why didn't they get married. So Carole became all coy and fluttery like something from the Junior League. She called up her mother to come over and look after the house for the day, tried on all her new hats with a few "I haven't a thing to wear," and before anyone was wise—except her mother, Mrs. Peters—they were off in Clark's car for the State Line. (Arizona doesn't have the inconvenience of a three-day license law that California has.)

Now I have a forgiving nature, mercy, you *have* to have it in this business, so I wired Clark and Carole, night rates, "Well thank goodness that's over." To which they replied, "Don't forget to buy wedding present in New York." *Quelle belle* sentiment! That's what I like about the Gables. They are so full of lovely romance and moonlight that you just want to wrap them up in lavender and stick them away in a drawer.

Eventually I returned to Hollywood, fresh from my Eastern triumphs; and fairly reeking of chic I drove out to the Valley to pop in on the Gables. Now I knew that Carole and Clark had gone back to the soil in a big way—hadn't I lived through Carole's correspondence course last summer in poultry feeding, can washing for dairies, olive thinning and vegetable weevils? Not to mention several of Clark's tractor salesmen? But knowing movie folk as I do, and I do know movie folk, I naturally assumed that it was just a phase, and now that they had actually settled down on a ranch they would be landed gentry with plenty of finger bowls. I fully expected a Jeeves who would tell me that the Marster and the Modom were having their tea in the Rose Garden. I was all set to tear into a couple of buttered scones.

Instead I tore into a bevy of animals. Right there, in the middle of the driveway, and with no intention of moving, were more dogs and cats than I've seen since France. I recognized Tuffy, Clark's bulldog, and his bird dog, and his favorite cat (Clark adores cats) and Fritz, Carole's horribly mannered dachshund, and Simon, and Topper, and Josephine who has a washing-her-face complex and sleeps only on the top of cars. And there was a new grey cat of sorts, who, I learned later, had moved into the house the same day that Carole and Clark did; she didn't seem to mind about. (Please turn to page 82)

THE CLARK GABLES



At Home!

By
Liza

George's Women!



IT'S no easy task, even for George Cukor, directing an all-women picture, but so far all on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot is so calm that people are only hoping it's not the calm before the storm. "The Women" should be called "The Females" really, because besides the galaxy of stars such as Shearer, Crawford, Boland, Russell, and 85 other women with speaking parts, even the animals, the horses, and the dogs are all ladies! It was two of the dogs, by name Queenie and Sheba, that had the first and so far only row on the picture. They flew at each other on the first morning of shooting and then, as if that wasn't enough, they turned jealous on Miss Shearer because she was talking with her movie "daughter," little Virginia Weidler, and barked so much that no one could hear a word of dialogue. Perhaps they'd seen the hunting snapshots that the mother and daughter were looking at, because there's a shadow in one of those pictures, and it's the shadow of . . . a man! But they were wasting their breath barking because after a lot of conferences and consultations among high studio executives even the one little shadow of a man has been cut out of the picture.

Seriously for a minute, though, can you think of many places these days where men are definitely barred? Clare Boothe, who wrote the play, and Jane Murfin, who did the film adaptation, had the hardest time trying to think of places sacred to women. It means there can be no street scenes, of course, no hotel lobbies, no big cars that might



be chauffeur-driven—in fact, the main topic of conversation in the picture never appears once.

George Cukor, as always, has insisted that every small detail be correct. He went to Reno just to see for himself what goes on there, he visited a huge deluxe beauty

Listen and look in on "The Women" at work! Advance news and views of the most sensational movie Hollywood is making right now, with Director Cukor half-coaxing, half-insulting best performances of their careers from all-feminine cast including Shearer, Crawford, Russell!

By Michael Pearman



SCREENLAND scoops again with first stills from "The Women" and intimate story of George Cukor (above) directing his famous cast. Advance scene stills show Joan Crawford in her rôle of siren perfume salesgirl with Rosalind Russell and Phyllis Povah her customers (left); Norma Shearer and Miss Russell, opposite page, as Rosalind purrs over her nail polish: "Isn't it divine, dear? 'Jungle Red'!" Far left, Crawford in close-up—see her new coiffure. Left below, Rosalind Russell, wearing one of Adrian's wildest creations, purrs her way through a scene with Shearer, Joan Fontaine, Miss Povah and Mary Nash.



salon and had an expert from Elizabeth Arden's, Dorothy Blanchard, come out to supervise the gigantic 24-booth set that's being built out on the M-G-M lot. At long last mere man will be able to get a view of just what goes on behind the scenes in those mysterious

beauty salons where women spend so much time and money. It's all there, diet kitchens, mud baths, sunlamp rooms, exercise rooms, and of course all the continual chatter and gossip that goes with such an establishment.

Poor Rosalind Russell certainly goes through the mill in this picture, for not only does she fall headlong into a moving push bin and land upside down showing off a pair of very shapely waving legs, but the studio sent her to an internationally famous beauty salon to learn correctly the slimming exercises you will see her performing. The instructress reported Miss Russell a most quick-learning and thorough pupil and everything was okay until next morning when she woke up so stiff that she couldn't move a muscle! So that's no bit player you'll see working on Miss Russell in the massage room, but a fully qualified expert masseur trying to loosen up those aching limbs. I'm only glad the fans can't hear the wails and shrieks of agony that are let out the moment Mr. Cukor shouts "O.K., cut, print that." The first day the women were let onto the perfume department set you would have thought an insane asylum had been set loose so much pushing and shoving and exclamations went on as they darted amongst the tables and shelves littered with huge bottles of all the best and most expensive imported perfumes. All the bottles were firmly sealed and cellophane-wrapped though except one bottle, one exciting bottle of "Summer Rain," a perfume made expressly for "The Women." Its bottle (*Please turn to page 73*)

MYSTERIOUS

HUSBAND

Suppressed until now, this true inside story behind the curt news of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s second marriage

By Dickson Morley



SCREENLAND reveals, for the first time, the reason for Doug's insistence upon "no publicity" for his new wife. Above, "Mary and Doug," 1939 Hollywood model: the former Mary Lee Hartford and the junior Fairbanks.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., has married again. You know that. But hidden behind that curt news lies a suppressed story you have never heard—until now.

It is the secret drama of a man who once more has found a reason for his life. Of a woman who believed until a short time ago that she was destined to remain unhappy. Of a victory by two lovers over a situation that kept them apart. And it is the climax to one star's long and difficult struggle to beat an inferiority complex and stand triumphantly on his own feet.

How secret this romance has been amazes me. It could have been worth headlines, only no word of its serious-

ness leaked out. Douglas saw to that. As he has grown older he has winced every time he has remembered the wholesale publicity accorded those closest to him; he has acquired a passionate desire for dignified privacy. He had the guest list for his wedding handed to the newspapers, with a brief description of the bride's wedding dress. That, by his order, was all there was to be to it. He didn't have one photograph of his new wife for publication.

Douglas still refuses to give even one interview about the woman who has succeeded Joan Crawford to his name. He still carefully protects her from the questions of reporters. He still declines to discuss any of the details of when and where they fell in love.

Nor can I blame him. His marriage is not a blatant, casual, ordinary thing. It is exactly the opposite, and it has revolutionized him and his future just as he has excitingly changed everything for Mary. Who is she, this thoroughly unpublicized second wife of his? What is her background? How did he court her? Why has Douglas deliberately attempted to evade all comment on the most significant step he has yet taken?

I know! I have known him for ten years now, ever since a week-end when he and Joan went to San Francisco on a house party. That was six months before he eloped with Joan. I know what he has been going through. At last he has discovered another woman to give point to the work that pride has forced him to do well, another woman to give meaning to a career he has had to save entirely by himself. But when he finally wanted to marry again he couldn't simply ask Mary to be Mrs.

Fairbanks. For he was free, but she wasn't. This was his other reason for avoiding the barrage of the interviewers. He has been difficult because he has wanted to be dignified, and discreet.

Now to understand fully his whole new situation, and to appreciate what Mary has brought to him, I think you must turn back with me to what the newlyweds were before they met. It was their pasts that made them ready for each other. It is the pasts they are trying to forget that will make this marriage of theirs a sound success.

When they met both of them had explored and experimented and failed at love. Consider Douglas' emotional conditioning first. Douglas was, I think, the most incomplete actor I have ever known. Outwardly he had so much; beneath that fine reputation he was astonishingly bewildered, anything but self-confident.

It is ironical that his second (*Please turn to page 74*)



"GET SHERIDAN"

That's the byword in Hollywood studios and society these days. Read how Ann is taking her big success

By
**Elizabeth
Wilson**

EVER since she moved her beautiful red hair, her stream-lined figure, and her best bathing suits over to the Warner Brothers Studio in 1935 Ann Sheridan's telephone has been ringing constantly, and I don't mean what you think I mean. Any time of day or night Ann picked up the receiver she would hear an excited voice saying, "Miss Sheridan, you're to make a test for such-and-such a picture at nine in the morning."

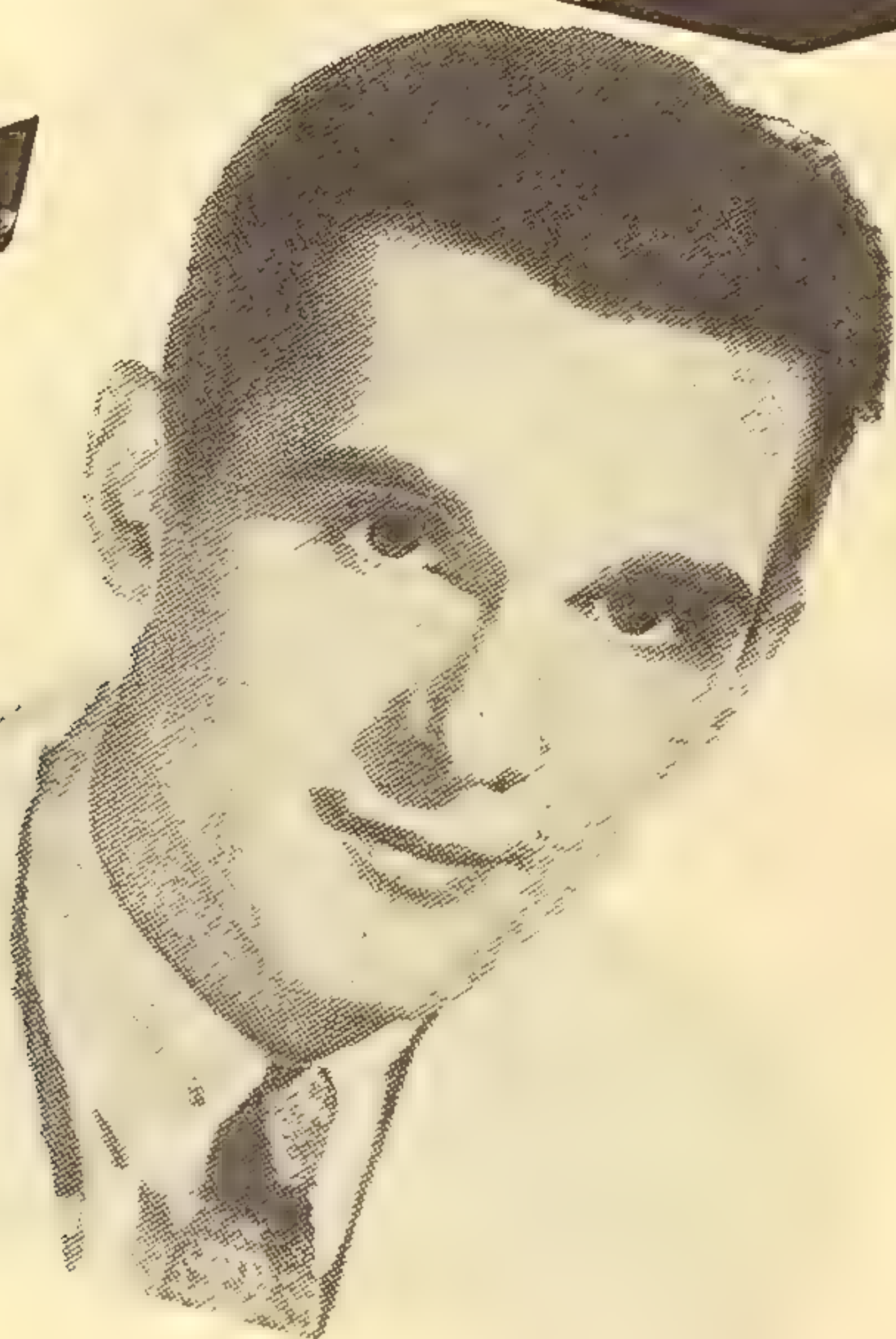
"For three years," says Ann, "I tested for every big picture on the lot. But I usually wound up, if I wound up at all, in a quickie. Why, I've tested for everything except the *Red Shadow* in 'The Desert Song,' and it still isn't too late to take a test for that! If one of the stars decided a part wasn't important enough for her, or threw a temperamental fit and walked off the lot, I always got a call to come at once. One of the stock sayings around the lot was—'Well, we can always get Ann Sheridan to do it.'"

"Get Sheridan!" soon became a favorite byword at the studio. Not only was poor Annie stuck in a lot of "B" pictures, where she stood out as the (*Please turn to page 92*)

"Annie how you look at her, she's beautiful!" sighs a Sheridan-smitten swain. Here's a new portrait of the girl; and, at upper left, a close-up from Wanger's "Winter Carnival," with Richard Carlson.



NORVELL



Predict YOUR Romantic Future!

Read what Norvell, noted astrologer to Hollywood stars, forecasts for YOU this month

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Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

MY BIRTHDATE IS.....

"CONTINUED success ahead for Myrna Loy. Marriage for Andrea Leeds within two years. Better health for William Powell. Good luck in career and marriage for Robert Taylor. Another happy marriage by 1941 for Norma Shearer. . . ." So speak the heavenly stars to these lucky Leo-born Hollywood stars! And if your birthdate happens to come between July 23 and August 22, then you too may look forward to some of the most amazing changes of your entire life during the coming months!

If Leo happens to be your birth Sign, it might be interesting to examine the qualities possessed by these famous stars born in the months of July and August, and to compare your life with theirs. By doing this you may learn some valuable hints for living a happier and more successful life.

First there is charming and talented Andrea Leeds, whose birthdate is August 18th. What qualities does Miss Leeds possess, and will her screen career continue to be as successful as it has been in the past? Recently, when I read Andrea Leeds' chart, according to her birthdate, I found that she lives up to the Sign of Leo in every respect. She is idealistic, talented, and eager to distinguish herself on the screen. According to her chart, Andrea Leeds is definitely on the road to some of the greatest things in her career, which will continue indefinitely in the future. Although the stars indicate a possible romance in 1939, it is not advisable for her to marry until the end of 1941. After that time she will be very happy in marriage, and will also continue in her screen career.

Next in our analysis of Leo-born screen stars is one of the most talked-of male stars ever to grace the Hollywood motion picture firmament. His name is Robert Taylor, and he was born on August 5th. Because Taylor was born in the "royal" Sign of the Zodiac it is natural that he should lead in his particular sphere. His spectacular rise in pictures, and the success of almost every film in which he appears, tells eloquently of the popularity so often enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be



"Happiness ahead for Leo-born!" predicts Norvell. Famous movie stars whose birth Sign is Leo include Norma Shearer, above; William Powell, Myrna Loy. Below, Norvell himself, pictured as he met another Leo-born star, Andrea Leeds, at the Samuel Goldwyn Studio, where he read the interesting young actress' chart recently.

born between July 23 and August 22, in the Sign of Leo.

Will Robert Taylor be happy in marriage? Will his career continue successfully? These are questions that everyone is asking since his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck on May 14. And, if you recall, I predicted marriage for Barbara in 1939 in a previous issue. To the first question, I will say that Robert Taylor's chart shows he *will* be happy in marriage, and that it should not in any way hurt his screen career. His chart indicates that he is in reality a home type and that his interests in the future will be equally divided between a home and his film work. As to continued success on the screen, the stars show that Taylor will hold his present popularity for several years to come.

Myrna Loy, whose birthdate is August 2, is another outstanding example of how Leo people can create a great destiny, even when the odds against them seem to be overpowering. At a time when many careers were finished in Hollywood, when talking pictures first had their inception, Miss Loy completely transformed her entire personality and the type of portrayals she had been doing, and emerged as the sophisticated, typical American girl we know on the screen to-day. Myrna Loy is one of the screen's reigning favorites, and because she was born in the lucky Sign of Leo, she will continue to be.

Charming and talented Dolores Del Rio, who was also born in the Sign of Leo, is typical of the fire and dynamic energy that these people often possess. Miss Del Rio comes into the cycle of activity that all Leo-born will experience in the coming months, and the plans being made for her future career, are evidence of the pleasant surprises ahead for Leo people. The unusual success of Dolores' marriage to Cedric Gibbons is also typical of the good luck that often (Please turn to page 94)



POOR Shirley Temple? Is that so!

She can't turn around without the whirl being broadcast to twenty million dialers, without a whisper about her reverse stance spreading to the furthest sheep post in far-off Australia. When she lost her last baby tooth the incident caused gossip on the Ganges. Everybody knows everything about her as fast as it happens. This is what they *say* about Shirley.

But—cheer up! You haven't heard the whole truth about her. They say she is an adorable little girl. They say she is unspoiled. They say she is perfect. Well, fortunately, she isn't. In Los Angeles the very air is permeated with an uncontrollable desire to paint in superlatives. When they paint Shirley as perfect, they go too far.

I think it's about time to come out with some facts that add considerably to what you have already read and heard about Shirley Temple, some behind-the-scenes stories worth repeating. She's extraordinary, but she isn't too good to be real. Her life is not a constant exhibition; she enjoys a surprising amount of privacy. And sometimes she is—I hope you will rejoice to learn this—a "caution." Yep!

We Hollywood insiders know a few things about our foremost star that you will be interested to know, too. First I may as well tell you that Shirley isn't tracked down and grabbed at by wild-eyed fans every time she sets foot out of her home or off the 20th Century-Fox lot. She has just returned from a six weeks' vacation in Hawaii, and she wasn't pestered to distraction. They were true, all those newspaper accounts of the crowds who gathered when she made that combined vacation and good-will trip East last summer. But that pressure doesn't keep up continuously. Shirley has no pretensions to grandeur, and the Temples do not advertise her every move.

You probably suppose a crowd collects whenever Shirley appears in person. That could be, certainly. But Mrs. Temple is wise enough to avoid such tributes to her daughter's popularity; that is, as a regular thing. Gertrude Temple can foresee where that would lead, how perpetual flattery would affect Shirley's sense of values no matter how her parents attempted to maintain a balanced attitude for her.

Here, I'll bet, is news for you. Mrs. Temple frequently goes shopping in the biggest downtown stores in Los Angeles, and she takes Shirley along with her and they *aren't* mobbed! Mrs. Temple has brains enough to go in the morning, when there are, comparatively, no jams. She never dresses Shirley conspicuously, and Shirley never pauses to pose, to make an entrance. Since neither mother or daughter are self-conscious, since there is no blaring of trumpets or tossing of mink or showing off, by the time a couple of people have recognized Shirley the shopping is done and the starlet and her mother are on their way.

Here is another example of how sane Shirley's life is, regardless of the demands made upon her because of her prominence. She had never seen one of her own films more than once until "The Little Princess." Naturally, anyone who acts must learn what effect is being obtained. But Shirley is discerning enough to catch onto how she's done with one unreeling; her mother believes lengthier self-study might give an arti- (Please turn to page 89)

What Insiders about



It's so silly to pretend a child of ten is perfect! That's why SCREENLAND gives you this unexpected story which explodes a lot of mawkish myths about her

By
Ben
Maddox

Know Shirley!



- ☐ SHIRLEY SNEAKS A BITE (Right).
- ☐ SHIRLEY DOESN'T MIND BEING KISSED BY BIG BROTHER JACK (Below).
- ☐ SHIRLEY SUBMITS TO MOTHERING (Left below).
- ☐ SHIRLEY TOTES HER OWN LUGGAGE RETURNING FROM HONOLULU VACATION (Far left).



Two-time Academy Award Winner Davis has another juicy rôle in "The Old Maid," in which she runs the dramatic gamut from emotional girlhood through old age—see closeups here. Left, Bette, in costume clowns with a pair of mid-Victorian panties.



"The Old Maid"

GOES TO TOWN

When there's excitement on the set, you know a great picture is being made! Watch the wheels go round in this intimate glimpse of the new Bette Davis-Edmund Goulding film in production

By Stiles Dickenson

George Brent is the male romantic interest in Bette's picture—and they do say in real life as well. Below, Bette, right, goes over her dialogue with director Edmund Goulding and co-star Miriam Hopkins.



THE first time Bette Davis has ever worn a wedding dress and veil on the screen, or off the screen for that matter, is in her present film, the title of which certainly doesn't suggest orange blossoms and a wedding march. It's called "The Old Maid." Its stars, Bette and Miriam Hopkins, with the romantic masculine interest in the very capable hands of George Brent. And, romantically speaking, the interest George is showing in Bette isn't entirely confined to the working hours in front of the camera. It was a good idea to team the Hopkins and Davis gals, for no greater study in contrasting personalities and acting methods could be found in Hollywood. So you can imagine the treat it was to sit on the side lines and watch them do their stuff under the clever and understanding guidance of Edmund Goulding. As Goulding had already directed "Dark Victory," it was only natural that he should continue to work with the brilliantly responsive Davis. The first day I went on the set I found Bette all decked out in her wedding finery, with Miriam in swishing silks of mauve and pale blue—quaint costumes of the 70's, the period in which the film is laid. Bridesmaids were hovering about the scene. Bette and Miriam were acting at the time. They did an intensely dramatic scene and then retired while the lights were re-arranged for another shot. At the same time the two stars daintily lifted their gleaming skirts to step off the set and I was highly amused to see that their feet were encased in big comfortable bedroom slippers instead of high-heeled satin ones. They gave in to the tight waists of the epoch but remained serenely comfortable in their hidden footwear.

Once off the set, the contrast of the two stars' personalities is just as marked as their screen methods. La Hopkins quietly goes to her corner where she takes up her knitting, either glancing at the script or just sittin' knittin'. The Davis one grabs a cigarette and wanders about the stage, chatting with anyone near her, and never seems to want to be still. She laughs and smiles constantly. One can see that the electricians and property men adore her. It was characteristic of her that when she was

called to do the next scene, which was a very sad one, she turned to some of the cameramen and said gaily, "Be prepared, boys, this scene is going to kill you!" She was right, for from my own tear-dimmed eyes I noticed the boys had a suspicious moisture in theirs. All the time Miriam, from her knitting corner, would look up and smile sweetly but say nary a word. Don't get the impression of a haughty lady, for she is not. She is merely very much wrapped up in her work and keeps concentrated on the mood when not actually acting. She loves to get in a huddle with director Goulding and Bette and talk over the scenes, but for real visiting and chattering she will invite you to her home for a quiet little dinner, where she is a perfect hostess with her director-husband Anatole Litvak the genial host. Once away from the studio Miriam will talk a mile a minute—mostly about politics, national and international. Because of having a foreign husband her sympathies and interests are in the politics of Europe as well as America. Small chatter of Hollywood finds no place in the Hopkins conversation, which is a great relief, I assure you, to those living in this great whirlpool of gossip. Her film rôles and film plans she will gladly talk about, however. Recently she sprained her back in a too strenuous game of tennis and that too explains why she quietly rests in (*Please turn to page 93*)

Hollywood Pavement

by Achmed Abdullah

At last, fiction as fascinating as the movie colony it mirrors! Here are Hollywood and famous author Abdullah at their glittering best

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGIA
WARREN



WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I:

ONCE the hit of Broadway, still a young and pretty woman, the actress Gwen Mapleson finds herself a failure in Hollywood, reduced to her last penny, but holding on to her pride and her hopes of repeating the success she had made on the stage under the direction of Lester Donnelly, her discoverer and Svengali, the man whose genius and ambition had made them the most talked-of team of producer and star in New York—and incidentally, the man who was her husband. Now, after a long separation, Gwen encounters Lester again—she, the actress Hollywood scorns; he, the once-famous stage producer, selling newspapers! But Lester's ambitions are rekindled and, on a park bench, with a jeweled cigarette lighter he had once given her the sole souvenir of their prosperous past, they plot the future. Lester is saying: "I've figured it all out. I'll show 'em! 'Lester Donnelly presents Gwen Mapleson'—again!" Now read what happened next. . . .

Gwen gave a frightened cry. She jumped up. But the voice advised: "Quiet—both of you! I HAVE got a gun."

LESTER did not speak for a moment or two. Nor did Gwen. She sat there by his side on the bench of the little park that covered a hill-top. Quiet, the little park. Hushed. Deserted. But, below, at their feet, life coiled, fretted, pulsed. Hollywood—the part of Los Angeles called Hollywood for no better reason than that the climate is too hot and too dry for any holly to grow there—beat and thumped its feverish rhythm; curved its braggart, magnificent, rather tawdry electric gestures. Supercilious and patronizing gestures—thought Gwen—of the modern movie Babylon in the direction of Chicago, New York, Baltimore, Milwaukee—and London—and Paris—and Calcutta and Shanghai and Huckleberry Corners, Vt. Gestures, in celluloid, of love and hate, of joy and sadness, of gangster lawlessness and trite sweetness-and-light. Gestures printed on narrow film strips, rolled into metal containers and captioned Greta Garbo, Bing Crosby, Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor—

Canned emotions? Oh yes, she reflected—sure enough. Yet canned emotions that, triumphantly and profitably, circled the globe.

Mere photographs? Static, brittle, mechanical things without a soul? Again—sure enough. Yet enough soul in these photographs to hoist a million and ten million people by their placid little heels night after night. To

swing them round and round and round. To send them spinning up ecstatically toward the whirling, glittering heavens of gaiety and laughter or down into the black pit of grief and tears. To cause them to behold, in the flow of drama and comedy on the screen, the one element their own drab lives lacked. To persuade some clumsy, clodhopping peasant that he could dance as delightfully as Fred Astaire; some lumpy housewife that she was as seductive as Hedy Lamarr; some thick-ankled factory wench that she was as graceful as Ginger Rogers; some pale, pimply-faced clerk that he was as great a lover as Clark Gable; some hearty, perspiring cook that her curves rivalled those of Mae West.

To cause them to shell out their hard-earned dollars so as to enrich this same Hollywood—and to acclaim and cheer and damned near deify men and women who, a year or a month or a week earlier, had been unknown to the public. Former Broadway second-raters, considered Gwen enviously. That's what they had been until, somehow, they had got the breaks; while she, herself, had once been a Broadway star—at least as long as Lester—yes, she admitted with bitter self-honesty, as long as Lester had pulled the strings.

And for a reason! Because, in those days, she had portrayed emotion on the stage. The utter, sweeping, searing emotion of hate. Hate? She picked up the word; pinned it out for examination as she might a butterfly. The next moment, furious at herself for what she judged to be her weakness, yet chillily resolved to probe her feelings to the depths, she asked herself the question: "Had it really been hate? And, suppose it had been, was it *still* hate?"

Why, coming to think of it, she had missed this—this hate, subconsciously, ever since she had left Lester. Had missed, also, his lean, swarthy, saturnine face, his twisted smile, his hairy, intensely masculine hands. Instinctively, hardly realizing what she was doing, she reached out. Her fingers closed about his. His fingers clasped, pressed nervously; then, suddenly, tossed hers away.

"Cut it out!" His voice was raucous.

"Oh—"

"None of that lovey-dovey bilge! You don't have to pay for what I'm going to do for you. We're no longer married."

She flared up then. "Thank God!"

"Thank God is right." He laughed disagreeably. "Let's get back to what I was telling you—how to get you started here."

"And," ironically, "how to get yourself started."

"Sure thing. You can't get started unless I do—can you?" He pointed at the electric rug that stretched and shimmered below their feet. "Hollywood—" he said—"which is in the State of California—"

"Tell me something new."

"I shall—if you'll shut up for a moment. Hollywood," he repeated, "which is in the State of California—which, in its turn, is a state of mind. And I know all about this state of mind. I've studied it from my vantage point at the corner of Sunset Boulevard, selling papers to the local, silk-bearing animals. I've learned how to handle them."

"By bluff?"

"Bluff—with reverse English. Bluff them not *out* of a pot, *out* of calling your hand which contains less than a pair of tray spots. But bluff them *into* a pot, *into* calling your hand—mine, rather—and me holding four aces and the (Please turn to page 78)



1 SMART BOY GROWS UP

Robert Cummings was just another juvenile until his big chance in the Deanna Durbin picture. Now he's going places

By
Maud
Cheatham

IN HOLLYWOOD they pray for "just one break!"

A break, the most necessary step to fame, is a combination of opportunity and luck—luck in being in the right picture, at the right time, with the right star and the right director, and then—turning in an outstanding performance.

Robert Cummings is the newest star to capture this prize. You'll remember him as the young musician in Deanna Durbin's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." All the "right" ingredients were rolled up together for him in this picture and on the night of the preview by the time he had straightened out his romance, which forms the keynote of the drama, critics were approving, audiences applauding, and producers kicking themselves because they didn't have this dynamic young actor under contract. It was a minor triumph—a typical Hollywood triumph, and no one appreciated it more than Bob Cummings himself.

"It's all a big laugh," he grinned, as we talked it over in his living-room. "I've been out here four years, have played in some good films—'So Red the Rose,' 'Wells Fargo,' 'Souls at Sea,' and others. Yet, when the studio failed to take up my option, I sat around idle for six

whole months, praying for a break. I became as nearly discouraged as I've ever been and began to think maybe I didn't belong to the screen, maybe I'd better be looking up a good pick and shovel. Suddenly, one night—and might add, it was during a wakeful hour in the middle of the night, I decided to return to the New York stage where a studio scout might 'discover' me for the screen. I planned it all to the last detail, giving myself just two more days to make a Hollywood contact. Then, as so often happens, the very next morning I had a call from Universal to make a test for 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' and within twenty minutes, producer Joe Pasternak and director Koster decided I was exactly what they were looking for.

"No," Bob answered my question, "I didn't have the faintest hunch this film would give me such a boost. I enjoyed being with Deanna Durbin, and everybody in the production was exceptionally congenial, but I had my griefs. For one thing, I had to wear my hair long, letting it fall into my eyes, and this bothered me no end. Too. I not only had to play the piano but the flute as well, and it couldn't be faked. So, I spent eight long weeks mastering that one little tune—(Please turn to page 80)

HISTORIC HOLLYWOOD *Kiss!*

Movies' two most publicized passion-purveyors meet! Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr, at crucial moment in their careers, are co-starred in "Lady of the Tropics." Will Lamarr at long last repeat her sensational "Algiers" success? Can Taylor's heady appeal for femme fans survive his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck? SCREENLAND says answer is "Yes!" if this kiss is a sample



LOOK SHOREWARD, *Sailor!*

William Lundigan, likely lad of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," shares our seagoing pictorial spread with Nan Grey, pretty heroine of opposite page



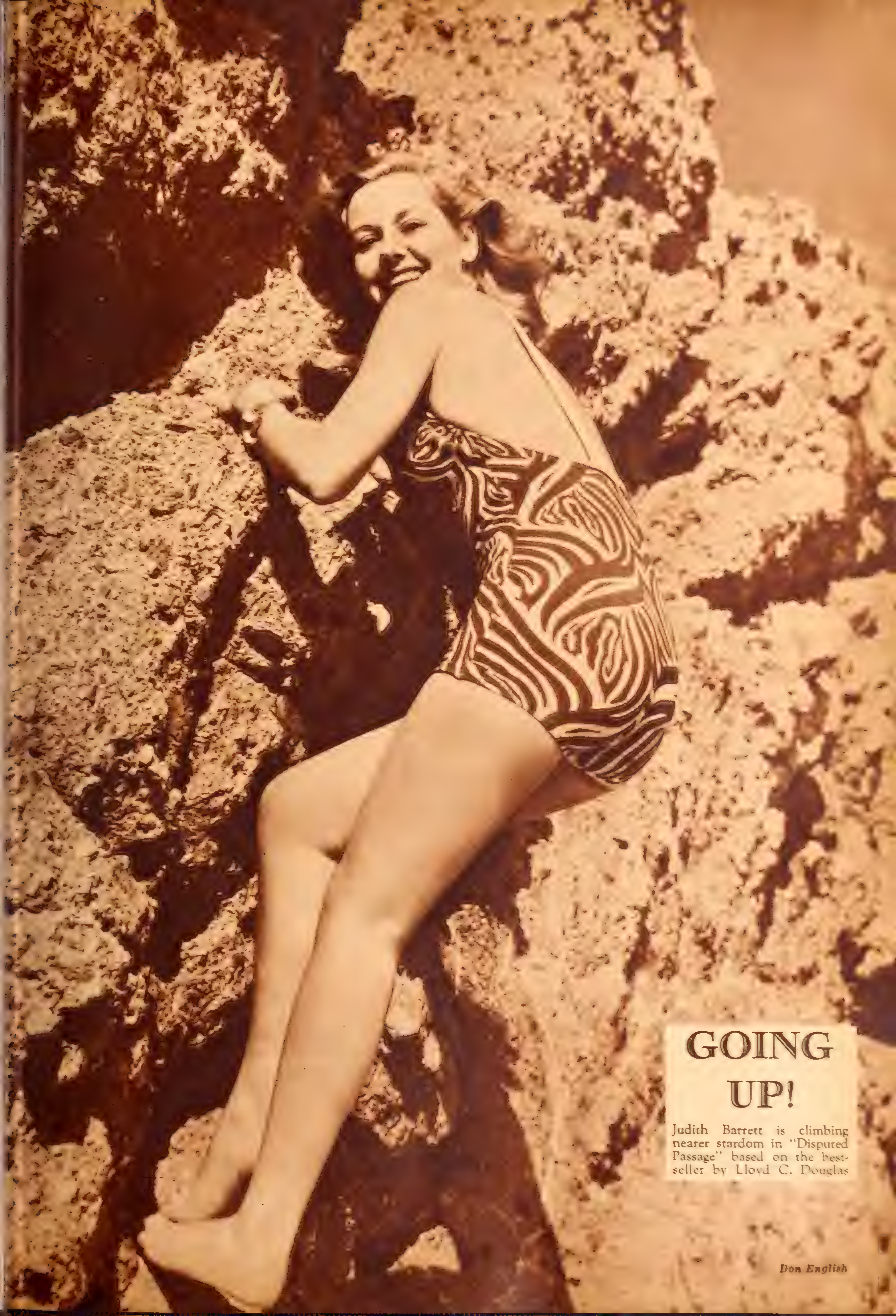
AND HERE'S WHAT YOU'LL SEE!





GOOD LOSER!

Paulette Goddard didn't win Scarlett O'Hara rôle, but she's gay anyway in "The Cat and the Canary"



GOING UP!

Judith Barrett is climbing nearer stardom in "Disputed Passage" based on the best-seller by Lloyd C. Douglas

Don English



Our merry midsummer montage of outdoor Hollywood features, on this page, Susan Hayward (left), Robert Cummings (right), Robert Preston (top left), and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones. Page opposite: Bob Montgomery jumps in, Ellen Drew swings, Ralph Byrd and Mary Carlisle go fishing—and Betty Grable just looks so very beautiful, as usual!



Hi-Yo
Summer!



TO THE BRITISH, BLESS 'EM!

For lending us this lovely red-haired, green-eyed actress, Greer Garson, who shares honors with Robert Donat in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and will soon be seen in Hollywood-made movies



THE IRISH, LORD LOVE 'EM!

Genial son of Erin, Pat O'Brien, is sentimental as sham-rocks, well-wearing as the Blarney Stone. Planned for him is picture based on the life of Knute Rockne of Notre Dame



Hurrell, Warners

Southern - and Sothern



MIRIAM
"GEORGIA"
HOPKINS. (Left)

her soon in
"The Old Maid"

ANN SOTHERN

her with Robert Young in "Maisie"

Charm!



Robert Young



SOMEBODY *New!*

She's Mary Healy, and she can sing, too. Makes her movie début with Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, and Rudy Vallee in "Second Fiddle." But if you think she plays the title rôle, you're wrong. She's a girl to watch.



Picture Stealer No. 1!

Adolphe Menjou
to his old trick
screen's premier s
grabber in "Golden

Golden Girl!

Joan Blondell has been much too busy making "Good Girls Go To Paris" to go anywhere except to the studio; but she can dream, can't she?





20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Henry Fonda and Pauline Moore in "Young Mr. Lincoln"

Cheers For:

"GOODBYE MR. CHIPS"

Loud Applause For:

"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"

"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"

Whistles and Yells For:

"TARZAN FINDS A SON"

"THE GORILLA" (for those who like the Ritz Bros.)

Best Performances:

Robert Donat, Greer Garson in "Goodbye Mr. Chips"

Henry Fonda in "Young Mr. Lincoln"

Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Thomas Mitchell in "Only Angels Have Wings"

Welcome Back:

Al Jolson

Richard Barthelmess



YOUNG MR. LINCOLN—20th Century-Fox



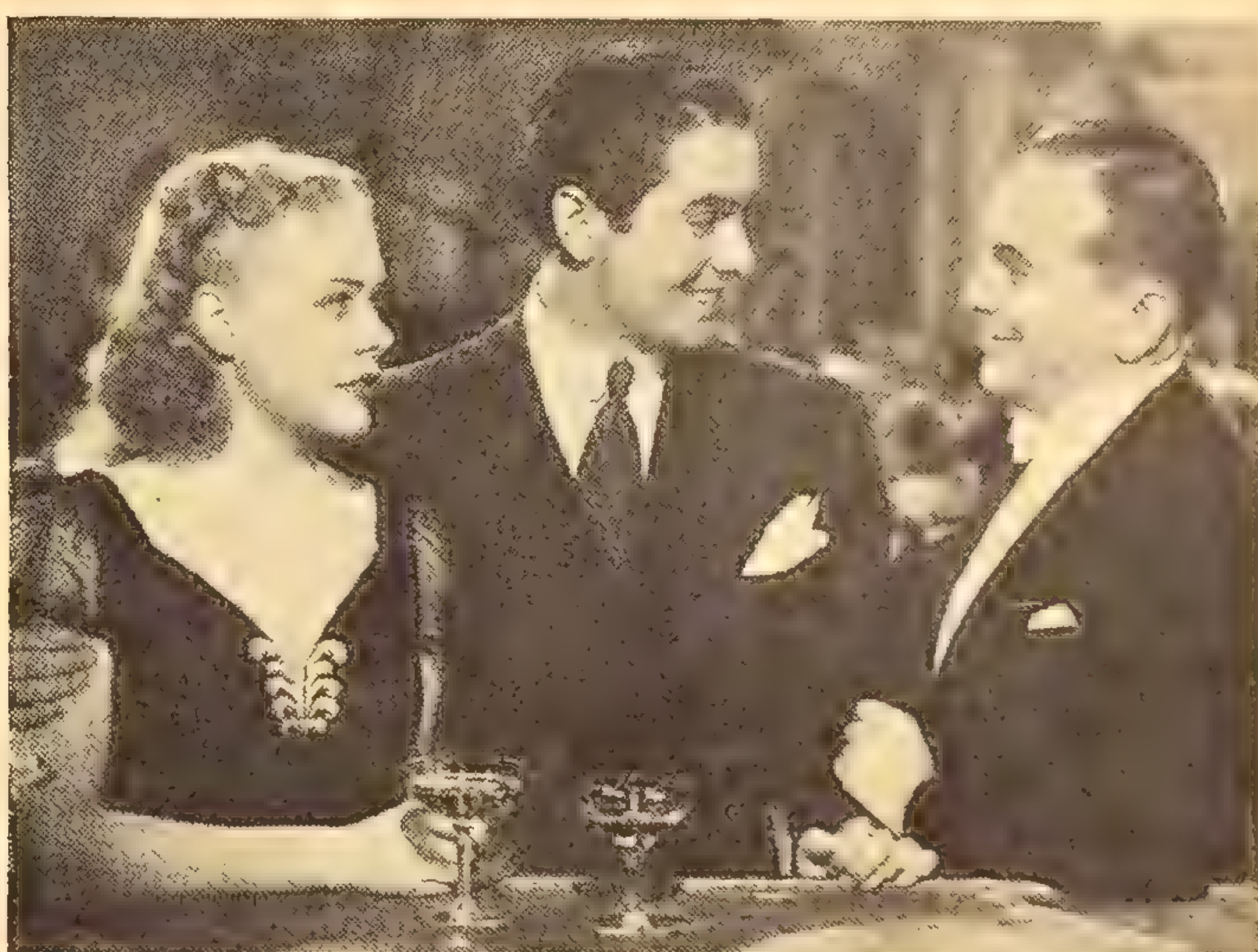
HERE is a really original idea in screen biography—a portrait of the Great Man in the making, before fame came and history claimed him. A fine, forthright, full-length portrait of a young man named Abraham Lincoln, whom we see as a human being rather than as a world figure, a person instead of a personage. The screen has given us Pasteur, Zola, Juarez, Bell—but always with the reverent consciousness of the celebrities they were to become, always with the aura of immortality about them. In "Young Mr. Lincoln" we meet not the Great Emancipator but the awkward youth struggling to find himself, the country-storekeeper, the small-town lawyer in the midst of his first murder trial—a man we know and grow to like. John Ford's direction, Henry Fonda's fine portrayal bring us a valuable understanding of a great American, with due dignity but without pompous awe. Fonda's young Mr. Lincoln is a brilliant and thoughtful study, achieved not so much by a fortunate facial resemblance accentuated by skilful make-up as by a deep understanding and utter sincerity, and the flashes of humor and glimpses of tenderness. "Young Mr. Lincoln" should be seen by every American, young or old—it is a truly inspiring picture.



TARZAN FINDS A SON—M-G-M



TARZAN yells again! Mothers of America, arise. You thought "Hi-yo Silver!" echoing through the neighborhood was bad enough; but you don't know how lucky you were. That ear-piercing "Ee-ai-yow" (well, you spell it, then) call of Tarzan Weissmuller will soon be splitting the welkin and to make it all worse, your small sons will have to be forcibly restrained from imitating not only the great Johnny himself, but a new, little Tarzan—a youngster who in this latest jungle adventure swims under water, plays with elephants, and is chased by hyenas, lions, and alligators. That's all. But let your little darlings lure you to the neighborhood theatres to see "Tarzan Finds A Son" and you'll come out doing the yell yourself. It's all so much fun you won't be able to resist it: Tarzan and his wife "adopting" a baby saved from a jungle plane wreck and raising him to be a miniature Tarzan able to cope with animal perils and wicked villains quite as capably as Old Man Tarzan himself. Of course Johnny Weissmuller does some magnificent swimming and manages to make his audience forget he is no Robert Donat when it comes to acting. Maureen O'Sullivan is a charming Mrs. Tarzan, John Sheffield a cute Tarzan Jr.



ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox



GOOD to see Al Jolson back on the screen! It's Al, rather than Tyrone Power and Alice Faye, who gives this film musical what authority it has; without the Jolson gusto and vocal vigor it would be just-another big slice of celluloid bathos. When Al sings *Mammy* or *Rockabye My Baby with a Dixie Lullaby*, with all his old-time Broadway bounce, the veterans in the audience will have a hard time swallowing that nostalgic lump in the throat. For Jolson, with his uncanny combination of hardboiled theatricality and honest credibility, invests his character of softhearted showman and sponsor of *Rose* (Alice Faye) with surprising sincerity. The plot-heavy picture follows their rise in fame and fortune until both are Broadway hits, although *Rose's* private affections are lavished on the unworthy *Bart Clinton*, a heel of a movie hero if there ever was one, and an unfortunate rôle for Tyrone Power. Try as he will, Power can't make this fellow anything but a thoroughgoing wrong guy, so that even Miss Faye's throaty warbling of *My Man* fails to arouse much sentimental sympathy for their tawdry "romance." In a movie month offering "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and "Young Mr. Lincoln" somehow "Rose" seems cheap, silly, dated.



SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL

Edited by

Binnie Barnes

Sophistication with a sense of humor sums up Binnie Barnes' clothes creed. This charming actress, currently appearing with Warner Baxter in "He Married His Wife," selected her favorites from her personal wardrobe and posed in them for us in her own home and garden

Gay and gracious lady in her own garden, below, wears a cool frock of soft silk with field flowers blooming colorfully on the white background. Opposite page, Miss Barnes wears a white jersey dinner gown, girdled in scarlet and topped with a scarlet wool bolero embroidered in white.

All Glamor School photographs of Binnie Barnes by Gene Kornman, 20th Century-Fox





Glamor with gaiety is expressed in the quaintly piquant gown Binnie Barnes is wearing at left below, on opposite page. The black organza of the billowing skirt is lightened by the crisp white surplice collar. Far left across page, Binnie's pet black dinner dress with colorful print sash and panels with pockets. Left, dramatic evening coat with finely beaded medieval collar and wide sleeves.

As one Hollywood actress who has successfully evaded being "typed," Binnie Barnes consults her own clothes preferences in assembling her personal wardrobe, steadfastly refusing to follow high fashion if it is not becoming or amusing to her. She likes the Regina-blue and white printed dinner frock below because of its soft and feminine lines, and its convenient scarf-into-hood.



Fashion School of the Screen

For beauty, style, good manners and personality, there is no better school than the screen. Use it for development as well as entertainment

By
**Courtenay
Marvin**



How Hollywood influences fashions: top, Virginia Field poses to illustrate her idea that girls with strong jawlines, like her own, find flattery in large hats. A perfume bears the name of Franciska Gaal, opposite, a flowery blend, like her gay bouquet costume.

TODAY, a vast school throws open its doors, with no restrictions as to age, qualifications, color or creed of its pupils. This school is the screen. You pay a small fee—small in comparison with the entertainment, thrills, inspiration, thought and the possibilities within yourself it often awakens. You can use this school and you can use its teachers—the stars—to develop more beauty, more style, and more personality. You need to look, to listen, and then put into action some of the ideas you absorb. For Hollywood is contributing more to the good looks of the world today than any other one source.

So, in a season when British Royalty, George VI, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and his lovely Queen have visited this continent, it seemed timely that I met for the first time, Virginia Field.

Virginia Field is English, though she has done fourteen pictures in Hollywood, among them her latest, "The Sun Never Sets." You catch this quickly in her clear voice, beautiful diction and radiant freshness of person. Two strong points in favor of appeal. Now and then—only now and then—we meet that person whose voice and enunciation are so beautiful that we listen avidly, perhaps not hearing what is really said, but how. Miss Field is a golden blonde with blue eyes and deep golden hair. She is blessed with a skin that tans to a honey tone, but she uses a well known sun tan oil for a good reason. It keeps her skin soft and silky. When sun bathing, she places pads of cotton soaked in a gentle astringent over her eyes. A good idea for you who can take your sun in strong, heady quaffs; for you who must take it in carefully timed and measured sips, let me urge sun goggles of a reputable make, not just any glasses you

happen to pick up. Laboratory tested goggles are perfected for clear vision without distortion, and thus protect both beauty and eyes. To Hollywood, we give a bow for having literally put sun glasses on *the map* and *your map*!

One result of summer that Miss Field deplores—and rightly—is the definitely sun-touched face atop a body that has remained *au naturel* in skin tone. Either turn as much of you as possible toward the sun for an outdoor tint, or else learn one of the greatest beauty lessons that Hollywood offers—the correct, artistic use of foundation. In this phase of make-up—and this alone—we seem not quite up to the mark. Some avoid foundation because they think they do not know how to use it. With every lotion, cream or stick type you buy come accurate directions. Foundation can change your skin tone, give a lift to a dull, sallow shade or lighten it, or subdue the too florid skin. A little art with foundation and powder will create a face tone in harmony with body skin, especially important in an evening gown. Foundation can also appear to change the shape of your face.

A frank self-critic is Virginia Field. She knows her own face, and volunteers, "The greatest problem of my face is a square jaw. The camera sees it more clearly than you, perhaps. I can (*Please turn to page 83*)

Screenland's Glamour Guides

Cool fashions to freshen up that end-of-Summer wardrobe. You can buy these in your stores. For where to buy, please turn to Store Directory on Page 95

By Marina



Your bag is an important accessory. Here are two from the collection of Leading Lady Handbags. In fine and beautiful cottons, meticulously tailored, these bags belie their modest price of \$1.00 each. The pouch bag is of multi-colored India print with a polished wood frame, very right with prints, pastels and white. The envelope bag of Peter Pan print has a double life. Use the stripes one day; reverse the cover, removable and washable, and appear with a frosty white bag of pure Belgian linen the next. Bag magic!



Vacationists or stay-at-homes, please note these sprightly Sally Togs for play. Left, is a slacks and shirt set, for about \$2. The blouse has a natural cotton ground imprinted with amusing and gay Ripley Believe-It-or-Not motif, while the slacks are in Gabatex, copen or navy. At right, is a suspender shorts set in the same fabric combination. This set is about \$1. Just right for play, roughing it and the general outdoors are these colorful, durable and comfortable sets. Sizes, 12 to 20.



For Summer afternoons and evenings, have flowers at hand, literally. Fownes presents this dainty glove and bag set, in floral embroidered Shartex, with open weave fabric glove palms. Both wash beautifully (bag cover is removable). In white, black, navy, pink, nasegay blue and sunstraw. Gloves are priced at \$1.00; the bag, \$2.00.



Kleinert's Corsages—of rubber. Very new and very different are these flower-texture accents of luscious pastels or bright, gay tones. Wear one in your hair, lapel; with beach ensemble or cot-ton dance frock. Fragile-looking but lasting, and washable. They cost from about \$.50 to \$1.25.

ON LOCATION

WITH GARY COOPER

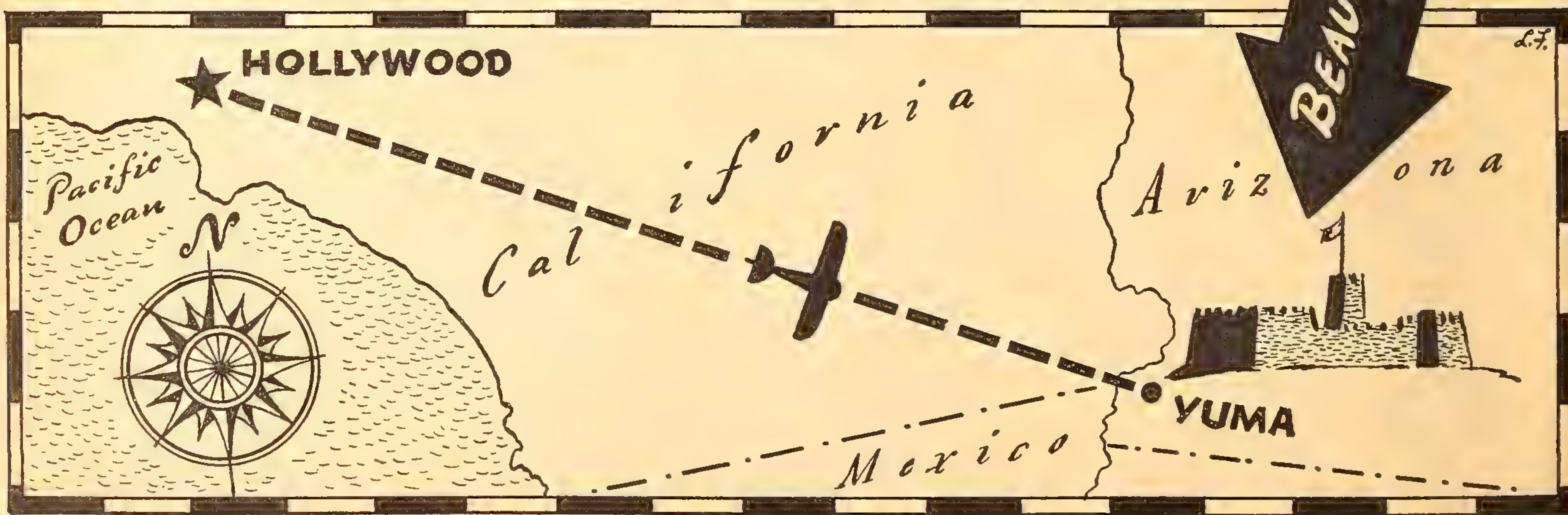
By S. R. Mook

Photographs of
"Beau Geste" by
William Walling
and Hal A. Mc-
Alpin, Paramount.

AT 6:00 one morning not long ago my phone rang. It was someone from the Paramount Publicity Department. "Would you like to fly down to Yuma today to the 'Beau Geste' location?" the voice asked. "No!" I yelled sleepily and hung up the phone. A minute later it rang again. "Gary Cooper, the star, and Bill Wellman, the director, told us if we were going to send anyone to send you because they know you better than any other writer," the voice insisted. "You'd better go because they'll level off with you as they won't for anyone else. You'll get a good story and

Cream of "Beau Geste"—Mook's fine close-up of a great picture in the works, with personal sidelights on star Gary Cooper, left; the location camp—see map, below; Ray Milland and Robert Preston, shown with Cooper at top left across page; the sweep and spectacle of battle scenes in the desert; the technical marvels presided over by director Bill Wellman—pictured with Gary at lower right.

BEAU GESTE LOCATION



the location camp is a sight that's really worth seeing."

Two hours later I was in a plane en route to Yuma, tossing and bumping, about 5,000 ft. in the air, like a toy balloon on a stormy sea. Howard Batt, the pilot, leaned over and yelled in my ear: "I think I'll drop down to about fifteen hundred. It's a little smoother sailing, only if anything *should* happen we won't be able to make a long glide." I nodded and cursed the wanderlust that imbues me and makes me eager to go anywhere at the drop of a hat, even if it's only for a day or so.

An hour after that, the treacherous Gregorio Pass safely behind us, we rose to 7,000 ft. Howard leaned toward me again. "I'm going off our course. That's a snow-storm we're heading into. We'll go around it. We

have a sixty-mile tail wind so we'll get there almost as soon."

I nodded again. The snow-storm faded into the distance. The sun was shining but the air was murky. Batt glanced at me. "Sand!" he yelled above the roar of the motor. "They must be having quite a blow down there when it drifts up this high."

An hour and a half after leaving Los Angeles, Batt put the plane down on the landing field at Yuma, 250 miles away—as the crow flies. A car met us and whisked us out to the camp Paramount has built for the three weeks' location work. Now, a pretentious set is nothing new to a person accustomed to Hollywood. Neither is a location site. But the magnitude (*Please turn to page 96*)



Judy's

CRUSHES

JUDY GARLAND'S got me remembering when I was just newly turned sixteen and fell in love with my piano teacher who was thirty-five-ish. I know just how Judy felt about Gable, because one day my piano teacher (who was no Gable, but had a dimple in his chin) patted my hand in a grown-up way, and I suddenly discovered he was Prince Charming! I knew that if he'd wait a couple of years for me to grow up a bit more, a great love would be ours. I pictured myself as the woman he adored, inspiring him to greater things—that is, until he introduced me to his real inspiration who was twenty-five-ish and proudly announced she was his new bride. You've no idea how tragic it was. Judy felt much the same way when Clark introduced her to Carole Lombard, and she suddenly realized how hopeless were her plans of their future together, Judy's and Clark's I mean.

"I meant every word of that song I sang to Clark Gable in my first picture," Judy seriously confided to me as she slipped off a little blue wool dress with the white lace petticoat trim showing two inches below the hem. And in the next breath, "Look at this note. It's from a boy who saw the afternoon show. He thinks that I should know that my petticoat is showing. Isn't that funny? He doesn't know that's the fashion."

Judy was in New York on personal appearance tour and I was on a holiday. We'd decided to see Times Square and Forty-Second Street and Broadway together—but the most we saw was the inside of taxicabs and crowds of people as we dashed about keeping Judy's numerous engagements. We'd just come from Judy's broadcast and were in her dressing-room, banked with

baskets of flowers, when Judy and I began to wax confidential in true feminine fashion. The telephone was ringing when we entered. It was Los Angeles calling, with Judy's next-door-neighbor-boy-friend on the wire. Ten minutes later a new boy friend acquired on the New York holiday called for a date, and before a half hour had passed a couple more had called—one, being as Judy described him, "just perfectly wonderful—he's going to Yale and he's so distinguished and everything!" That's how we got on to the subject of boy friends and then romance in general.

"Clark Gable was really the first man I ever thought seriously of," said Judy, brushing her gold-brown hair prior to getting ready for the evening show. "The first time I met him, I thought I'd faint, he was so wonderful! He was just exactly the way I'd always imagined he would be. He smiled and took my hand and held it just like he really meant it. He was so clean-looking and had such cute dimples. And the shaving lotion he used smelled so masculine and nice!"

"After I sang that little song that I wrote to him in my first picture I was invited to his birthday party. I sang the song for him again. But Carole Lombard was there—and I soon realized that I didn't have much chance when he already had such a glamorous woman in love with him. She's so beautiful and so witty and keeps everyone laughing at the clever things she says. While me, I felt awkward and self-conscious, and I sat and twiddled my thumbs, which didn't get me very far. I didn't know what to say. All I could do was look at Clark and think how much I liked him and wish that there were two of him, one for Carole and one for me. I couldn't help noticing all of the time the way he looked at her—like she was something awfully precious. He just grinned when he looked at me.

"Soon after that Clark sent me a charm bracelet and I wore it right up to the day he married. It was awfully



Judy tells May Mann, author of our interview, all about her life—so far!—and her views on fine romance.



"How about Freddie Bartholomew?" May Mann asked Judy. "Just a friend," was the answer. See the kids, above.

The little Garland girl is a famous movie star but that doesn't stop her from having the same cute romantic crushes as any sweet-sixteen schoolgirl

By May Mann

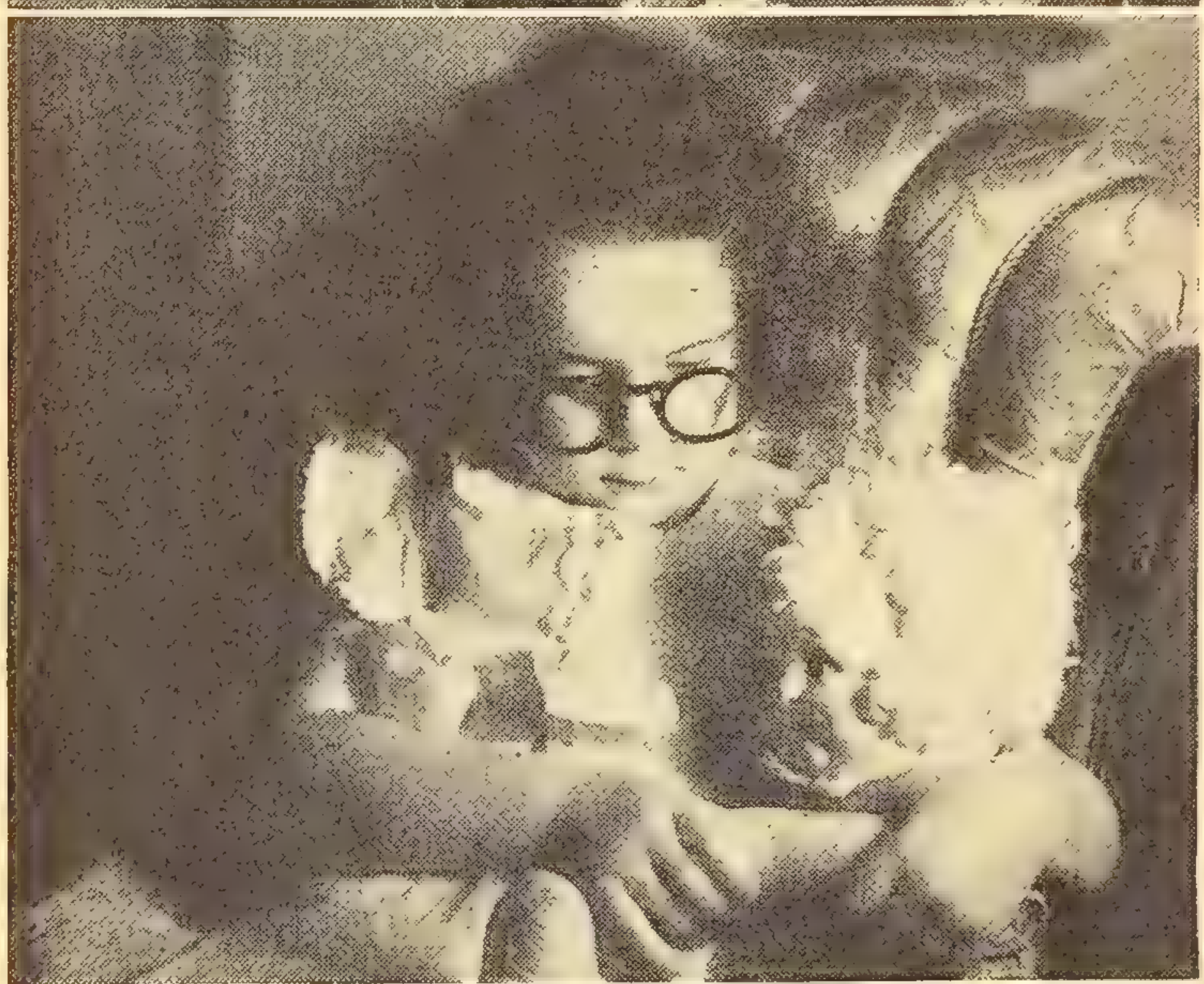
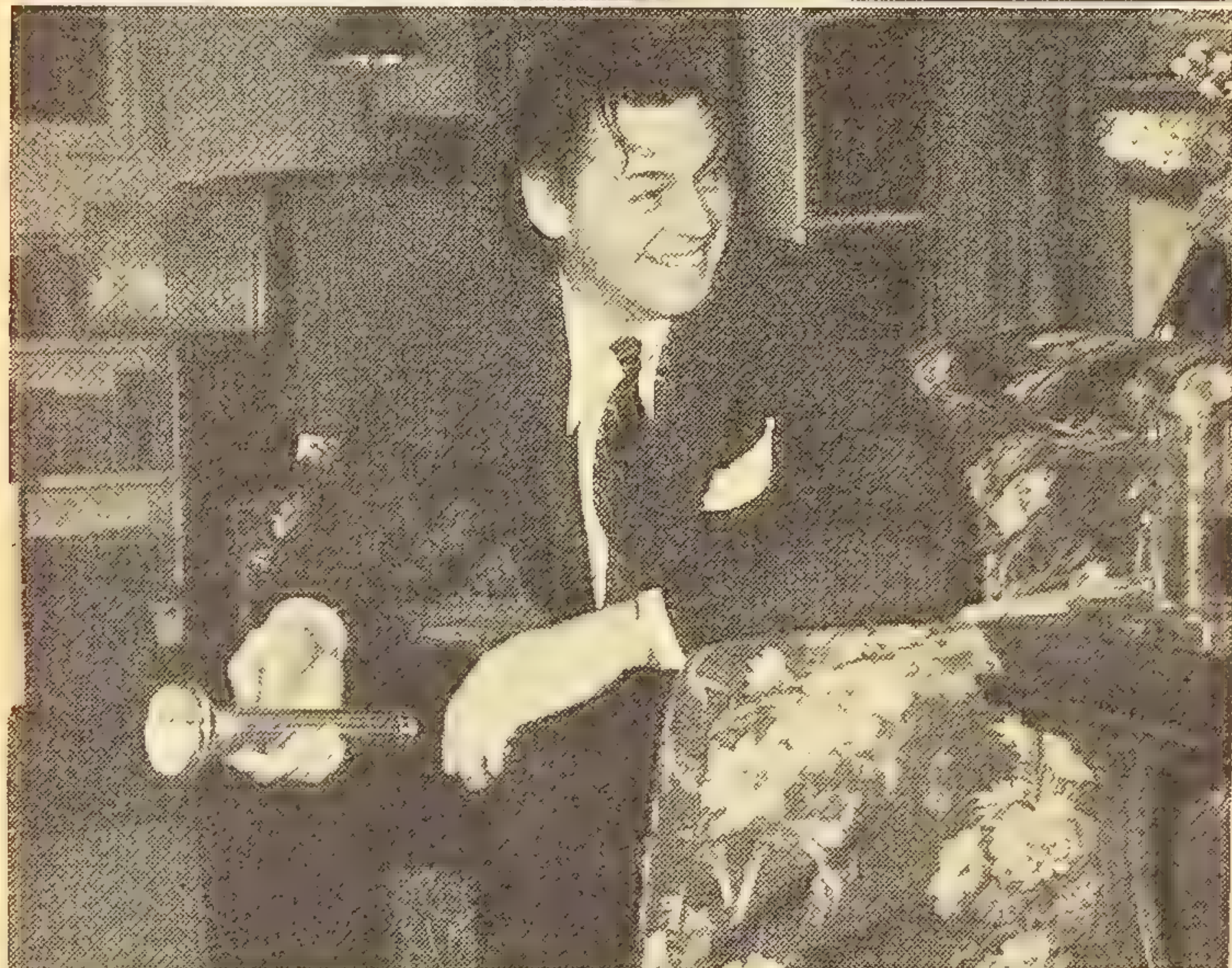
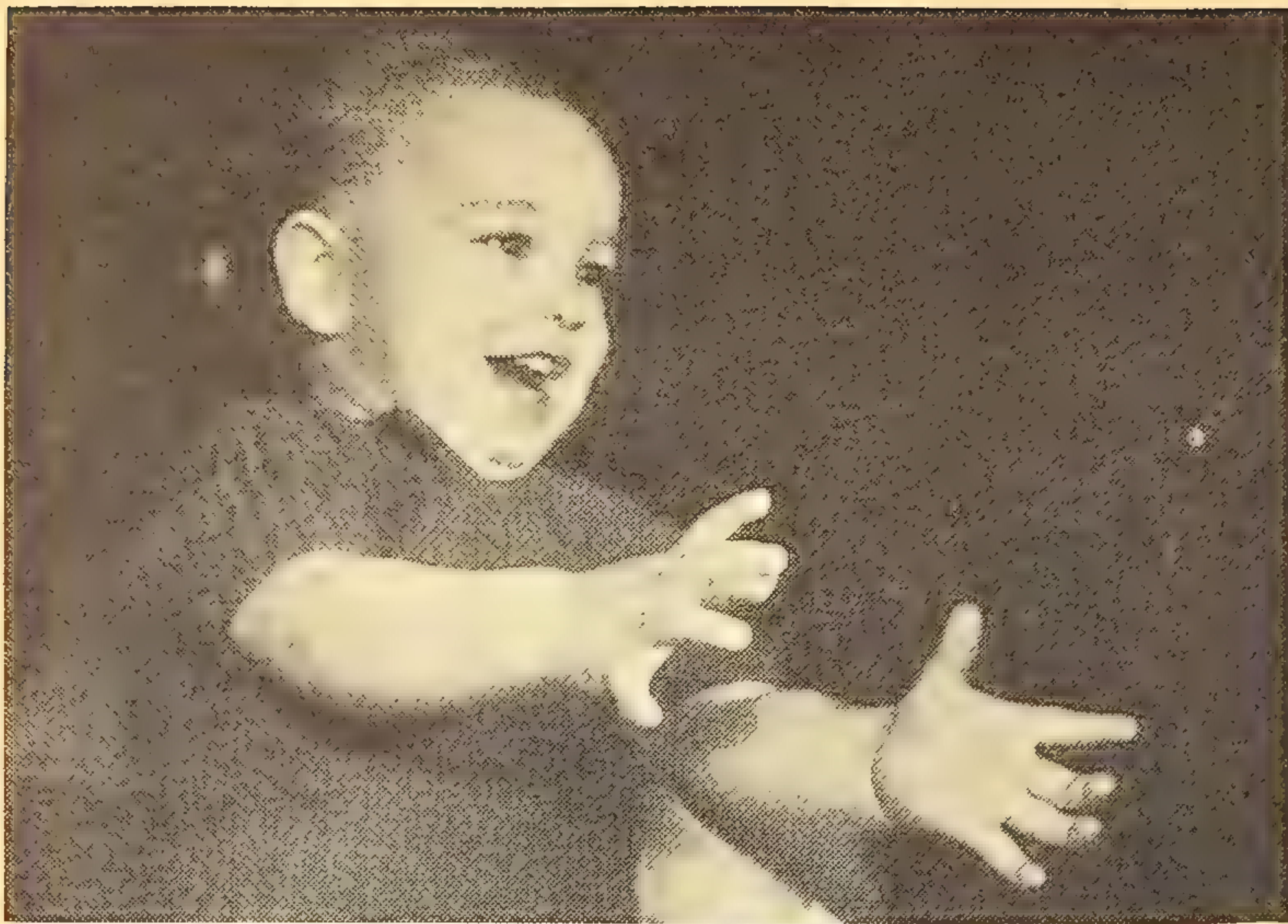
cute with a little gold book in which was inscribed, 'To My Best Girl, Judy—From Clark Gable.' And then when I was in that automobile accident he sent me a pair of love birds. But after meeting Miss Lombard I knew that Clark would never really be serious with me." And Judy began brushing the curls around her finger. She's very pretty and sweet-sixteen-ish. Her large brown eyes are girlishly innocent and have a way of widening when she's serious. There's none of the coquette about Judy—not even when she's talking about her boy friends.

"Isn't that the Gable charm bracelet you are wearing now?" I asked, noting a clever one on her wrist.

"This is the one the boy who lives next door gave me," Judy explained. "He's a very nice boy who takes me to movies and occasionally to parties, and we go bicycling together. But he's very young—just sixteen. Well, I mean sixteen's (Please turn to page 75)



"The Wizard of Oz," M-G-M's big new picture, gives Judy her greatest chance to score. She is shown above, as DOROTHY, with Bert Lahr as the COWARDLY LION, Jack Haley as the TIN WOODMAN, and Ray Bolger as the SCARECROW.



From Bogart's private picture album: above, his wife, Mayo, with Peter the cat; then, reading down from upper left: a friend's baby son; Johnny Weissmuller; the daughter of Gloria Stuart, playing mother; Mrs. Bogart's hand and Peter again; then pet Peter with the "suicide cat"—read about him in our story.

Pictures by BOGART

AN ARTIST in the family is an asset to any candid cameraman. Ask Humphrey Bogart. His mother, Maude Humphrey, was a well-known artist in the early 1900's, and his sister studied for years at famous art academies.

"When you are brought up in an atmosphere of paint and palette, you automatically absorb ideas about composition, contrast, the value of color, perspective, and so on," said the young actor, over a noontime breakfast of eggs and bacon. "I never really did anything about art, but I used to play around with my sister's materials, and once I made quite a decent sketch of my father, shortly before he died. It was all so much effort, though, that I wasn't seriously interested. It occurred to me, now and then, that a camera could take better pictures than I could draw or paint, but I thought I couldn't take fine pictures unless I had a fine camera. Cameras cost money, and it's not the first cost that matters—it's the upkeep.





Scenic shots are fun, says Bogart. He captures California beauty, above, with his camera. Upper right, camera record of a fishing trip, with Mrs. Bogart and two friends. Then, right, the interesting shot of the Lakeside Golf Course described in our story. Golf is Bogart's second best hobby; but cameras are 'way ahead.

"A fine camera costs between \$150 and \$200. Then there's film, paper to print your pictures on, chemicals, dark room equipment, including an enlarger, new gadgets as they come along, and the time the hobby will eat up. It wasn't until I found myself working in motion pictures that I dared buy myself a camera—a Speed Graphic.

"The Speed Graphic uses a larger film than the Leica, so it's easier to work with in the dark room. The real work of a picture is done in the dark room, of course. Mine is a converted bathroom, but it answers the purpose. The tiny negative used in the Leica means a lot of concentration—my camera film is easier to handle when I want to black out something or tone down a highlight. Take this picture of Mayo,"—(Humphrey's wife, Mayo Methot)—"with Peter, the cat. Next time I do this, I'll tone down her dress a little and bring out her face. After all, it is a picture of a girl, not a gown. This would be all right for a fashion picture, though, focusing so that the light brings out the dress. When I do it again, I'll hold my hand over the rest of the picture and let the dress get darker before I finish printing."

Humphrey doesn't go in for (*Please turn to page 72*)

Bad boy on the screen, Humphrey Bogart is a good cameraman in private life, as his pictures here prove

**By
Ruth Tildesley**



SO ANNABELLA fell in love, as has been told. She fell in love with Jean Murat, an actor, and in 1934 they were married. From the beginning this marriage was destined for failure. Now, five years later, Annabella knows the questions she should have asked herself during that tempestuous wooing. She knows the answers to those unasked questions, too. She knows, now, what she did not realize, then: that the handsome worldly man touched her vanity, not her heart. She knows that she was, then, dangerously ready for romance. Vulnerable, so vulnerable that when that imperious, experienced hand came knocking at her heart, he found it already opened.

And there were other reasons for that first unreason. Youth can dream just so long, and then the dream, a garment woven and ready, must be fitted to a form, a figure of flesh and blood. Annabella had been dreaming too long—Jean Murat kissed her hand and lo, the dreams fitted to a “perfectness”! And besides, on the Champs Elysees lovers strolled, arm in arm, soft flames to catch the flimsy fabric of a girl’s awakening heart.

He was a man of the world, this Jean Murat. A man of the tangible, textured world where Annabella was a girl from the other world, of dreams and make-believe. He knew the most beautiful women in Paris, the most chic, the best-dressed, “with jewels up to here.” He had told that he would never marry, but

nevaire. But he did marry and chose the young Annabella!

Small wonder that the girl thrilled, at first, to the life Jean Murat opened for her amazement. He knew everybody in Paris. His mother was of the *noblesse*. He was at home and he made Annabella at home in the best hotels, aboard the most deluxe yachts, in the purlieus of the most aristocratic chateaux. There were always first night tickets for the theatres, operas, concerts. The best box at the races. This was a satin-lined jewel-box of a world, a hot-house where orchids grew for the little girl from a country garden. But it soon became for her, this way of life, a little depressing, a little tiresome. She tried, at first, to adapt herself to this fragrant, slightly faded way of life. She tried, rather pathetically, to look a little bored herself. Annabella, bored! She failed, because

The Romantic Life Story of ANNABELLA



Now, for the first time anywhere, you may read the thrilling intimate account of Annabella's romance with Tyrone, which provides the proverbial happy ending to her life story

By Gladys Hall

where they were satiated she was insatiable. It did not suit the blade-like spirit of Annabella, this hot-house atmosphere.

And then, just as her marriage was becoming a problem, a question mark to which she was, baffled, troubled, trying to find the answer—then “Wings of the Morning”—and then Annabella took wing from Paris and from her problem, as, soon, she was to take wing from her marriage, from France itself.

Now Annabella was in England. Now she was making “Wings of the Morning.” Now such twinges of doubt and unhappiness as she had been experiencing in her personal life *did*, for that winged time, take wing and fly away. Annabella says, “I loved my part. I loved speaking English. It gave me back the pep I had been losing. It was such a first freshness, that picture. It was Harold Shuster’s first picture as a director. It was Henry Fonda’s first picture away from America. It was *my* first picture, speaking English. Yes, so many ‘firsts’! It was like a

Hollywood lost no time putting in a call for Annabella.

There were those of us who thought it might be a pity for Annabella to come to Hollywood. Would Hollywood, we wondered, blur that stern, young beauty; try to “glamorize” that salty, clean-sweet quality, the sharp, bright edges of something young, fresh-minted? But to fear for the tarnishing of Annabella is to reckon without Annabella. There is a fundamental honesty in the very bones of the little French girl. Fundamental honesty does not blur. She will tell you, “I cannot be beautiful. I do not try for that. I do as little to myself as possible, even for the camera. I make up myself and it takes me 15 minutes. I will not wear the false eyelashes, no! One time they pasted them on me and I pulled them off because they tickled me, like mosquitos!” This is Annabella—she doesn’t bother with beauty shops. She is inclined to be casual about clothes. She says, “I want only that my

A closed chapter in Annabella's fascinating life story, below: in a French garden with Jean Murat, noted European star then her husband. Opposite page, a scene from the picture which won Annabella her Hollywood contract: “Wings of the Morning,” in which the little French girl’s masquerade in boy’s clothes stole the show from Henry Fonda. At right, a candid shot which proves better than any words the happiness of the Tyrone Powers. Annabella and Ty, with Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews, have eyes only for each other.



Len Weissman

picnic. I was, again, outdoors, under the sky, happy.

“I wore my brother’s clothes in that picture,” Annabella relates, gleefully. “I had, first, the boy-costumes made for me. They did not do. I knew too well how a boy’s clothes fit on his body. So I borrow the clothes of my younger brother, Pierre. And they are right, they fit a boy’s body. He was fourteen then and we are, exactly, the same size. And he is so proud because I wear his clothes! I *am* a boy in them. They are *right*.”

“Wings of the Morning” completed, Annabella returned to Paris and took a holiday with her husband, travelling in India, Egypt, Italy. Trying, perhaps, to find the answer to that troubled question. Back again, she made “Under the Red Robe” with Conrad Veidt; “Dinner at the Ritz,” with David Niven. “Wings of the Morning” was previewed abroad and, by press and public, Annabella was acclaimed. Then America saw it. The press of America rang out the praises of Annabella and

clothes be comfortable.” She hates new dresses, new hats.

Which is all very well—for Annabella! For the long, jet-black lashes framing eyes as brilliantly brown as dark jewels do not need the addenda of false lashes; her golden-brown hair does excellently well as the good God made it; her figure, slim as a boy’s, is also the figure of a girl—and this is sufficiently provocative. “I do not try for the beauty, the glamor,” says Annabella, “these things are not for me.”

But because of these very qualities, because when she made “Wings of the Morning,” she felt blowing upon her the fresher winds of the new world, Annabella was beginning to turn her eyes toward Hollywood; was beginning to realize, definitely now, that her marriage was a mistake. Like all equations between a man and a woman, there were assets as well as liabilities to be considered, of course. For if Jean Murat did not take his own career too seriously, he did take Annabella’s career *quite* seriously. If his interest was tinged, a little, with the slightly patronizing attitude of the man in love toward a pretty, playing child, that was his natural attitude and he did not allow it to show through too plainly. He had a sure, artistic instinct. He gave her advice and it was always good advice, and sound. (*Please turn to page 84*)

IF YOU envy Bette Grable her million-dollar legs, here's your lift for today—Bette swears that beautiful hands are a woman's most important asset. . . . Dorothy Parker, who hasn't tossed off much cynicism since she married a handsome actor and converted him into a writer, has taken time out from scenarioing to script her first play—and you can credit Hollywood life with her new ambition. . . . Jimmy Stewart is currently the most-wanted actor; by the producers, anyway. . . . M-G-M is going to make one Eddie Cantor picture, but it won't star him in the story of his life, as originally planned. . . . Sigrid Gurie, after a year's inaction, has a new contract (at Universal) and a new husband. . . . Ann Shirley is desperately trying to keep up in the tanning race with her husband, John Payne, by parking between shots in the RKO solarium. . . . Joy Hodges, who's always engaged but never a bride, is now dating Charlie Grayson, a good-looking scenarist who was married to a U. C. L. A. girl when he began scribbling. . . . Mickey Rooney has graduated from gardenias to orchids, so far as corsages go. . . . Janet Gaynor and Adrian continue to be so much in love, but is it chic, Adrian, for Janet to dine at the Trocadero in a sports outfit? . . . Bruce Cabot is Errol Flynn's buddy and no fooling; he even tried to calm Lili Damita the other evening when Errol was supposed to join her at a night club, and forgot to. . . . The Hollywood Stars, the professional baseball team in Hollywood, is really a home-town organization, for if you peek at the stockholders' list you'll find such names as Robert Taylor, Bing Crosby, and Gary Cooper; the reason Gail Patrick attends every game is because her husband, Bob Cobb, is vice-president of that ball club.

Gay Gossip And Latest News About Your Film Favorites

Here's



The unusual love triangle in "Memory of Love" is created by Carole Lombard, Cary Grant and Kay Francis (above). A new romantic team—Ginger Rogers and David Niven (left) appearing together on the screen for the first time in "Little Mother."



SINCE Ona Munson has played *Belle Watling*, the professional siren in "Gone With the Wind," she is a changed woman. Ona is still modest and soft-spoken, but she is no longer quite so retiring. She had to pad herself fore and aft to acquire the curvaciousness the character had, and she wore a red wig. Now she has dyed her own hair red and she has ordered modified, modernized versions of her picture costumes for her personal wardrobe. She walks with a new oomph. Once married to director Eddie Buzzell, Ona had no husband when she returned from the stage for this rôle. It won't be long now, however!

WHEN Adolphe Menjou was provoked into listing the seven most perfectly attired men he couldn't think of a single actor who'd make the grade. . . . Since Penny Singleton bleached for "Blondie" rôle she's revived her career to where she made thirty-two personal appearances in one day in that many different theatres. . . . Bing Crosby turned down the contract offered his oldest son Gary, replying that there were too many kids who needed the money more—Gary, aged six, is an awfully cute-looking towhead, who can sing, too. . . . William Powell is no longer an object of sorrow—he never looked better, and he's been chumming with his high-school-age son. . . . It isn't at all unusual for Chester Morris to start doing magic stunts, and fancy ones, right out in public—whenever and wherever the mood hits him. . . . Virginia Bruce has never been back to New York since she was a Ziegfeld girl there and what's surprising is that now that she's rich and could do the town in style she has no desire to give it a magnificent whirl.

Hollywood

By
Weston
East



CONSEQUENCES to date on all those new Hollywood unions: Hedy, Carole, and Annabella are having wonderful time! Hedy and wealthy producer Gene Markey have such a tiny hilltop house, only two bedrooms, and no guest, play, or projection room. But, to compensate, they're the couple with a yacht! And the other day Gene gave Hedy a star sapphire ring; the sapphire's set in fifty-two perfect little diamonds. Carole continues to be Pappy Gable's farmer wife and she nearly blew up with pride when he brought home a brand new tractor. Another example of her devotion: she dismissed her high-priced press agent. As for Annabella, she's the only one to rate a honeymoon. It was delayed six weeks, but finally Tyrone drove her to one of the national parks. Now they're planning a trip to Italy unless something gums up Tyrone's plans. It's astonishing how livable Annabella has made the mansion Tyrone bought for the two of them; she did the place over in excellent taste—even if they did have to camp out for the first few weeks. When they moved in the only rooms that were furnished were the kitchen and one bedroom. Ty gave his bride a special outdoor stairway from her upstairs dressing-room, so that Annabella could run down directly to the swimming pool in the garden.

Myrna Loy has been loaned to 20th Century-Fox by A-G-M for "The Rains Came," based on Louis Bromfield's best-seller. Above, Myrna in a scene with George Brent and, right, Tyrone Power dressed up in turban for his rôle of MAJOR SAFIE in the same film.

APPARENTLY Elsa Maxwell is fated to be a movie hit because she is already concerned over her second film. Café society's most popular party giver, the woman who made herself a somebody in Paris and then in New York because of her entertaining flair, is responsible for the new fashion for individual cocktail shakers at cocktail parties. She doesn't think much of afternoon invitations, maintaining if you like anyone you'll make it dinner. But if you're bound to have drop-ins the very least you can do is to scatter individual shakers about, with individual liquors. Guests then mix their own. It was at one of Elsa's parties that Charlie McCarthy was discovered. Noel Coward adores her. Now, having entertained in novelty style at Constance Bennett's home, Elsa has Hollywood begging for more. A short, round, plain-looking woman, her originality and wit put her cross. Wonder if she'll supplant Mrs. Basil Rathbone as our movie colony's social queen?

BETTE DAVIS and George Brent are now dining tête-a-tête in public and both of them only grin when accused of being in love. George has fascinated many a woman, including Garbo, you may recall, and he is pretty discontent in his bachelor home in Coldwater Canyon. Bette is just as discontented living alone, but she confesses she can't act and be a wife simultaneously and acting's in her blood. When she went out of town for a brief rest George took Tibbie, her Scotch terrier, to work with him every day, so Tibbie wouldn't get too lonesome. Now if that isn't love it's a very nice friendship.



THE Robert Taylors can eliminate their corner-meeting gag as soon as they get settled in a town house. Whenever they've come in from the country for show dates they've said, "Meet you at the corner of Hollywood and Ivar!" Neither Bob's nor Barbara's ranch home was big enough for the other to move in, but Barbara finally shifted things around in her household and redecorated a bedroom for the bridegroom. They've had no honeymoon, by the way—both of 'em have been completely tied up on new pictures. One of their pet tales on themselves is about when they secretly called upon the San Diego justice of the peace who was going to marry them. There was a mob scene of high school kids, so the stellar lovers made a wild dash for the good justice's parlor. Inquiring how fans had scented their arrival they were informed that the crowd had no idea of their materializing. The high school kid next door was merely entertaining and the celebrities could rest assured no one would recognize them! Most revealing untold anecdote about the Taylors is this one, however. Bob gets his hair cut in a barber shop a quarter-of-a-block off Hollywood Boulevard, and who do you suppose comes in with him and sits quiet as a mouse while he's being trimmed with the shears? None other than Barbara herself. If that isn't devotion, what is?

L'AMOUR, always l'amour: Dottie of the sarongs is not selling her house, the one she and Herbie Kay built. Instead, Miss Lamour is adding quite a few niceties. She's also dating John Howard consistently. Lee Bowman will be extremely tan next month because Sonja Henie will return then, and he wants to make a smashing impression. Arleen Whelan and Alexander D'Arcy, nightclub owner, have made up their quarrel but they say there's no marriage on their horizons. Edgar Bergen is rushing Mary Healy, and let's hope he has better luck this time; just as soon as he decides he's found his dream girl some other guy beats his time. Loretta Young and Olivia de Havilland, two of the most sought-after beauties, are not going steady with anyone anymore; perhaps love, for them, is just around that well-known corner.



"Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is the title of film which co-stars James Stewart and Jean Arthur, but Jimmy's passing up an opportunity to "go to town" with (top) Frances Gifford, Linda Winters; (bottom) Astrid Allwyn, Lorna Grey, in above scene from the picture. Below, Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds engage in a little fun in this cute scene from "Music School," the Goldwyn film which stars Jascha Heifetz.



CALLING all you who've concluded Sonja Henie's heart is a cash register! Here are two inside stories on Sonja as-is. Just before departing on her current vacation in Norway she went into the studio coffee shop for a quick java. She noticed the extraordinary prettiness of the cashier. "Have you had a screen test?" she asked. "You should photograph marvelously!" The girl admitted she'd tried to get into pictures, but had had no luck. Sonja was so impressed with her possibilities that she went to the casting director personally and suggested a test. The head man was allergic. So Sonja declared, "I'll pay for her test myself—if she's worth signing the studio can reimburse me. But I'll gamble on her!" You can imagine how excited one Bobbie Swain is, waiting for the expensive try-out Sonja's kindness has made possible. The other Henie tale is this: the girl who's accompanied Sonja on this grand vacation jaunt isn't a famous star. She's Belle Mitchell, who skates in the Henie troupe. Sonja and Belle became friends in spite of the vast difference in their salaries, and when Sonja invited Belle to accompany her the reply was a grateful but firm no. Belle was resolved to some day save enough to make a trip abroad. But one day a round-trip train-and-boat ticket to Norway arrived for Belle, with a check for spending money so she would be completely independent.



Sandy, the one-year-old milkman's baby who became an overnight sensation because of her (yes, Sandy's a her) excellent performance in Bing Crosby's "East Side of Heaven," is rewarded with a long term contract. Above, with Sandy are: seated, Milton Feld and standing, her parents, the Roy Henvilles. Below, Bing Crosby rehearsing with the newsboys who appear with him in his latest picture, "The Star Maker."

IF YOU'RE glad to see Allan Jones back in pictures, and think his acting has improved after his nine months' absence, you'll be interested to know that he spared no effort to make good use of the slump he hit so unexpectedly. When Metro kept him idle he resolutely hired a dramatic coach and began paying out of his savings for special training. He kept on with her after he was released from his contract. Eventually his study was rewarded by a two-picture deal at Paramount. He's busily preparing to sing the Victor Herbert melodies in the title rôle of the beloved composer's life story. Curiously, Allan was stymied at Metro because Nelson Eddy was awarded the musical plums. Yet Nelson is his biggest booster, and tells everyone how much Allan deserves major recognition. With Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones) working steadily after also getting the gate at Metro, the Joneses are enjoying happy days once more.

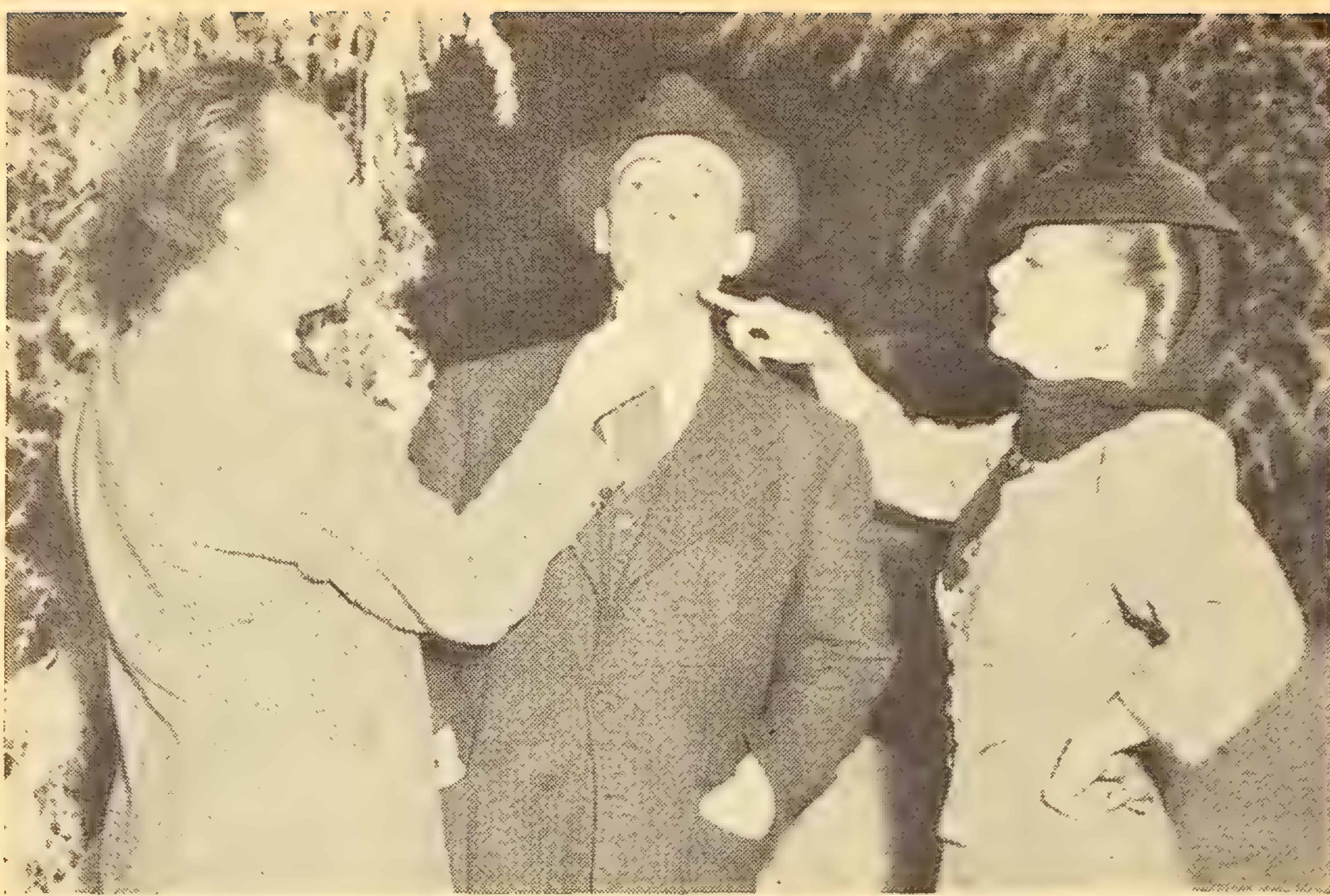
WAYNE MORRIS is the latest to learn no one can have everything. He suddenly fell in love and married an heiress. He got a better contract. He rated a lengthy honeymoon, something that's rare indeed for a Hollywood hero. He was in the pink after three months of leisurely settling down in his new mansion. Then when the studio called him he caught a severe case of influenza. "Bubbles," the new Mrs. M., had just become involved learning to cook when she had to switch to nursing which meant long vigils at his bedside.

JIMMY CAGNEY figured he'd outwitted Warners when he inserted that vacation clause in his reconciliation contract; it guarantees him a number of weeks in unbroken sequence. But now the studio is laughing. Jimmy can't get away from now on, for he can be called to work on three days' notice. His consolation is that his new home is done; it took eight months to build because he kept thinking of more improvements. He didn't sell his Martha's Vineyard farm, as reported; but a lot of good it's doing him under the circumstances. His sister Jeanne is still training to debut as a movie actress; he didn't try to get her in on his reputation.

IF there isn't a slip in the neat dovetailing, Jimmy Stewart will have a whole week off in November. No time off until then for this year is part of the price he's paying for stardom. You know he now is officially a top-calibre star at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and the front office has sent forth word to bill him in the same fashion as Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. Seeing that he's now a big shot, it's pleasant to discover he is genuinely interested in his old school friends. Whenever any of them come to California the hang-out is the Stewart residence in Beverly, and whenever Jimmy encounters an ex-buddy he wants to know just exactly what's happened to so-and-so of the old gang. It is no act.

THE Victor Hugo, a *deluxe* dine-and-dance spot in Beverly, ought to pay Joan Crawford because she makes personal appearances there practically every other night. Joan alternates violently between the simple home life and stepping out where the music's tantalizing to her toes, and currently she's in the dancing groove once more. Charlie Martin, the young scenario writer who is her escort since she determined to be friendly-though-divorced with Franchot Tone, is as smitten as any Crawford admirer ever was. He deluges her with attention. Which, naturally, cheers la belle Crawford up no end.





This looks like love—or does it? Our Sheridan Cover Girl pays more attention to leading man Carlson's make-up than to her own. She watches Norman Pringle as he puts final touches on Richard's make-up for rôle in "Winter Carnival," which stars Ann.

Pictures by Bogart

Continued from page 65

full equipment. He likes to get his effects with whatever happens to be at hand. He uses an ordinary bulb with a newspaper back of it as a reflector. "If it's daytime, I let the light come into the room naturally. If not, I use whatever lamps there are around. I'm not gadget-crazy," he grinned. "One of my friends has a number of expensive cameras, and an array of every new gadget that he hears of, but so far he has never finished up one print. He takes pictures all the time, but when he's taken them, he says: 'Oh, that's terrible!' and won't even develop them. Once he spent a whole day down in Mexico filming a bull fight, shooting it from all angles, taking shots of the spectators, the officials, and so on, going to all sorts of trouble, only to discover when the day was over that he had left the cap on his lens all the time!"

Taking pictures is relaxation, according to Humphrey. "I wouldn't do anything difficult," he asserted. He insists he's a *very* lazy man. "Mischa Auer is a real camera fiend. He can do anything with lens. He even has a sound track for his home movies, and almost kills himself getting the right effects. His stuff is excellent. But he *works*! The two of us have a friend, Melville Baker, who thought he'd like to go in for taking pictures, too. But when he saw what he had done, he said he was sure the competition would be stiff, and decided to go in for making miniature furniture. Now he's ordered a lot of machinery and materials and is making a start. If I wasn't so against effort, I'd begin sticking a few chairs together and try to discourage him again."

Other camera artists may sigh when asked to take pictures of children, but Humphrey enjoys it. "Children are fun," he declared, "When they are very little, like Melville Baker's baby in this shot, they don't pose. You just catch them on the fly. When I do that picture again, I'll black out the hand that's holding him, and that light spot near his ear. When they get a little older, they're still more fun, because they love playing games with you while you shoot. Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman have the ideal little girl when it comes to this sort of posing. She loves

it. Here she is, smiling, with her smiling doll, and here she is again wearing glasses. She doesn't wear them really, but her mother does, so she has to have a pair of prop glasses to pose for me. She'll do anything, that child!"

The most satisfactory pictures of people are taken when they don't know you are shooting, according to the actor. "These shots of Frances Langford and Jon Hall at the player piano, and of Johnny Weissmuller with the flashlight, were made without their knowledge," he pointed out. "Frances and Jon were pricking holes in a record so it would play discords. We were all so sick of that record! Johnny was watching them from across the room. He had been under the piano with his flashlight a minute before. On the other hand, this is a posed portrait of Eric Hatch, the writer. Well posed, too. I tell him he must be a ham at heart!"

"I took my camera with me on the trip to Dodge City. This shot of Ann Sheridan and Schuyler Crail, cameraman, is proof of it. But this isn't really my style of work. That trip taught me something about entertainment. I remember seeing a little girl of twelve sitting up on a canopy where she could get a good view of the stars, looking down at them with rare delight. She was actually seeing Priscilla Lane and Errol Flynn in the flesh and she was simply radiant. It was like seeing Santa Claus at last! When you think of that place, in the dust bowl, where people have had a really bad time for years, stone broke, breathing black dust, watching their homes go to pieces, all but hopeless, suddenly being visited by Hollywood glamor and being transformed—but I mean *transformed*! I couldn't believe it. Just getting a chance to look at people in pictures, who, after all, have a pretty nice time doing what they do. Who knows what influence that sight of Hollywood may have on that little girl on the canopy? Will she be so overcome with it that she'll battle every obstacle till she, too, comes to Hollywood? Or will her mind turn another way and she become an instrument to bring better conditions to her own home town? Or maybe she'll merely cherish that one glimpse of glamor and that will be all."

"When I was a kid, I lived next door to William Brady, husband of Grace George, and father of Alice Brady and young Bill. Young Bill and I played together and I'd be over at Brady's for lunch or dinner or

to play with Bill in the evening, and I saw the glamorous people who came in, and heard some of the exciting conversations that were carried on. Brady was a great admirer of Woodrow Wilson and knew Tumulty very well. Various statesmen of that day were entertained at Brady's, as well as theatre celebrities. I suppose while we played, I must have taken it in that anything less than the stage or the tops in politics was bound to be pretty dull stuff.

"It hadn't occurred to me to be an actor then. By the time I was sixteen we were in the war, and I lied about my age and got into the navy. Nothing would do but that I must go. Having been to war, and seen for myself that war does nothing for anybody, but harms a great many people everywhere, I'm the greatest pacifist in Hollywood. I've always said I wouldn't get into another uniform for anyone. But now I know that if a dictator tried to take over this country, I'd fight again. I think we all would. We'd hate it. We'd go into it with no illusions about glory, but we'd go."

Mickey Rooney, followed by four gentlemen in golfing clothes, passed through the club dining-room.

"We're having a tournament today," remembered Humphrey, "I'm playing for Lakeside. No, Mickey isn't in the tournament, he's just having a game. I don't play golf as an expert. I play for exercise. Nobody walks out here, and golf seems the easiest way to keep fit. I never do anything hard. You ought to know that by this time! Now, let's see, what were we talking about? Cameras, wasn't it? Look out of that window. See that tall deodar with the tip hanging down? A shot from here, showing that tree and the flag flying on a line with it would be good."

"I like scenic shots. Wish I could find some I've made, but they get away. Animals, though—animals are always good for pictures. That Peter cat I shot with Mayo is splendid. He's the boss of our house. If you don't get by Peter, you might as well not come in. He knows everything, all but talks. This little cat was a smart little thing, too. I had Mayo's face bending down over it at first, but it didn't look well, so I blacked it out. Later on, this poor little fellow developed a suicide complex. It used to try to leap out of an upper balcony to dash itself down on the cement below, and we finally had to have it put away. Cats do that sometimes. I suppose they think life isn't worth living."

An actor who was once prominent in pictures and is no longer in demand hurried through on his way to the links. "That's a tragedy," commented Humphrey. "I was out here once before to make pictures, right after talkies came in, about the same time Paul Muni came out. They thought Muni wasn't any good, so he went back. They probably thought I wasn't any good, either. Anyway, I went back, too. It was at the time no one knew what to do about talkies. All the silent picture actors were terrified, and so were all the stage actors who came out to take their places. We all resented each other. It was a mess. I think a lot of splendid actors were thrown out then—I still think Jack Gilbert could have been a terrific success if he'd been handled right. He'd been on the stage before. There was no reason why he should have been defeated. I think if it hadn't been for his financial crash and his domestic crash happening at the same time as the picture crash, he'd have won through. I think he must have felt like my little cat, life wasn't worth while."

"Television shouldn't cause any such commotion as talkies caused. But who knows? How did we get to talking about television, anyway? This is supposed to be a story on the subject of candid cameras!"



Len Weissman

Herbert Marshall celebrates his birthday by dancing with Lee Russell and whistling to music in Coconut Grove.

George's Women

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as a little figure as a stopper holding up a transparent umbrella, and when it was found not to be sealed tight there was a great rush in its direction and before you could say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the whole enormous bottle was empty! It was passed around so quickly and splashed on so many handkerchiefs and lapels that by the time the poor prop man had fought his way through the crowd of excited women they themselves had found out what he wanted to tell them, that "Summer Rain" was nothing but the thinning lotion for Spirit Gum put into this extensive looking bottle. For the rest of that day the whole set smelt strongly of cleansing fluid.

Naturally, in a picture crammed with women, clothes play a very important part, and here's where you'll get your dose of surprises and eyebrow lifts, for Adrian has designed some real honeys. Some are going to startle you right out onto the aisle, and others you'll want to copy right away, and you will be able to, what's more, because one of the fashion shows is an entirely new venture in pictures, that is, a collection of clothes both simple and inexpensive that you'll be able to wear without being a film star and without that Rolls Royce to ride in, and yet you'll look, oh so good in them. Of course I don't advise you to copy Rosalind Russell's dress that's 27 yards of tulle sprinkled with whole-stuffed birds looking as if they're getting ready to take off down south any moment! Mr. Cukor insisted that Adrian design the clothes, not to suit the stars, but to fit exactly the type of woman the star is playing. You know how often really smart women look absurd in their new fashions; well, I can only say wait 'till you see Rosalind Russell wearing the dress adorned with sequin eyes complete with luscious lashes and eyebrows. That's going to startle the natives of London, Paris, and New York, all right! The hair styles, too, aren't done to look pretty in close-ups, but again to be in keeping with each character. Crawford does look well though with her new short hair and the prophesy that very soon, when girls see how good it looks, barbers will be kept working over-time chopping off to directions of "Cut it like Joan Crawford. has hers, please." As a matter of fact it all

happened through an accident, through a permanent that didn't work out and spoiled three inches of glamorous Crawford hair. "Well," she thought after shedding a few tears, "better make the best of a bad job, I suppose. Go on, then, comb it out!" and presto there it was, so attractive, so practical, and so entirely new. Some people have all the luck.

I think it speaks very well for Rosalind and shows how completely her trust is in George Cukor by letting him drown her own personality and become exactly the type of woman he wishes her to be. They aren't taking any risks on this picture, there isn't going to be any "Well, if she can wear ostrich feathers, why can't I?"—because the director (I was just about to say dictator) has absolutely forbidden any of the stars to see what the others are going to wear until they actually get right on the set, so they won't be *acting* surprised when they get an eyeful of each other strutting around like peacocks.

The corner of M-G-M's stage 25 was beginning to look like a trailer camp the other day with the stars' portable dressing rooms all set up in line, except that I suppose we'd drive right off the road if we ever came face to face with anything painted orchid and yellow like Crawford's little changing room. Incidentally, it's done in the same colors as her home.

Back in the Cukor house the telephone rings incessantly, and a never-ending stream of female voices fire questions at him, complain to him, seek advice, wail at him, tell him secrets and confessions. He never loses his temper for one second, but lets them talk themselves silly if they want to, never saying much more than "yes, darling" and "but of course, darling," making everyone happy and content and feeling they've got exactly their own way when really the only way they are getting is Mr. George Cukor's way. There'll be no nonsense on this set, no pulling of temperament, and they'll all be there on time.

I overheard George talking with Joan Crawford and saying something only too true. The reason big stars are apt to be so late and hold up the production isn't their fault a lot of times, but the fault of the assistants who are far too polite with them and don't come right out and say

"Miss Crawford, you're wanted on the set now, please." They amble up and when they get near the gaily decorated dressing rooms, they murmur in a quiet unhurried voice, "Please Miss Crawford, when you're ready, will you come along please?" and "My, that's a pretty dress you're wearing, Miss Crawford." So it's only natural she thinks there is all the time in the world and is surprised when she gets on the set to find they've been waiting half an hour for her. That's one of Hollywood's great troubles, too much yessing and bowing down to stars, and that's why M-G-M knew Cukor was the man to handle the women. He's not afraid to say exactly what he means and thinks, and very often it's far from complimentary, yet they admire and respect him so much they not only take the insults and do what he says, but love him for it too.

Everyone of the actresses in the picture is excited about it, all Hollywood and most of the New York stage tried by every means known to women, and that's saying something, to get into this important picture. Another reason why this picture is definitely so important is because of the New Joan Crawford. This time she really is New. It's goodbye to the old Crawford of glamorous days, of gigantic close-ups with parted lips and batting long eyelashes; it's Crawford the actress, and a very good actress too, who is going to be grateful to Cukor for putting her onto a different plane, a plane among the screen's great performers. From now on she's an actress first with all that Crawford appeal still there, and in my opinion showing up much more, because its owner is no longer a glamor gal but an actress with glamor. There's a difference.

You card players are going to die when you see the bridge game. Even now I can almost hear the snickering going on in your theatre when you see it, and feel the nudgings and under-breath "isn't that just like. . . !" It's so true to life. I only wish you could have seen them taking it, though; it was one of those hold-ups on the set and there sat those four sophisticated smart women, wearing hats that would make a Dietrich first night creation look conservative, there they sat laughing and playing, what do you think? Slapjack! Yes, so far, all is well with the women.



British Press Combine

The Fred Astaires visit Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish at Lismore Castle, Ireland. Lady Cavendish (with hand on Astaire's shoulder) is Fred's sister, Adele, who was his dancing partner before she retired from stage to marry Lord Cavendish.

Mysterious Husband

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wife's name is Mary and that they are fated to assume a leading place in Hollywood. In Hollywood we recall, as though it were only yesterday, when Douglas' father and Mary Pickford, now but names to the new generation of theatre-goers, were the tops in pictures. We recall it was a Mary who inadvertently mixed up Douglas' childhood and adolescence.

To realize his attitude when he proposed to Mary Lee Hartford you must realize the rôles certain women had already played in his hectic life. There is his mother, Beth Fairbanks, always adoring and encouraging. A woman of family and breeding. There was Joan Crawford, the extraordinary woman who overshadowed him. Since Joan he has linked with Gertrude Lawrence and Marlene Dietrich, accomplished sophisticates. He was, they say, let down by Zorina. More of that chapter later. But it was Mary Pickford who influenced him at his most impressionable age, Mary who made him resolve to be somebody, too. The dominant, brilliant Pickford, who was the greatest feminine favorite the movies have ever had, dismissed him as merely the clever child of the dynamic man she decided to build her own life around. Beth had elected to keep the boy and so all Mary Pickford had to do about him was be pleasant on the rare occasions when he came within her sphere. Which she was.

When a home breaks up and leaves a sensitive child puzzled and hurt the child suffers. Douglas was devoted to his mother, and so soon he was smouldering with all the resentment a boy who has lost his father in such a manner can muster up. All he could see was that his famous, rich, idolized dad had been no hero to them at home. When the alimony dwindled through bad investments, young Douglas and Beth were reduced to rented rooms that were a striking contrast to the royal air of Pickfair, and then he was all the more bitter.

Beth agreed to let the boy try acting when he was twelve, against his father's strenuous opposition. He flopped dismally. But at sixteen, furious at his inadequacy, he stubbornly began to climb in Hollywood again. What few fans know is that he had absolutely no help from Pickfair. People expected him to be a buoyant athlete, a chip off the illustrious old block. He wasn't like his dad. An introvert instead of an extrovert, shy rather than genial, he had to start in bits and prove he had a personality of his own. He liked music, painting, sculpting, writing. He had the soul of a poet, and it was Joan Crawford who accidentally found out what only his mother had known.

Don't ever think that Joan didn't love him. She did. In him she found all the superior qualities the assured men she had dealt with had lacked. It was an all-consuming flame, that love of theirs. She had boundless belief in his possibilities. Joan held back nothing. She told him how she had been embittered in her fight to rise above her unhappy, sordid yesterdays. The fineness she saw in him taught her what real love was.

When Douglas learned how she had made herself over he never ceased marveling. He was nineteen when they married. She had been reckless, magnificently, and his own faults and fears seemed ridiculous in comparison. She was certain in her aim; he needed bolstering. She was prepared for any emergency; he was appalled at the idea of emergencies. She was energy itself; naturally talented, he was a dreamer who was inclined to stall. He had little money sense; she showed him how to invest his earnings—she'd made her own security. So, mutually

absorbed and stimulated, they both became stars.

It was only because he loved too soon that he failed to hold Joan. He couldn't keep up with her personal progress. She had to excel. No such burning ambition drove him on. Today he is different. Today he is twenty-nine and he has painstakingly gone through the growing-up process Joan had experienced before he married her. He has had to shift for himself, and he has been strong enough to plug on to success when he was judged a false alarm.

After his flaming marriage with Joan burnt itself out Douglas' premature stardom fell out from under him. He fortunately made a wise choice in going to England to re-establish himself where he could begin practically anew. In London he got a fresh perspective on himself. He had to sink or swim. So suddenly he became aware of how hard big opportunities are and when he buckled down, concentrated, his ability slowly demonstrated that he had something to offer besides juvenile looks.

He didn't really love Gertrude Lawrence, the distinguished, worldly stage star with



Acme

Doug Junior looks admiringly at his socialite bride, the former Mary Lee Hartford, after the wedding ceremony.

whom he teamed in the theatre for awhile. But she talked to him as an equal, threw him in contact with Noel Coward and the brightest brains of the British stage, and gradually he was no longer the boy everyone could boss. He had a mind of his own, as Joan had always predicted. He didn't return to Hollywood until he was sought after.

The Dietrich thing was only a good friendship. It was Douglas' belated fun phase. With no strings attached. He was not in love with Zorina last fall, either. The columnists said she surprised him by dating him and loving the dance maestro she married. The truth is that Douglas' yen for Zorina was the product of her press agent's imagination. She apologized to him for the ribbing that misguided individual caused him. But he wasn't much disturbed. He was rushing Mary Lee Hartford.

Now let me tell you about her. The second Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., isn't like the first one, except in her enthusiasm for Douglas. She drives in to the studio every afternoon to pick him up. She hangs upon his every sentence. She, too, thinks he is wonderful. But this Mary has never had a career, nor wanted or needed one. She is society. She has never had to worry about where her

next meal was coming from. She has never been humiliated by snobs. There have been no terrific hardships for her to overcome. She doesn't look like an actress. There is nothing spectacular about her, in any way. Well-bred, intelligent, she is a modest young woman, younger than Douglas, who is content to live gracefully. She isn't dramatic, or nervous, or anxious to force Hollywood to sit up and mutter with envy. She believes Douglas is perfect as he is.

They met last summer at Merle Oberon's. Mary and her husband, Huntington Hartford, were a well-to-do young couple who divided their time between Palm Beach and New York City. Daughter of a prominent West Virginia doctor, Mary never suspected she would wind up in Hollywood married to a star. When she and her husband, who is also society, had an apartment in New York City they chummed with the John Jacob Astors and other millionaires. Frank Shields, the tennis ace, introduced them to Merle, while Merle was holidaying in the East. They accepted Merle's invitation for a month on the beach at Santa Monica.

Douglas and Mary were not bowled over by one another. It was not until he spent a couple of months in New York himself this past winter that he found he loved her. They met again through mutual friends. Mary and Huntington had split, had spoken of a divorce. Douglas was sympathetic, and charming. Accustomed to actresses, he was relaxed by her indifference to the everyday search for glamor that distracted the women in the studios. And so he telephoned Zorina less and less, and Mary more and more. Her father is dead, but he met her mother. He took Mary to meet his dad, with whom he is now quite reconciled, and his mother, Beth. There was family approval from all angles. And so it was in New York that Douglas proposed.

There was no announcement of the engagement because Mary was not yet free. Douglas came back and did "The Sign of the Cross." A week before he finished he sent out a statement. Mary Lee Hartford and her mother had arrived at the Beverly hotel and on the following Sunday he would marry Mary at a church in Westwood. Only twenty guests were invited to the ceremony, which a Methodist minister performed. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., acted as best man and presented the bride with a gorgeous bracelet. Sylvia Fairbanks, who won Doug, Sr., when Mary Pickford loved him, gave the bride a matching diamond and ruby brooch. Beth Fairbanks Whiting and Jack Whiting, whom she married about ten years ago, and Beth's mother—Douglas' grandmother, came West to add the blessings.

When Douglas placed the gold wedding ring on Mary's finger, beside the rub solitaire set with diamonds which was the secret engagement symbol, he had to hurry his honeymoon because in a couple of days he started to star in "Ruler of the Seas" at Paramount. The troupe went on location for a fortnight on San Miguel Island, near Catalina, and it was there Mary had her first view of movies in the making. Paramount shaved his mustache for the part to her surprise.

She and Douglas have taken a house in the Pacific Palisades, a fashionable neighborhood above Santa Monica, and have sent out two thousand "at home" cards. He hopes to take her to Europe in another month. He has maintained a flat in Manhattan. He fancied he would be a debonair bachelor for years more. But since love struck he has signed more contracts in Hollywood, guarantees of steady stardom, and most likely he will be working steadily and settling down from now on. He may appear in modern versions of some of his dad's most popular pictures; he is now d

bating a starring deal proffered him by his father, who would star him for United Artists. Douglas won't say yes unless the old man will allow him to co-produce, and so, professionally, they are at a standstill. Douglas proved he could become a screen hero on his own merit, and if his father now supposes he can't be a successful producer he'll have to show him a thing or two there, too.

The new Mary Fairbanks wants only recognition as the right sort of wife for Douglas. She has every advantage, every chance to demonstrate that she is. Hollywood is a mystic maze to her, but Douglas is introducing her to everyone—but reporters. He introduced her to Joan, with whom he has always stayed friends. Their mutual admiration didn't die when they called it a grand closed chapter. The Fairbankses, the two Douglases and Mary and Sylvia, were attending a premiere the other night and of course it could have happened only in Hollywood. Joan's gleaming black town car rolled up right after the Fairbanks' limousine, and so beneath the glare of spotlights and before a thousand wide-eyed fans Douglas did the honors.

This marriage is the culmination of a series of romantic disappointments, the top-per to tangled devotions that did not last. And it is the one more beginning two very earnest and sincere sweethearts maneuvered for themselves.

Judy's Crushes

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young for a boy. Of course we're not a bit romantic—we're just friends," she added.

"How about Freddie Bartholomew?" I asked.

"Oh, that was one of those studio publicity romances," Judy said. "They were in vogue at the time. Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, and Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane. It really didn't mean a thing. We just posed for pictures and he took me to a premiere or two."

"Well," I asked, undaunted, "how about Mickey Rooney—is he your big moment like the papers say?"

"Oh, that's just *another* publicity story," Judy smiled. "We've really never been a bit serious about each other. In fact, he pesters me with his practical jokes all of the time. Every time I have a serious scene he stands off somewhere and tries to make me laugh at something and spoil it. Really, at times Mickey can be a terrible pest—but he's so sweet at others. In our next picture together, 'Babes In Arms,' I win him for a change. In our last picture I lost him to Ann Rutherford."

Judy put on a little pink dress and seemed to be debating with herself before she spoke again. "If you really want to know a perfectly wonderful man, you should meet Victor Fleming," she said with a dreamy-eyed smile. "He directed my last picture, 'Wizard of Oz'—and he's perfectly marvelous! He has the nicest low voice, and the kindest eyes. Besides, he realizes that a girl who is sixteen is practically grown up. He shows me all of the courtesies he would to Hedy Lamarr. That's very important to me. He rises when I enter the room and places a chair for me. He notices my clothes and the way I do my hair and remarks about them. After our first picture had been in production a week, I felt that I wanted to do something nice for him. I baked him a cake—and he was so appreciative. I asked Mother if she thought it would be all right for me to give him a white carnation for his lapel. She couldn't see any harm in it—so I picked out the loveliest one in my shop (Judy owns a

little florist shop in Hollywood) each morning and sent it to him. A man appreciates little things like that. Besides, it keeps him thinking of a person."

I readily agreed and pursued the subject. "Were you romantic about Mr. Fleming—momentarily?" I asked, remembering my piano teacher and all.

"Well, I might have been if I'd been older," Judy sighed. "He's such a wonderful man!" And the way Judy said that I knew distinctly how she'd felt—for I could detect a bit of "It might have been" in her voice, in a way that only a girl in her very early teens can express. Then the telephone rang.

Judy spoke in very low guarded tones. It was a local call from a New York swain. "He's the one who sent me those flowers," Judy smiled after the call, pointing to an enormous basket—such as prima donnas receive on first nights at the opera. "It really takes a more mature man to do things for a girl. Why, back in Hollywood, no one would ever think of sending me such a large basket of flowers. The boys back home usually send me a corsage of



Judy's mother visits her daughter on the set of "Listen, Darling," which features Judy and Fred Bartholomew.

baby pink roses or lily of the valley. Now that I'm sixteen I'd like gardenias at least. And I've always wanted an orchid. But if they ever bring me gifts it's usually candy—which *they* sit and eat!

"You've no idea how perfectly miserable I've been waiting to grow up," Judy said wistfully. "And now I don't know *how* long it'll be before people will recognize the fact that I'm a young woman, and not an adolescent. Everyone calls me 'Baby' and 'Monkey' and no one takes me very seriously," she lamented. "While I'm really as serious as can be. I'm practically sixteen, which means that in a couple of years I should be playing romantic leads in grown-up parts."

"I'd like to tell you my ambition in life—that is, if you'll promise not to laugh—because it isn't a bit funny," Judy warned. I promised and she continued. "I want to play my first grown-up leading rôle opposite Clark Gable. I personally think this is a wonderful idea. Ever since I sang my song to Gable in my first picture our names have been linked together. I think the public would really like to see us together on the screen, don't you?"

I assured Judy that it sounded like a good idea—and in tune with my sympathetic understanding—because after all

we're sisters under the skin with my memory of my piano teacher and Judy's crush on Gable, so Judy revealed to me her truly one *great* ambition in life. She wants to become another Bette Davis!

"I wouldn't care if I never sang again—if I could just become a great dramatic actress like Bette Davis. I don't care whether I'm beautiful or not. I want to sway the emotions of millions of people, make them weep and laugh and feel the things I'm feeling on the screen."

I interrupted Judy to tell her that really she was doing something like this on the screen in her current pictures—but Judy said that she wanted to be *very* dramatic as a grown-up actress. "I'm very serious. I want to study drama. I've mentioned this to the studio and they just smile—the powers that be—and chuck me under the chin and say 'Run along, Judy, you're just a kid yet. You've got plenty of time for serious things.' They don't realize that I'm sixteen. They insist that I must wait for years and that you can't portray experiences you've never known. But they don't know the emotions I've already experienced."

I could feel with Judy—remembering that piano teacher. But luckily school-girl yearnings have a way of vanishing and are soon forgotten—though I'm sure Judy doesn't think so at present. But she will in just a few more years.

A bell rang and a call boy said, "First curtain, Miss Garland." Judy patted a bit of powder on her nose and hurried to the stage. I caught her mother, who accompanied Judy on the tour, coming up the stairs and we dashed down into the audience and stood in the aisle to catch Judy's numbers.

"Judy's been telling me that she wants to be a great actress," I whispered as we waited for Judy to appear.

"Yes, and she's very serious about it," her mother smiled. "Did she tell you she's got her heart set on being Clark Gable's leading lady when she's eighteen?" I nodded.

"Judy's just at that age when she's thrilled with everything," her mother whispered. "She had a crush on Clark Gable for a long time—but that finally wore off. Then she became very much interested in her accompanist. He's more like a father to her since her own Daddy passed on. Then her dancing master caught her fancy but that only lasted for a week. She discovered that he was married and had daughters older than herself."

"Judy's such an impressionable child—she goes about singing and laughing all day, but when she starts sitting around waiting for the telephone to ring we know she's in the midst of another romantic crush. Probably the person she has a crush on never knows it—but mothers can always tell. I never worry about her, for these school-girl crushes don't last long. Judy's very proud that she's a young lady now. The other day she went shopping by herself and came home with her first pair of high-heeled slippers. They really look so much better than the flat-heeled slippers that I let her wear them and buy some more. Judy's still girlishly plump—and she wants to be pencil-slim like her two sisters, but I tell her she'll slim down in another year. My other girls did."

"You should have seen Judy when she picked up this morning's paper. There was an article saying that Judy Garland, the youngster, would now step into Deanna Durbin's shoes—for Deanna was now definitely a young woman. Judy felt terrible at being classified as a youngster. 'You'd think I was Jane Withers' age,' she said."

Judy came on the stage then, and the applause was terrific. She looked sweet-sixteen and appealing; she sang several



With Gary Cooper teaching her the fine points in operating a six-shooter, it won't be long before Andrea Leeds will be hitting a bull's-eye. Andrea has the rôle of LINDA opposite Gary's ARMY SURGEON CANAVAN in "The Real Glory."

songs and then told the audience how she'd broken into the movies. A talent scout heard her sing on a lodge program at Lake Tahoe and sent for her. Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M heard her audition and promptly signed her on the dotted line.

On the way back to the dressing-room her mother continued: "Judy's an unselfish child. She wants to do so much for her family. Though both of her sisters are married, she insists that they stay home and live with us. She wants us all to be together always. We have a new eleven-room house and there's plenty of room. Judy adores her two elder sisters."

Judy was going through a handful of fan letters and mash notes sent back to her from out front. She was smiling over some and suggested to her mother that she really ought to see the writers and greet them since they were so nice to write back and ask to see her. At the stage door there were hundreds of them milling about—all waiting to get a glimpse of her. A high-school youth was carrying a florist's box and another had a box of candy—Judy's suitors!

Judy returned home the other day and so I dashed right over to her house in Beverly Hills to check up on her, as it were. And darned if the telephone didn't ring, right while I was there—and it was New York calling. Judy talked sweetly for five full minutes and then with sudden concern, "Oh, we've talked five minutes—just think how much that will cost! I guess we'd better hang up." And after she'd placed the receiver on the hook, I asked her point-blank, "Well, which one was that?" And Judy replied, "He's a boy I met in New York. He took mother and me out to dinner and to see Katharine Hepburn in 'The Philadelphia Story.' Really he's a wonderful boy. So thoughtful." Meaning probably that he's another one of Judy Garland's romantic crushes!

Dark Star

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Clark's career, her own, and the dog's. Sometimes Jean dressed in the height of sophistication. Her dresses were cut too low. She wore too much make-up. She tried hard and succeeded in giving a bad impersonation of her ideal, Jean Harlow. Just when the studio was ready to pounce on her, in she'd float looking as demure as a little wren. Her clothes were simple, her voice was low. She walked in regal splendor.

To me she confided that her life's ambition was to be another Helen Hayes!

While she was still trying to decide whether to be a pixie or a peacock, Jean was made a star. Much too soon for one of her vivid imagination, they began pushing her up the ladder of fame. And Jean really dreamed it up. With the humor that is a precious development today, Jean expounds on her stellar experiences: "The picture called 'Have a Heart' was filled with whimsy. I played a sweet young thing who wore an awful shoe to cover a club foot. I sat in a window, dressed dolls, and carried on with the birds and the bees. Jimmy Dunn played the man who drove the have-a-heart ice cream wagon. We had a whimsy-poo romance that was as pure as the driven snow. It all ended happily ever after, with me carrying on like a jitter-bug."

Jean managed to register moments of inspiration. But everyone, including herself, wondered what she was going to do next. Aside from falling instantly and deeply in love with a young writer named George McDonald, Jean saw escape and refuge in marriage. Her elopement hit the studio like a bombshell. To put it mildly, they were furious. Jean was ungrateful. She was selfish. She was being a fool. She wasn't using her head. But Jean *was* using her heart! Not too long after that, Jean found her own studio gates closed to her. (Just recently they tried to get her for a picture with Robert Taylor).

In the years that followed Jean blossomed forth into the dramatically lovely young woman she is today. Those years were filled with struggle and disappointment. She hadn't worked in ages. She was so broke that she lived on canned food for one year in a tiny Hollywood apartment. Being sensitive and hurt, thinking she was a flop, Jean shut herself away from friends. Slowly but surely she gained a perspective on herself. Today she has found herself to the extent that she knows, at any rate, which way she's growing. It was her own decision, much against her agent's, that Jean decided to do "Girl of the Limberlost" for Monogram. And her career was born again.

"Please don't think I ever felt sorry for myself," Jean quickly explains. "I hate sob stories. Everyone has one, anyway. But it did amuse me when girls used to write to me and tell me how much they envied my life. Believe me, I was not ungrateful. Everyone at the studio was wonderful. But no one ever gave me credit for thinking things out. I just had to belong to myself and find out what I was all about."

This build up serves to introduce the Jean Parker of today, whom Hollywood has

never known. This is the Jean who is in such strange contrast to that girl you see on the screen. This is the Jean who is a fugitive from the limberlost, a Parker who indignantly resents prancing through the redwoods with a fawn snapping at her heels. You can expect a battle, too. Jean is out to comb those vine leaves from her hair.

"I have the kind of face and voice that makes them think of gingham and Snow White," Jean muses. That's why they won't allow me even to show them that I have changed and can play other types. I'm working hard on my speaking voice, before it becomes too much of a handicap. I know it should be lower. I'll never stop working and trying to improve until I have convinced casting directors that I am no longer a true-blue Susie with a heart of gold. But how can I do sophisticated things, if they won't give me a chance?"

Take it from one who sees Jean on an average of twice a week, she is a sophisticate if ever there was one. She enjoys a cocktail or two—even as you or I. She smokes, though not to excess. She's creative to her finger tips. All her tastes border on the exotic. Music unleashes a wild strain in her. Royal purple effects her the same way. She has a passion for painting. Sometimes she digs her finger tips into the oils and makes weird pictures on canvas. She specializes in painting nudes. She's essentially the esthete, wherever she goes, whatever she does.

In her own home, with her own friends, she is a gay and uninhibited person. Her Christmas tree that whirls around and plays *Silent Night* stands in the dining room all year 'round. It looks awfully silly, in July, but Jean can't bear to destroy it. She has a mania for cleanliness, even to soaking her canvas tennis slippers in the bathtub and scrubbing them. Jean thinks nothing of posing for a sculptor while she downs her morning glass of orange juice. She's always encouraging undiscovered genius, always sponsoring a designer, a poet, a musician. Her dinner parties are informal, starting at all hours, ending at all hours. She has a charming and capable way of whipping a lot of odd things together and making it seem like a banquet.

Jean's love for the bizarre is boundless. Her closets are stuffed with pictures, shoes, costume jewelry, perfume—in fact everything from elbow-length red suede gloves to a rare old crucifix. Jean buys these things because she loves the sight and feel of them. Sooner or later she finds a place for them in her busy life. She can be practical, too. She designs and trims her clothes and hats. She's so generous she'll give you the thing she loves most, if you happen to admire it. She recognizes no evil, finds excuse for all the human frailties. People sometimes cheat her. She knows it and feels sorry for them. She can talk incessantly until dawn, but talking on a radio exasperates her. One of her great ambitions is to work with Jimmy Cagney and another is to have Bette Davis for a close friend.

Don't ever ask her about Robert Donat or she'll talk for hours. She's never forgotten his kindness when she worked with him in Europe. Someday she hopes to return there and do pictures. All European directors, artists, musicians, sculptors, playwrights are drawn by Jean's talents. They all predict that the day will come when she will be a great star. It's only in Hollywood that they regard her as a tender young thing, who goes nibbling her way through a saccharine cinema existence.

Jean has more steel than the average girl. And she will rise again and again by the sheer strength of her own being. In the meantime she may continue to have her heartaches, her moonlight sonatas, her Russian moments. But she is guided by something beyond. She may be a dark star today, but one day she will shine! Wait and see.

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*Here's how to look
Your Loveliest!*



Use MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP...keyed to the color of your eyes!



ANN: Choose face powder by the color of your eyes? I never heard of such a thing!

RUTH: It's a wonderful new way, Ann, and it applies to rouge and lipstick, too! Do try it! Really, with Marvelous Matched Makeup you look lovelier *instantly!*



ANN: With your *brown* eyes, it's perfect, Ruth! But what about *me*, with *gray* eyes?

RUTH: Whether your eyes are gray, blue, hazel or brown, the Marvelous people have the right shades for you, Ann! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—



ANN: And they found proper cosmetic shades depend on eye color, Ruth?

RUTH: Yes! And so they created Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes—the *color of your eyes!*



RUTH: Marvelous Matched Makeup is what we've all been looking for, Ann! The powder is simply wonderful—clings for hours—never cakes or looks "powdery"! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it gives your skin a beautiful suede-like finish!



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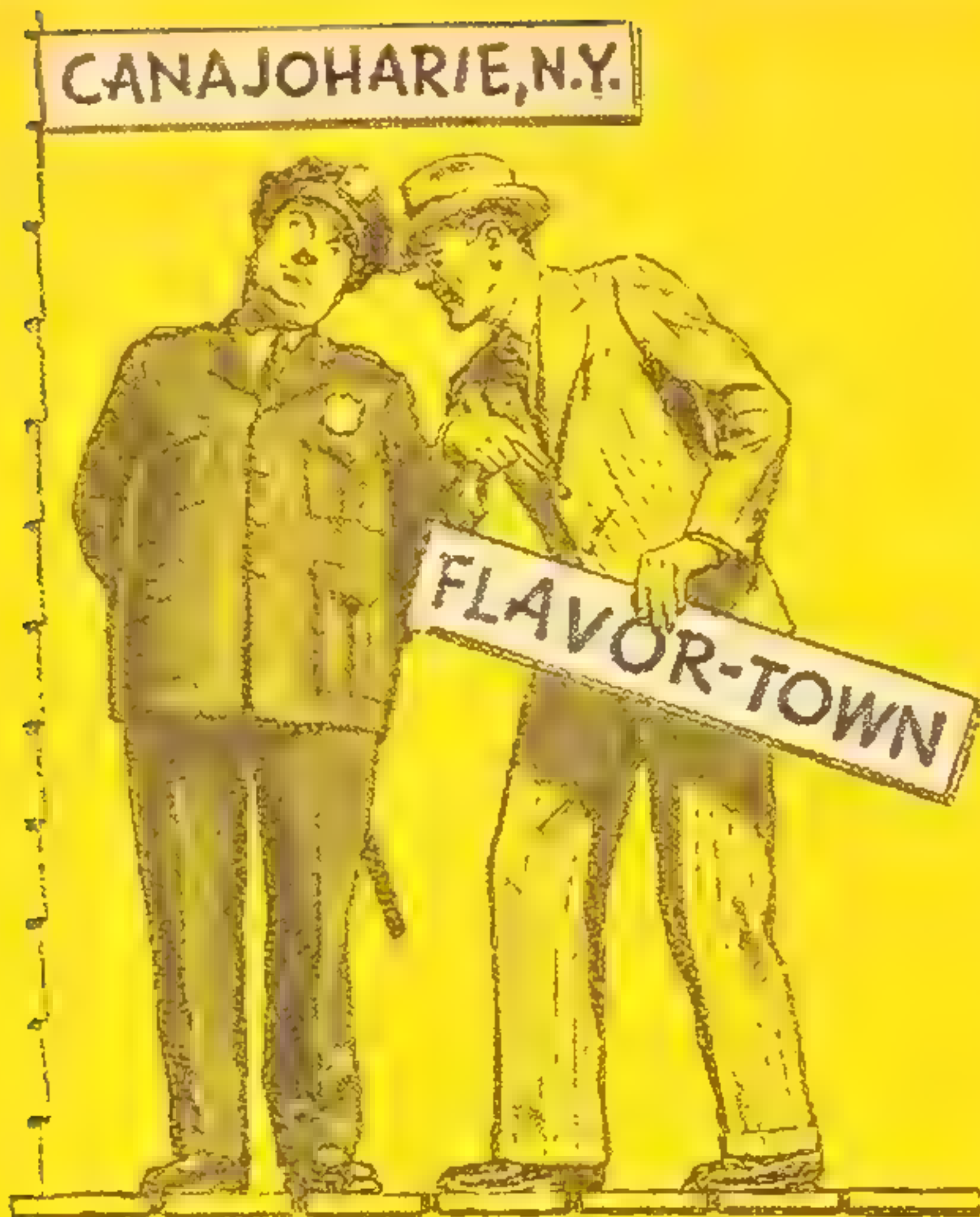
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My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
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THAT OLD SIGN DOWN

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We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Hollywood Pavement

Continued from page 33

joker—leastways when it comes to the theatre—"He explained at length. She listened—thrilled, amused, carried away. "Get the idea, don't you?" he wound up. "The moment the story breaks, I'll move into a swell Beverly Hills home and throw a party for the suckers. Offers'll come pouring in, and—told you before, didn't I?—I'll take no chicken feed. I'll sign, for you as a star and me as producer, with the biggest outfit of the lot—the Colossal-O'Shea Corporation—on my own terms."

"Only one fly in the ointment."

"Yeah?"

"The original stake. I also know a little about Hollywood. They won't let you play poker here on credit. Can't rent a Beverly Hills home—and get clothes, servants, liquor, a Rolls-Royce—without money."

"All I need for a starter is five thousand bucks."

"Have you got that much?"

"Not even five thousand cents."

"Then?"

"I'll get it."

"How?"

"As easy as rolling off a log. I," calmly, "am going to hold up a guy—maybe two."

"You"—horried—"what?"

"Hold up a guy."

"But—Lester—"

"I've done it before."

"Done—oh?"

"It before. Don't make me repeat everything." And then, in answer to her amazed question, he told her.

He had been—though this she knew already—an orphan since his seventeenth year; had, after leaving school, obtained meager employment in a downtown wholesale concern; had earned just about enough to keep body and soul together; had slaved away all day over his desk and, at night, in his bare little room, had tired to write a play. A play—he told her—about New York. The big city. The big city, in those days, was in his blood. It was all around him, vital, stirring, trenchant—echoing its symphony in the clash and clatter of the pavements when he went for an evening stroll; in the wind sighing across the rooftops; in the belching, rumbling overtone of the Elevated shooting along its steely spider's web; in the sardonic hooting of the four-ton drays; in the snarling whine of Russian Jews bartering over infinitesimal values; in the high, clipped tenor of Sicilians and Calabrians arguing melodramatically about the price of garlic and olive oil; in the County Armagh brogue of the women gossiping from window to window; in the ineffectual tinkle-tinkle of a popcorn-vendor's pushcart bell.

A thousand hectic noises. A thousand contending emotions. And he listening to them. Listening, by the same token, to the lives and conflicts that they expressed. Listening with breath caught and ears straining, and putting what he heard on paper. At last he finished his first play. He sent it here and there—to George Cohan, Al Woods, the Theatre Guild, Sam Harris; and, always, the same reply. Oh yes—the various managers assured him, didn't have to, since he was well aware of it—he had talent. Yet, from a box office angle, this particular drama had no appeal. They would be glad to read his future efforts and begged to remain yours sincerely. . . .

So, finally, turned down everywhere, he determined—youthfully, recklessly—to become his own producer. Wouldn't cost much. Only one stage set—quite cheap—a shabby room in a tenement. Half a dozen characters. And there was a rickety little theatre somewhere in the wilds of Brook-

lyn to be had for about three hundred dollars a week. The whole venture—he figured—wouldn't set him back more than three thousand. But—how get hold of such a sum? Borrow? No dice. All his friends and acquaintances were as poor as he. Steal from his boss? The idea—and it was odd, considering what occurred afterwards—shocked him to the core. Yet there was his hard, pagan resolve: he was going to produce his play, himself!

And then—he related to Gwen—there came a December evening, shortly before the holidays. A cold evening. Glittering snow crystals whirling in gusts down the Bowery. A black wind booming from the East River. Men and women hurrying along, shivering, collars uptilted, freezing fingers clutching gaudily wrapped Christmas packages. Some of them deciding to thaw out their fingers, and quench their thirst, in neighborhood speakeasies. Well, he would do likewise. A slug of booze was good for what ailed you. So he turned the corner of Mulberry Street where his favorite speakeasy was located. He saw its lights glow warm and yellow and friendly through the dim snow veil; was on the point of crossing the threshold—when, all at once, a mad idea popped into his head. For he recalled that the proprietor was well-to-do, had always plenty cash in the till to grease the itching palms of cops and ward politicians.

"Okay!" he thought. "Let him, for a change, do something for an honest guy—meaning myself!" He draped his muffler across the lower part of his face. He tilted his hat deep down over his forehead. He entered, his right hand in his overcoat pocket with thumb and two knuckles bulging threateningly as if he were grasping a gun—"I had none," he confided to Gwen—and crying: "Reach straight up towards the ceiling, gents—unless you want to get hurt!"

He paused now in his recital; smiled at the recollection as he went on: "I got away with it! The old bird behind the bar—I didn't rob his customers—shelled out quick and mighty handsome. A little over three thousand I counted when I got home. Just what I needed. And nobody ever suspected me. Well, I put on the play. It wasn't exactly a world-beater. Earned expenses. No more. But the critic tribe gave me a break. My name got to be known. I sold my next to Georgie Cohan, made a mint of dough, and repaid my involuntary angel—in cash, anonymously, and with interest. Pat O'Shea—" he added—"that was the Mick who owned the speak. Old Pat O'Shea. Father of Jimmy O'Shea—isn't it a funny coincidence?—who's president of Colossal-O'Shea and who, though he doesn't know it yet, is going to launch you as a brand-new movie star and me as a brand-new ace producer."

Gwen laughed. "In other words," she demanded, "you're going to hold up son as you did dad?"

"Something like it, kid. Too—for my theatrical bean still works—ultimately, and with interest, pay back son as I did dad." He borrowed her platinum lighter and lit a cigarette. "But first—" about to rise—"the real holdup—to get my stake!"

"No, no, no!" She put a hand on his arm. "I—I won't let you do it!"

"Nor," a voice cut in, "shall I!"

"Oh—" Gwen gave a frightened cry. She jumped up. So did Lester. But the voice advised: "Quiet—both of you! I have got a gun."

"The hell you have!" exclaimed Lester, taking a step forward.

"The hell I haven't!" was the retort—and, a moment later, there was a spurt of flame followed immediately by the dull thud of a bullet striking a distant rock.

Lester dropped back on the bench.

Okay," he remarked. "You *have* got a man. So what? What do you want?"

He stared into the darkness. He saw vaguely, etched in deeper black against a tree's opaque black, a man's bulky outline. This man replied: "I want nothing but a promise."

"What promise?"—wonderingly.

"That you'll behave."

"Behave—how?"

"No hold-up nonsense—at least tonight."

"All right," wonderingly. "I promise."

A silence. Then: "Lester Donnelly and Gwen Mapleson—eh?"

"You—you heard?"

"Everything you said. You were sort of loud and dramatic. Just like in a play, don't you think?" A chuckle. "The wonder-boy of Broadway—weren't you, Lester?—as long as you kept off the booze. And you, young Gwen, were all to the mustard—until New York decided your head was getting too swollen and gave your pretty little fanny the airing it so richly deserved."

Lester leaped to his feet. "Look here!" he shouted angrily. "For two cents I'll—"

"Remember my pop-gun—and keep your shirt on!"

Lester subsided promptly; and the other continued: "I used to admire you two. Used to think you were the cat's Sunday pants. Maybe you still are—after you get straightened out. Anyway, I'm going to give you a chance."

"A—a chance?"

"Didn't you tell Gwen you need five thousand dollars for a stake to sit in the local Hollywood poker game? All right. You'll have the five thousand in the morning."

"You're nuts, brother!"

"Nor are you the first to say so."

The vague, bulky form detached itself from the tree against which it had been

leaning. It moved toward the deeper shadows; then—a moon ray, at this instant, bringing the platinum lighter into sharp relief—swiftly retraced its steps, approached the bench; and, suddenly, a hand reached out and took the little trinket out of Lester's nerveless grip.

"Holding this as security!"

Rapidly the stranger turned to the left. A patter of feet. The darkness swallowed him—while Lester cursed, heartily and with a complete lack of logic: "The lousy bum! The dirty, low-down, misbegotten skunk of a stick up artist! Can you beat it? Spilling all that hooey—and then swiping your lighter."

"And weren't you going to hold up somebody?"

"Oh—" weakly—"that's different."

"You bet that's different. You see—that man isn't a robber. He meant what he said. He's going to—"

"If you believe that, you believe in Santa Claus."

"I have believed in Santa Claus—" her voice was very low—"ever since this afternoon, when I walked down Sunset Boulevard and," in a yet lower voice, a mere slurred whisper, "met you. You—you see what I mean, Lester?"

"No!" he said gruffly.

And he said "No!" again, just as gruffly, half an hour later, when they had returned to his apartment and she called to him from the inner room: "Won't you kiss me good-night?"

He overslept on the next morning. The sun was already glaring high and hot and golden and the streets hectic with life that seethed in frothy, brutal streaks, when the jangle of the door bell awakened him. He went to open it; saw a Western Union messenger.

"Telegram for Mr. Lester Donnelly?"

"I'm Donnelly. Quick, give me that."

A thick, heavily sealed envelope changed hands. So did a tip. "Thank you." The boy left; and, a minute later, Lester yelled: "Gwen! Gwen!"

"What is it?"—sleepily.

"You were right!"

"About—?"

"Santa Claus!" He rushed into her room and up to her bed, waving a wad of money. "Five thousand smackos, kid! Count 'em! Kiss 'em!" He laughed. She did not. She wept. "Oh God—" she sobbed—"oh God!"

"A nice God—eh? A swell God."

"So nice! So swell!" She dried her eyes.

"Get out, Lester. I'll dress—make you breakfast."

"Not if I know it, kid! Today, of all days, I need coffee that's coffee—and not something the cat dragged in. Have to be wide awake, keep all my wits about me—see?—for the second part of our program, I told you all about it last night, remember?"

Again he laughed. This time she did, too. They laughed like children. She jumped out of bed—looking ridiculously small and slight in a pair of his pajamas—and threw her arms about him. They stepped an impromptu, whirlwind dance; stopped, out of breath, still laughing.

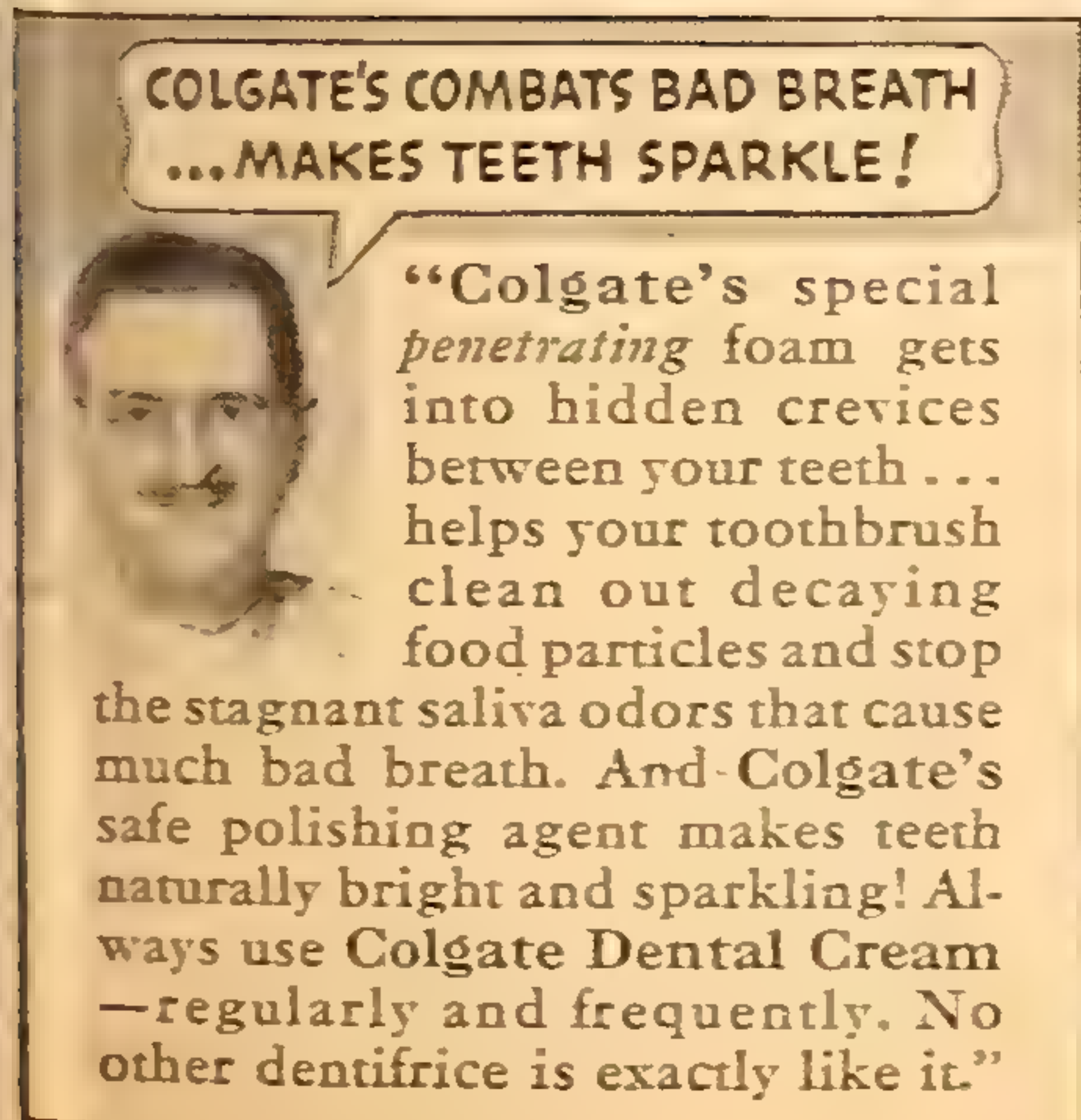
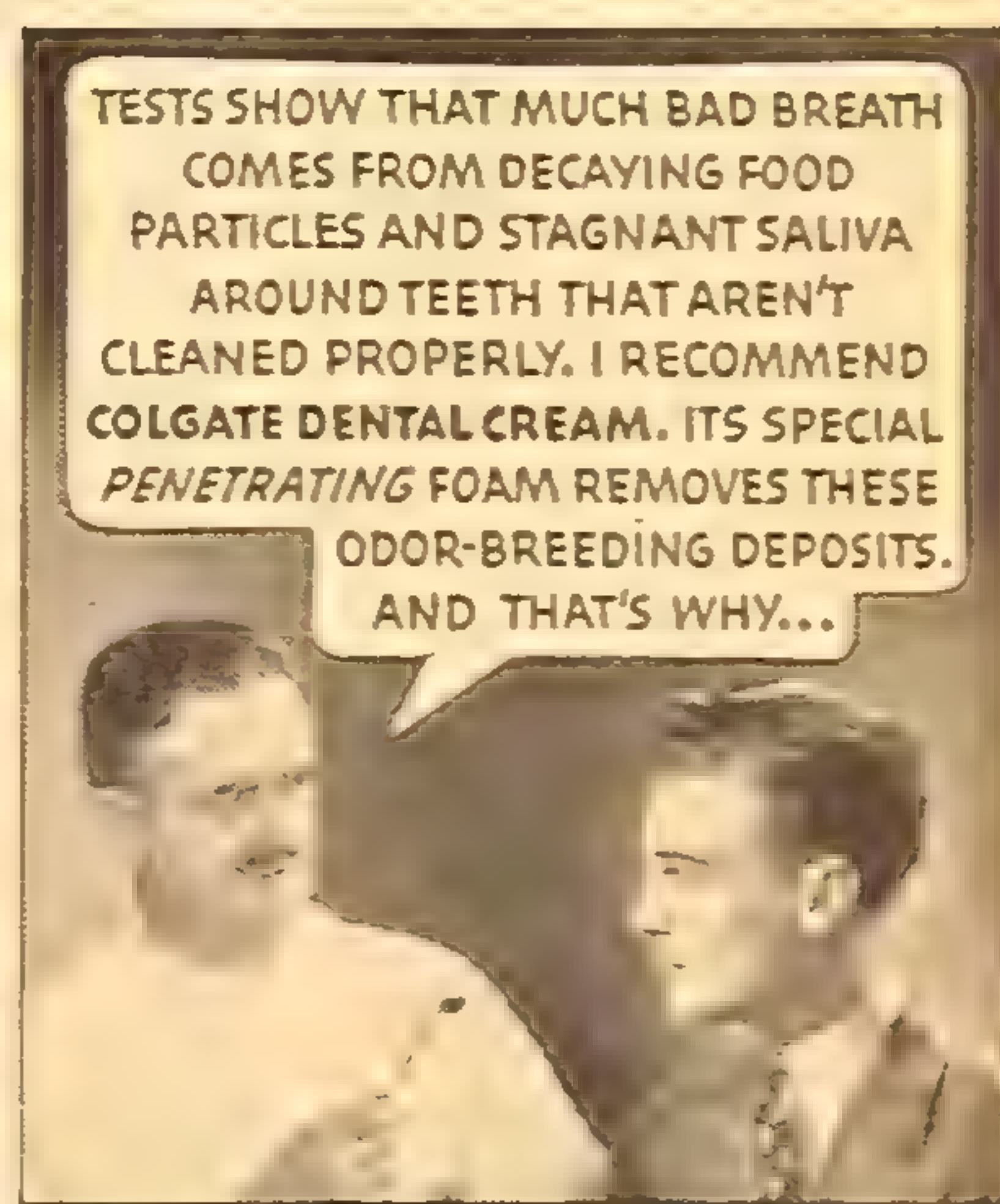
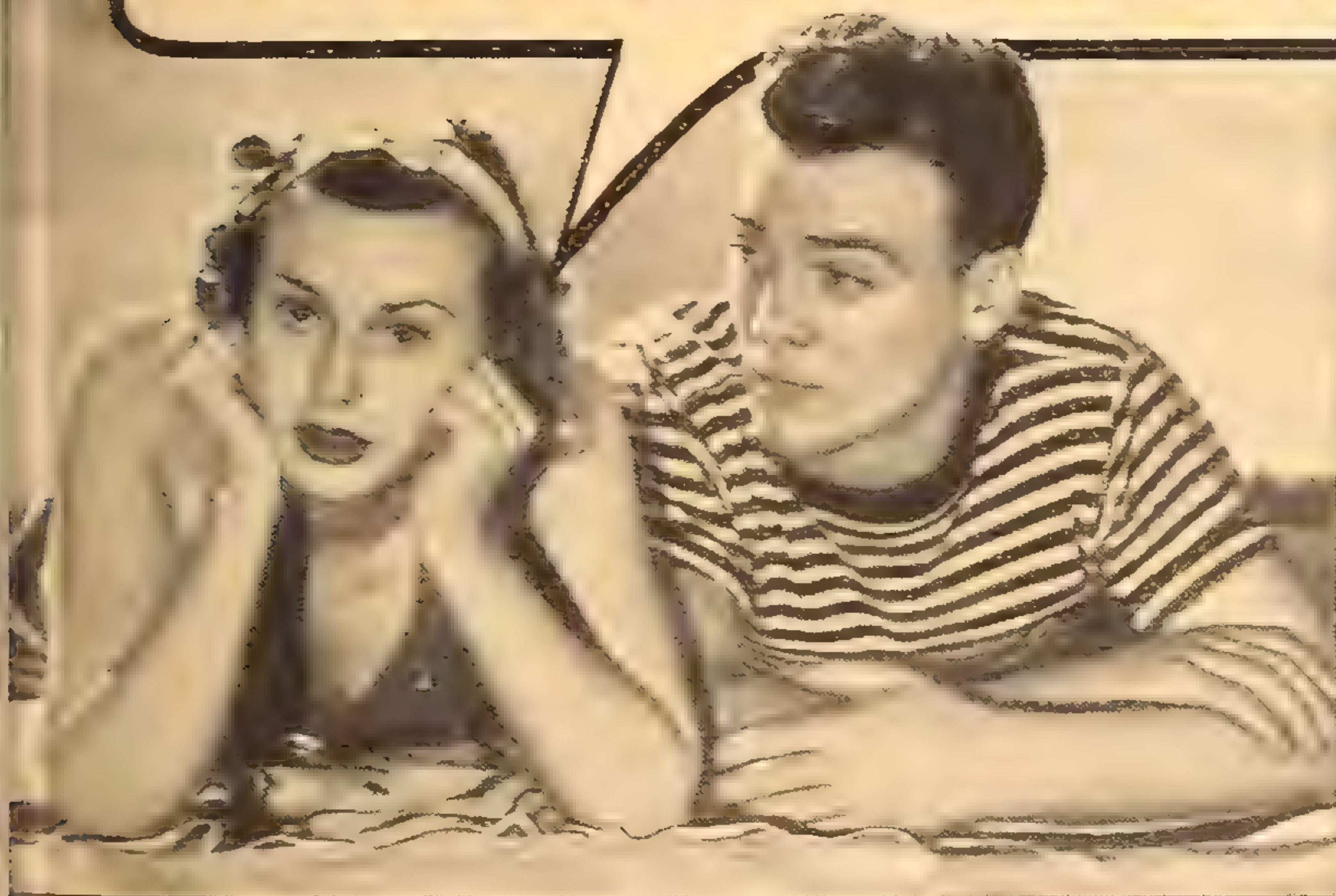
"Got to get steamed up and under way," he said. "Beard the savage newspaper lions in their ink-smelly dens." He consulted his watch. "Close to noon. Well, I'll catch the evening editions with my story."

"Think the editors will fall for it?"

"I hope so. And even if they don't, newspaper guys are square-shooters. They won't let on—and they'll give me a chance."

Again the jangle of the bell. "Wonder who that can be?" He closed Gwen's door behind him and opened the outer one. A man stood on the threshold. He was young, hook-nosed, serious-faced, wearing his

LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF!





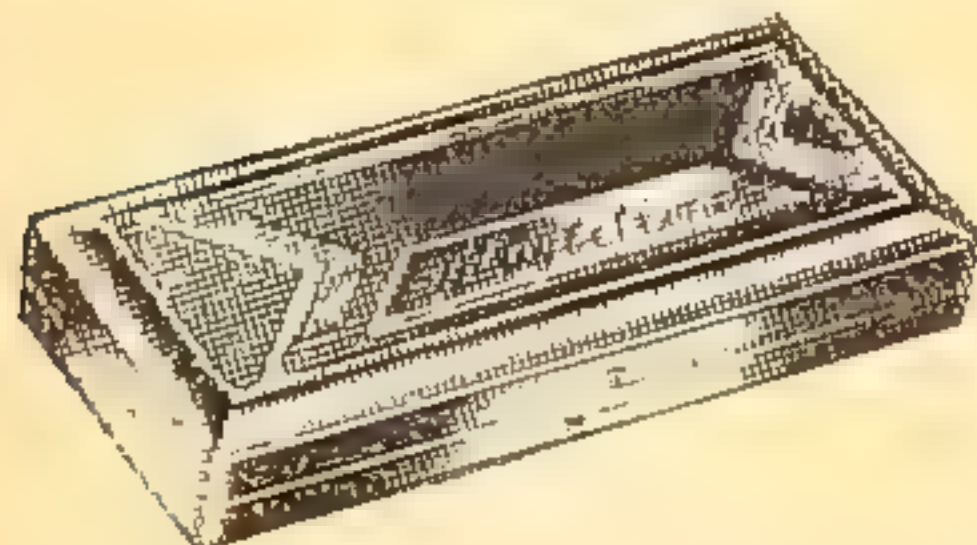
Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

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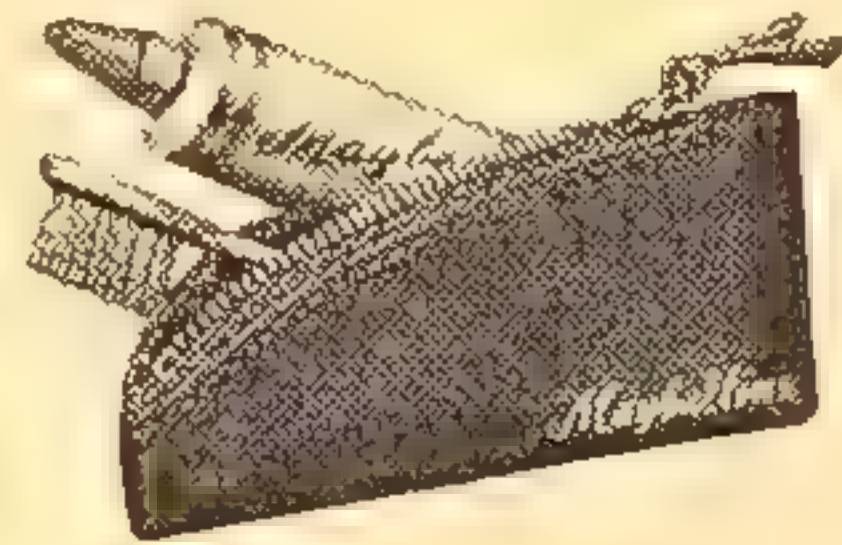
Says Lovely LOLA LANE

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

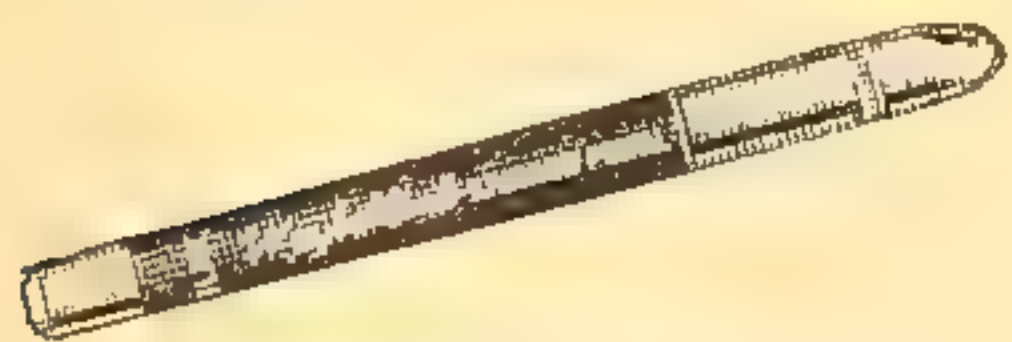
If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.



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Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.



braided cutaway—rather an unreasonable, unseasonable cutaway, with the thermometer hovering around eighty—as if it were the sacramental habiliment of some pompous, pagan creed. Pompous, too, was his announcement: "I, Mr. Donnelly, am J. W. Wilcox."

Lester blinked. "You've got me there," he replied.

"Surely you've heard of J. W. Wilcox?"

"To tell you the honest truth—"

"J. W. Wilcox," impressively, "of Wilcox and Wilcox, Incorporated. Why—" firing the words against the blank expression on Lester's face—"you cannot be ignorant of our advertisements, our posters, our radio talks! North Beverly Hills Superb Super-Development! The Pearl City of the Pacific—"

"Sure. I recall now."

"Elite Homes," the other was not to be silenced so easily, "for the Elite! Ah—" as, right then, a new slogan came to him; jotting it down immediately on a scrap of paper—"Aristocratic Homes for American Aristocrats!" He tapped Lester on the chest with a highly manicured fingernail. "For you, Mr. Donnelly!"

"Me?"

"I have precisely what you are looking for. A Queen Anne mansion—with a swimming pool—"

"I bet Queen Anne never swam."

"And," waving the interruption away, "seven bedrooms. Library already stocked with handsomely bound books. Antique Spanish furniture—"

"Spanish—in a Queen Anne mansion?"

"Billiard room. Modernistic bar. Garage for five cars. Electrically regulated oil heater—not that you'll need it, with our climate—"

"I knew you'd ring in the climate. But—say!—what's it all about?"

"The home you want."

"I know I want one. Only how—for the love of the Board of Health!—do you happen to know?"

"The power," unctuously, "of the press."

"Come again!"

"The morning papers are full of it. All about your phenomenal plans. The play which you are writing."

"But—"

"Haven't you seen the papers?"

"Not yet."

"Permit, sir."

The real estate man put a newspaper on the table. Lester glanced at the headlines; then, unceremoniously, pushed his caller towards the door.

"Can't talk business now," he said.

"But—the house—for sale or rent—a bargain—"

"See you this afternoon."

"Four o'clock?"

"Prompt."

When Wilcox had gone, Lester, re-entered Gwen's room. "Kid," he told her, "the story broke already. Listen."

He read aloud snatches from the front page:

"Lester Donnelly—famous New York producer-playwright—disappeared for a while—in Los Angeles for over a year—incognito—selling papers—Sunset Boulevard—living close to the throbbing heart of the people. . . ."

He interrupted himself. "Close to the throbbing heart of the people," he repeated. "That reporter's been writing movie scenarios on the side."

He continued reading aloud: "Here gathering material for a screen play—powerful, realistic play called *Los Angeles Pavement*—expected to rival his earlier tremendous Broadway success *New York Pavement*—drama is almost finished—will buy palatial Beverly Hills residence and give party in celebration this coming Saturday. . . ."

He laughed. "Can you beat that?"

"Who do you imagine put it in?"

"Don't be a goof! The guy last night in the park, who overheard us. Who else?"

"Of course."

"I wonder who he is."

"So do I."

"Anyway, must be an all-fired important citizen—to get my story on the front page, right smack between Hitler's latest threats and Father Divine's latest promises."

"Why don't you ask the editor?"

"Wouldn't do a bit of good. If the guy's that important, the editor's got his orders. Won't let the cat out of the bag."

A pause. She said: "I know who he is."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Tell me."

"An angel unawares." She smiled. "And a peach of an angel—to lend you a helping hand with your bluff."

Lester shook his head. "Not altogether a bluff. I'm going to prove to this angel unawares that he hasn't backed the wrong horse. *'Hollywood Pavement'* is going to be a wow, take it from me. It'll make a million dollars. For—" and, so very queerly, he said it without the slightest conceit, was simply stating a fact as he saw it—"I'm the greatest little guy in the world when it comes to the theatre. I can make 'em weep out front when I feel like it. And—by God!—I can make 'em laugh when I feel like it."

Suddenly, right then and there, with his amazing pouncing intelligence, he began to develop the plot of *"Hollywood Pavement"* and some of the dramatic situations, to sketch in brilliant bits of dialogue—and let it be mentioned in parenthesis that, in spite of his slang and occasional crudities of speech still redolent of his native East-side heath, Lester Donnelly was an artist deep in the soul of him. He was, too, a showman familiar with the stage—and the public's reactions to the stage; who knew the possibilities as well as the limitations of both stage and public; knew instinctively how, with a minimum of effort and a maximum of effect, to blend these possibilities and these limitations into a soul-stirring, soul-satisfying theatrical whole. He showed it now; showed, also, that he had not lived "close to the throbbing heart of the people" in vain.

"Hollywood pavement!" he exclaimed. "A different pavement from that of New York. Pavement of the West, of California. More stucco here than marble. More tin than bronze. More painted brick than granite. More filigree than sculptured stone. And yet—if you have eyes to see—somehow real. And—" throwing out the words like one inspired—"new! So gloriously new! A new land! A new sky! New stars! New flowers! New trees! And—a new destiny! Destiny no longer, as back home on Broadway, passing in the night—a cloaked, masked horseman riding a lonely road! But destiny galloping along a sunny path—a fair, golden path."

Gwen looked at him with shining eyes. He walked up and down, mumbling, gesticulating; then stopped in front of her. "About the girl in the play—" he said—"the heroine—the star—"

"Me?"—smilingly.

"Sure—since I'm writing it for you. This girl—I'm going to make her an actress. Not like—oh—the girl in *'A Star is Born.'* But—a star who's going to be *re-born.* Comes here from New York—this dame does. Fails, see? And d'you know why she fails?"

"Doesn't get the breaks?"

"The breaks—in a pig's eye! Fails through her own fault, her selfishness—through being a parasite."

"Lester!"

"A parasite," paying no heed to her exclamation, "who's on the make. Always feeding on other people's emotions. Refus—"

g to give out her own. That's why she
mes a cropper."

"But, in the end, she wins out?"

"You bet! Happy ending—got to have it.
nd—right ending. Because love happens
her. Real, unselfish love. She falls in
ve—not with some rich guy who can help
r, whom she can use, but with—well, a
body—a guy from the street, the pave-
ent. Yes," exultantly, "love comes to her
om the Hollywood pavement. Then she
gins to understand." He paused. "Get
kid?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I get it."

"That last scene, when she discovers
e loves this guy, is going to be a hum-
nger if you play it right. Emotion—
at's what you'll have to put across—real,
ne, decent passion. None of your make-
lieve stuff. And you mustn't be afraid of
or ashamed. Nor can you depend on
ialogue. I won't write any dialogue—not
r this scene. Got to be a silent scene.
ot to put it across with your eyes—your
nds—your lips. I'll show you," he cried.
Suddenly he took her in his arms. He
ressed his lips to hers—a long, almost
tatal kiss. Then, as suddenly, he pushed
er away. "Sorry, kid. I—I was just re-
easing. Just trying to show you. . . ."

"I—" slowly—"I know. . . ."

A long silence. He announced: "Getting
te. I'll breakfast at the corner drug-store.
odles of things to attend to. Palatial resi-
ence. Car. Invitations to send out—"

He went to his room, shaved, dressed,
me back. "How much do you owe your
otel?" he inquired.

"Around fifty."

"Here you are." He gave her a hundred.
She looked at him incredulously. "You're
oking, aren't you?"

"How come?"

"A hundred dollars—when I need a
ousand! I've got to buy dresses, shoes,
ingerie, hats—"

"Nothing doing."

"But—"

"I'm running a bluff—and getting away
ith it. That's why I have to blossom out
style. But you can't get away with any
luff. You've been the rounds of the
udios, begging for jobs. Been turned
own right and left. Remember, for in-
ance, the interview with Sam Kerkovitz?"

"Well?"

"He'll be sure to call your bluff. So'll be
hers. You're marked as a failure—won't
e able to explain your sudden transfor-
ation if you come to my party all decked
ut like a horse. No! You'll come as what
ou are—a flop. The floppier—the better!"

"But Hollywood hates flops."

"I know it."

"Then?"

"I've an idea."

"Tell me."

"No. If I told you, you'd overact. And
at would be fatal. You've got to be the
eal article, the real flop, when you come
o my party, next Saturday. Come after
even—when the party'll be in full swing."

"I won't!"

"You will, too! You're my girl again—
ren't you?—my star, obeying orders. And
ou know I wouldn't give you the wrong
teer, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Okay." He ran to the door. "Be seeing
ou, kid!"

(Continued Next Month)

"Honest Confessions of an Extra Girl,"
announced for this issue, will positively
appear in the September issue—and well
worth waiting for, with its wealth of
hitherto unpublished material about the
life and work of a typical Hollywood
extra, whose experiences are just as fas-
cinating, if not so glamorous, as any star's.

His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLECT*



He never remembers
anniversaries . . . *Why?*



He never pays
her compliments . . . *Why?*



He praises
other women . . . *Why?*



He's often
"kept downtown" .. *Why?*

*
*She was careless
(or ignorant) about
Feminine Hygiene*

This one neglect may be
the real cause of many
divorces...Use "LYSOL" for
Feminine Hygiene.

Let "Lysol" help YOU to
avoid this ONE NEGLECT!

IF THERE is any doubt in your mind
about this important subject of
feminine hygiene, ask your doctor
about "Lysol". Let him tell you why,
for a full half-century, "Lysol" has
earned the confidence of so many doc-
tors, nurses, hospitals . . . and wives.
Probably no other product is so widely
used for this purpose. Three sizes of
"Lysol" are sold at all drug stores.

Lysol
Disinfectant



1889—1939
50th ANNIVERSARY

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which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

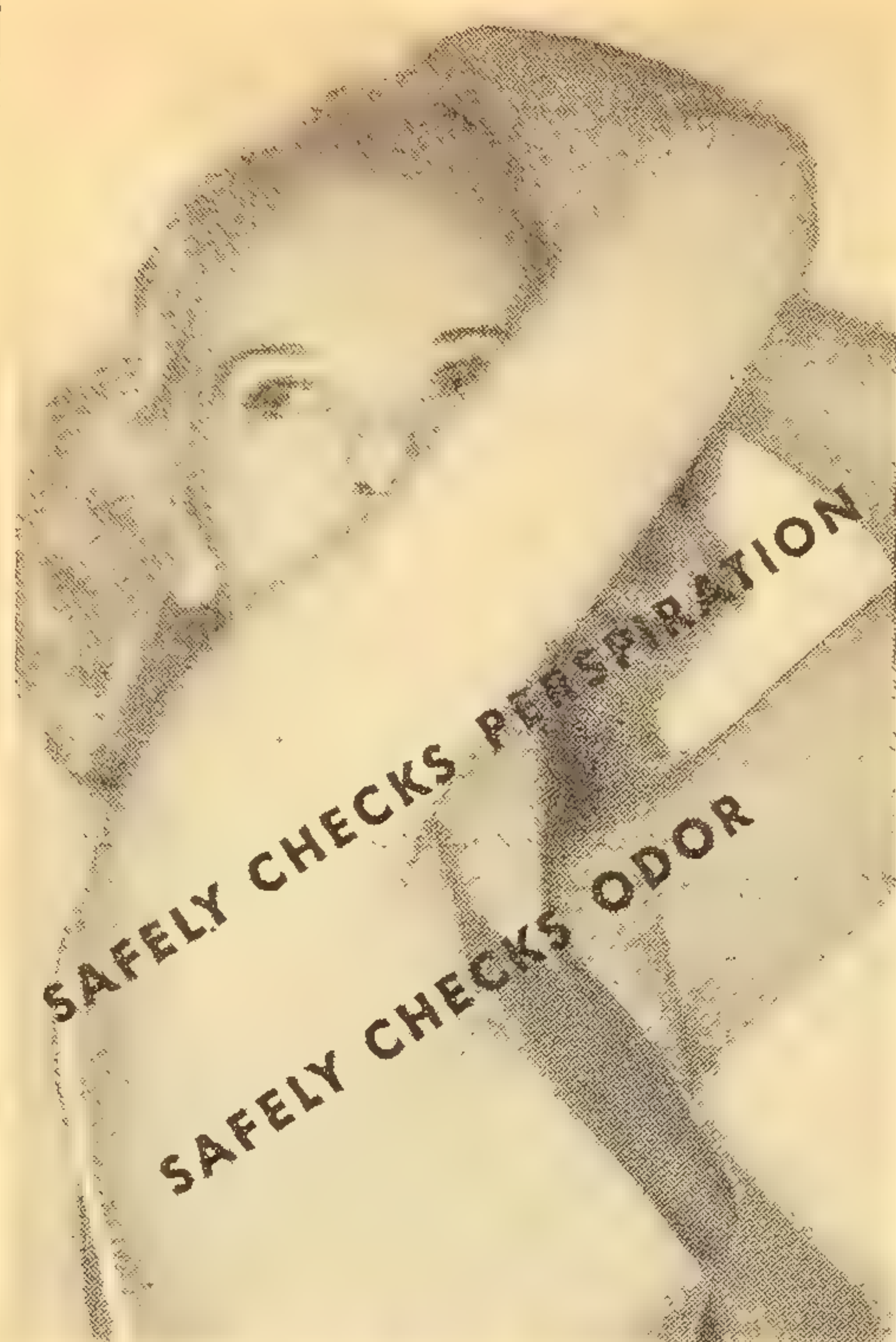
Name _____

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The Clark Gables at Home

Continued from page 20



NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



lack of furniture at all, and promptly gave birth to six kittens. When you bunch the Lombard pets with the Gable pets you can really understand that old wheeze about it raining cats and dogs.

After pushing my way through much pawing and licking and yelping and purring—my dress and slippers will never be the same—I made the front door, with a determined vow that if I ever met another tailwagger I would smack him down then and there. I have heard that it is very hard to "crash" the Gables inasmuch as they feel that they have a right to a private life—but all I had to do to get through the front door was to duck under a ladder. The place seemed fairly alive with men in overalls who were puttering around with paint brushes and screw drivers. Not a sign of any Gables. Or of any tea, worse luck. But if you had blindfolded me, driven me around in circles for hours, and suddenly dumped me into this living-room I would have known it was Carole's. The rugs were rolled up, the furniture, and not much of it, was under wraps, but on the mantelpiece was a large vase of flowers, on a canvas-covered table there were flowers; in fact, there seemed to be flowers all over the room. Near the windows, waiting to be hung, were gay chintzes. Flowers and pretty chintzes—practically a Lombard trademark. Clark told me later that for days after they moved in they didn't have a stove or a dining-room table—but they had plenty of flowers. Carole saw to that.

The Gable ranch—which is the house that Clark and Carole have always wanted—is certainly *not* a mansion in any sense of the word. It is a typical ranch house with lots of knotty pine and with huge fireplaces in the living-room and dining-room. Besides the living-room and dining-room there are only two other rooms, a kitchen and a gun room, downstairs. The stairway goes up out of the living-room and upstairs there are two bedrooms and baths. Definitely *no* guest rooms. It is being furnished, gradually, in the Early American manner and is going to be about the most homey place in this neck of the woods. You can spill ashes and put your feet in the chair, and even knock over a drink without having your hostess' eyebrows go up. I mistook the dining-room for the kitchen the day I was there as there was a small stove in the middle of the floor, but with Carole's flair for decorating homes I don't think it will remain quite *that* informal. What Carole can do with chintz and flowers is really sensational.

Far enough away from the house, so you won't ever have to scrunch your nose when the wind blows, are the stables, all white and green, and quite beautiful, if you are one to admire stables. One of its occupants is a cow given to the Gables as a wedding present by John Cromwell who is directing Mrs. Gable at present in "Memory of Love." There will be horses later. The house is surrounded by fourteen acres of good old California soil and there are trees galore. Walnut, lemon, orange, olive, grapefruit, avocado, to mention a few I recognized. The property was formerly owned and cultivated by Director Raoul Walsh, and outside of the trees there are big bushes, and lots of strawberry and blackberry bushes. Carole has done over the flower gardens and has planted petunias, zinnias, and roses. And what Clark doesn't know about citrus fruit isn't worth knowing. He'll talk about the care of citrus fruit for hours, but it's much too too technical for me. If he must be rural I'd rather he tell me about the farm-

er's daughter and the traveling salesman.

Well, I soon got tired of painters and carpenters and Pete, the caretaker, who pointed out a fine old walnut tree and said, "That tree's four hundred years old and seemed rather hurt when I merely said 'Really.' I should enthuse about a four hundred-year-old tree with dirt pouring through my heelless and toeless slipper." "Mr. and Mrs. Gable," I mourned, "the must be somewhere around here. I called the studios and they aren't working today." "Straight ahead," said Pete. "Look out for the goats and donkeys. I dunno why every body wants to send pesky animals here. Tell Mrs. Gable I've gone to the store for the new feed pans."

I went straight ahead, mired under a couple of times where there was a leak in the sprinkling system, dodged a few evil-looking goats, and resembling nothing so much as warmed over death, I finally managed to trip over a fence and land in Mrs. Gable's chicken run. Carole in tailored slacks and gloves (even on a ranch she is still the best dressed actress in Hollywood) was quite busy counting the hundred and fifty chicks that had just hatched.

"Liza, pass me that pan of feed," she said as casually as if she was asking for a cigarette. "Aren't they cute? A hundred and fifty of them. Go right over there and look at my new chicken houses. They have sash covered openings and hen batteries. Remember that correspondence school course I took in poultry raising. It's no good. Everything has changed."

"I don't like chicken houses," I said. "I think you might notice my new hat—an dress, what there's left of it. I've been away or don't you remember?"

"Don't shout," said Carole. "There's a broody hen in there. I took her off her nest this morning and put her in the brood coop. And I don't want you exciting her."

"Well, really, I thought. It has come to this. She thinks more of her broody hen than she does of her broody friends."

"I saw a lot of plays in New York," said rather grandly. "Carole, you would love Tallulah's play. It's all about—"

"I got two dozen eggs this morning," murmured the glamorous Miss Lombardi vaguely. Then she came to with a start. "Say," she shrieked, "are you here as the press or a friend? I think I see a writing look in your eye."

"You wouldn't deprive a poor old broken down fan writer of making an honest penny, would you now?" I whined.

"I certainly would," said Carole. "And if you hadn't tried to cross that field in high heels—don't you know how to dress on a ranch?—you *wouldn't* be broken down. Clark and I don't want anything written about our home or our private life. We aren't giving any stories to the press."

"That's no way to talk to the press," said. "I'll make trouble."

"You'll make trouble!" shrieked Carole. "This morning they brought our perfectly new and beautiful ice-box. We've been waiting for it for weeks. So what happens. So they drop it as they lift it out of the truck and my lovely new ice-box is now scattered all over the backyard. So I asked the painters to do one of my rooms in white yesterday morning and when I come back from the studio it's in green. So they've made the barn door too small to get Clark's trailer in it, and the whole thing has to be done over. So I've had painters in my hair for weeks and weeks. I've had nothing to read but 'Wet Paint,' and I'm nearly dying of painters' colic—and you want to give me trouble!"

"Well, I was going anyway," I said.

As I stumbled past the stables I found myself covered with a white spray and there was Clark spraying the fences and singing at the top of his voice.

"Liza," he said, "come right over here and see my new tractor. See, it has a new primary air cleaner in the center at the high point just ahead of the steering wheel which protects the motor from dust. The air for the carburetor gets a second cleaning by passing through a watertype cleaner. Isn't it a beauty. Say, what are you doing here, anyway? Carole and I—"

"Aren't giving out any stories to the press," I finished. "Well, if you and Carole think I can get a story out of a broody hen, a second cleaning tractor, and a pile of painters you must think I'm good."

"Well, if you aren't being professional," said Clark, "why don't you stay for dinner? Ham and grits tonight."

But I was on my way to the opening of the Trocadero, though I must admit that the grits did tempt me. I can remember the time when Carole and Clark would have been right there for a swanky opening too. Carole looking too breathlessly glamorous for words, all smothered in white fox and star sapphires. And Clark, sleek and handsome, in white tie and tails. But those days, it seems, are gone forever. I think I'm kinda glad.

The Fashion School of the Screen

Continued from page 58

BLEMISHED SKINS!

Our August bulletin concentrates on skin ailments and introduces you to a preparation that has had high praise for its clearing of surface skin disorders—black-heads, eruptions, etc. The bulletin tells you how to get a gift bottle, plus the usual news on fashion, popularity and other success angles. Yours for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

remodel my face for camera or the human eye by using two shades of foundation and powder. Over my forehead, I use a lighter tone to make that part of my face more prominent. This light attracts, while over my lower face I used a darker tone to detract from my jawline. The optical illusion is to throw my whole face into better proportion." Here is the principle of moulding with foundation that you might well apply to any face.

"Girls with my type of face will find large hats very becoming. In spite of the tiny hats being very chic, above many full faces they look rather ridiculous, when there is just too much face and not enough hat. Large hats are both smart and beautiful this summer and they flatter.

Miss Field has a keen fashion sense. To prove her theory on large hats, she posed, without special make-up, in that confection of dead white rough straw with a pastoral effect of flowers climbing up the tall crown. Her frock is a soft, powder blue crepe, Regina blue, Queen Elizabeth's favorite blue. Her jewels, clip and bracelet, are real. "Either wear real jewels or frankly costume jewelry, like the smart gadgets created by Martha Sleeper. Don't wear imitation precious stones or diamonds, though all forms of reasonably good pearls are beautiful and flattering." Martha Sleeper, by the way, has very original ideas in lapel gadgets, bracelets, clips, etc., of leather, wood and metal.

*Last evening I
dined with a Dentist*



My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!"

"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don't demand enough chewing! I'm constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It's a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues—aids prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I'm thinking of—extra-firm, chewy—and it is a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!"



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
... MOUTH HEALTHY

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

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won me
over to B-ettes
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No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

Mrs. K— tried B-ettes on her sister's enthusiastic recommendation. Now she's delighted with this dainty, modern method. She's glad to be free from belts, pads and pins—no chafing, no bulk to show. Above all, she's relieved because B-ettes *eliminate the odor problem completely.*

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Very, very smart, and you'll see them in many department stores with her name on them.

Now here is a hair slant from Miss Field that many girls, especially wives, would do well to follow. When I saw her, a soft bob curled under that white hat. But Miss Field is both an up and down girl, depending upon her escort. She sees no reason for any girl to skin her hair up high, if she happens to know that her escort likes its softly low, just as she thinks a girl might well try a smart up-do if her escort's taste travels upward. This one slant illustrates the gentle art of pleasing others. After all, why not please others also in your appearance? It's they who must look at you a whole evening through, not you at yourself—or so I hope!

Out of the picture that Miss Field has just finished she thinks may come some fashion trends. She spoke particularly of the tropical hat styles. Watch these, yourself, if you see the picture, or if you have any idea of a fashion career for yourself in mind. For it is from such happenings as the showing of a picture, a foreign country in the news, a new development in almost anything that fashion is born. As to colors, Miss Field approves dark costumes with white accents. She likes all black, all white, or a black and red combination, and all white with green accents is her pet. She had just ordered a white crepe evening dress with brilliant emerald green girdle. A nice idea, that!

Beautiful posture has this lady of the screen. You can make a reputation for smartness by the way you stand, walk and sit, says Miss Field. She thinks sitting is our worst error. We slump, crumple up and go to pieces. The effect is particularly unattractive in a low back evening gown, sports frock or bathing suit, because every awkward little bone shows up and even flower petal skin is then lost.

Miss Field likes French perfumes, especially one great favorite with a rich undertone of carnation. She thinks your perfume and eau de Cologne or other dilute should be of the same scent; prefers a natural tone of eye shadow, such as brown, grey or grey-blue, and uses a brush for outlining her lips before applying lipstick. This is *the* way to get a beautifully, clearly defined lip-line. "And now," exclaimed this lady with fervor, "women have eyebrows!" We went over the days when brows were shaved off and a straight, black line drawn on, a la Clara Bow. I wonder how the men really felt about them then? Too timid, perhaps, to protest, since the craze was nation-wide. Miss Field has strong, definitely defined brows, and she offers this tip. "Many normally good brows are surrounded by a faint growth of tiny hairs or fuzz. By applying a little peroxide on cotton, you can bleach these tiny hairs so the brow is more clearly defined."

In beauty, in clothes, in behavior and in homes, Hollywood goes on creating new ideas. Now and then, some are definitely bad, but the good so outnumber them, the errors hardly count. For Hollywood both inspires and creates. We find Franciska Gaal, with a perfume named after her, her favorite floral blend. We find Mary Pickford with a line of cosmetics, the formulas she, herself, has used. We find practically every wide-awake department store in this country presenting special costumes and accessories, Hollywood inspired!

This march of fashion will go on. It will give us more beauty, more fascination, more self-confidence and more of all we need for success, no matter how you figure it. Your cue is to look, listen and live some of the helpful things you learn from the screen.

The Romantic Life Story of Annabella

Continued from page 67

These qualities in him Annabella acknowledged and appreciated. Perhaps if he had been a poor, young man; perhaps if necessity or some inner compulsion had given to his spirit the sharp spurs worn by Annabella; perhaps if he had not been born and bred to the pattern of the dilettante—but there is nothing so idle as to play with "perhapses" where a man and a woman are concerned.

It was in October, 1937, that Annabella came, again, to Hollywood, to 20th Century-Fox; this time under long-term contract, to make, as her first picture, "The Baroness and the Butler," with William Powell. And this time, too, to an "initiation" of confusion and unhappiness.

"I arrived here," Annabella relates, "and in four days time I am working in 'The Baroness and the Butler.' That was too quick. I did not have time to catch my breath. I did not make friends with the character I played. And I was feeling too many excitements, too many awes. Because I had the opportunity to play with Mr. William Powell, that was the big awe. He is such a big star in Paris, like everywhere, that I was a little afraid of him."

Those were distressful days for Annabella. Not only did she feel "something of a stranger" to her part in the picture but there was, also, a "sort of sadness" hanging over everything. A lowness of spirit permeated the cast. Bill Powell was feeling far from well. His despondency over the death of Jean Harlow, the fact that he was facing the first of his operations, caused him to be, mentally and physically, below par. So that in the studio Annabella knew strain and anxiety, and when she went home from the studio, more anxiety awaited her. For her mother, who had come to Hollywood with her, was dangerously ill. So ill that a major operation became immediately imperative.

"When my mother was taken so ill, we were living in a house in Stone Canyon, in Beverly Hills," explains Annabella. "I liked this house in Stone Canyon but after my mother was taken to the hospital, I couldn't stand the house any more. Because always I could see that ambulance waiting at the door to take my mother away. I was so anxious for my mother, so alone responsible for what happened to her. I must make the grave decisions alone. My husband had not come with me. My father was not here, either. So, at that time, I looked around me, up and down, and I could not see anything like a sun shining. But I believe there is always a reason for everything. Because soon the sun was to shine for me, more brilliant than it had ever shone before, and I could realize *how* brilliant it was, against that blackness. So much more brilliant than it could have been without that blackness. I think life is like this. *I have such faith in life!*"

And in that blackness, the blackest hour of all was the grim morning of the operation when Annabella, alone, went with her mother to the hospital and into the operating room. She had to face this ordeal because her mother spoke no word of English and it was necessary for Annabella to stand by, to act as interpreter for the surgeon; it was necessary that Annabella translate for her mother the instructions that would send her to sleep: "the docteur says to breathe deeply, *Maman*, no, *non, cherie*, like this—so—I am here—do not be afraid—" and then, as her mother slipped

under, Annabella slipped out, stood, in her surgical gown and mask, her face glued to the glass giving into the amphitheatre until those tense figures straightened and the still figure was wheeled out.

And there were the days that followed, days when it was touch and go with Annabella's mother. Days when Annabella spent her lunch hour at the studio, telephoning the hospital; days when, the last "take" scarcely cold in the camera, she tore off her costume and, still in make-up, drove against all traffic signals to the hospital—that, I think, was *trouping*. That was Annabella's first awakening to the so glibly mouthed slogan, "The Show Must Go On!" In those dark days Annabella proved that "the shining blade of her spirit" is no mere literary phrase.

And then—"Suez!" And then *Tyrone!* And now it can be told—how, in that very first meeting, with the first clasp of their hands, the first meeting of their eyes, there was a *certainty*. Now they will tell you that in that first meeting, each knew they had found something for which they had been seeking. They called it friendship because they could not call it love; they called it friendship because it *was* friendship—"true love," Jeremy Taylor once said "is friendship set on fire." Such was the love of Annabella and Tyrone.

So for Annabella that meeting with Tyrone, that picture, meant peace of mind again, happiness in her work, happiness in her heart such as she had never known. "I was so crazy about my part in 'Suez,'" she tells you, "I was so crazy-happy about everything—my mother was getting well again, my father had come over to help with her convalescence—so there was not for me, now, so much responsibility.

Now, too, Annabella made up her mind, not that she would get her divorce from Jean Murat, she had already decided that,



Len Weissman

Claire Trevor seems to be figuring the calories, but husband Clark Andrews dives right into the rich delicacies

but *when* she would get it: she would get it when she finished "Suez," when she returned to Paris. Whatever sadness this final decision brought her, since in all goodbyes, however predestined, however right for all parties concerned, there is a sadness—at least it was no longer indecision.

Annabella is, still, a little delirious about those days of the making of "Suez," for she was not only making a new picture,

and one she loved; she was, also, making a new life, and one she loved. "They were so *excitingly* happy days," she repeats. "My heart, it had wings." She began to feel, now, at home in Hollywood. Tyrone opened so many doors to her, shared so many things with her, dream opened into dream as they discovered how miraculously uncommon were the things they held in common. Annabella renewed her acquaintance with Charles Boyer, met Pat Patterson Boyer and the girls became "best friends"—it was to Pat Boyer, I think, that Annabella first spoke of what was happening to her, to her and to Tyrone—it was Pat Boyer who was to be Annabella's matron of honor—yes, those were excitingly happy days, those first days of friendship with Tyrone, those days of the making of "Suez"—"It was not hard to play," Annabella will tell you, "that scene where I lose my life to save his!"

"Suez" completed, Annabella returned to Paris, with her parents. And in Paris, she obtained her divorce. She knew, now, beyond any doubt where she belonged, where was "the home of my heart."

Annabella says, happily, "My parents, now, have another house, another garden, not near Chantilly but in St. Cloud, also about an hour from Paris. I am glad that I do not go home, now, to the home of my childhood, to *that* garden. I would not even want to take Tyrone back to that garden—because *it is not there*. I mean, I do not believe there is any such thing as 'going back' except in memory. Only in memory do things remain as they were when they were beautiful.

And in that new garden, Annabella left her little girl, her little Anny, child of that first marriage of which she does not talk because, just as she believes that we should leave beautiful things as they were, so she believes we should leave painful things as

Which Movie Stars REALLY Have Beautiful Bodies?

Some of this beauty business is done with mirrors—angles—shadows—on the screen. Who are the stars with the most terrific figures—really? At last the make-believe is torn away and the truth is told about glamorous curves and sylph-like lines. August SCREEN GUIDE frankly shows them—authentically lists them! Who's left out?

August SCREEN GUIDE scoops again with "How Bob Taylor Makes Love to Hedy Lamarr", "Ginger Rogers' Secret Trips", "Inside Story of Hollywood Night Clubs"—in full color. "Scandals That Upset Hollywood", "Why Movie Stars Are Not Perfect."

More stars pose for exclusive pictures in SCREEN GUIDE—the one magazine they all read. Now in four colors—from cover to candid shots inside. Buy your copy today. 10c.



SCREEN GUIDE

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they were, undisturbed, since disturbing can do no good. Soon now, so report hath it, Annabella and Tyrone will bring the little girl to Hollywood, to their new home, to play in the garden Annabella will make for her here.

But we are ahead of Annabella. To go back again: it was while Annabella was in Paris, after she had obtained her divorce, completed arrangements for her family, for her small daughter, that she sailed for South America, for that rendezvous with Tyrone which the press of the world hailed, delightedly, as a tryst, a lovers' meeting. Annabella, questioned at the time, said only, "I go to South America to visit my cousin Claude who is married and is living there, in Buenos Aires. We have not met for six long years, Claude and I. I had long been planning to go to her." And when she was asked, "But did you know Tyrone was to be there?" Annabella would say, with an amused lifting of her brows "What you think?" Then she would go right on with: "Claude is married now, these seven years. She is so happy in her marriage. She has now five children. She is so beautiful in her happiness and in her children. When you see all the little children in the garden, by the pool, it is like a dream."

And then Annabella would look up at you from beneath lowered lashes, her voice breaking with laughter in her slim throat as she said, "Is it the coincidence, you want to know, that Tyrone and I meet in South America?—but nobody believes in the coincidence like that, is this not so?"

It was quite so! Nobody ever *did* believe that that so very coincidental meeting could have been ascribed even to the very longest arm of coincidence. And nobody, watching Tyrone at that time, had any doubt whatsoever that that journey was, for him, a journey planned to end in "lovers' meeting." Nobody watching him during all the time after he met Annabella, watching him now that he and Annabella are married, has any doubt but what, for Ty, every meeting with Annabella is a lovers' meeting. You have only to hear him say, as he does, over and over again, "I have never been so happy in all my life before," to understand that, with these words, he is paying tribute to Annabella, with all his heart.

"So, he was there in South America," Annabella now "reminisces," "and that was, of course, *won-der-ful!* I was waiting for him at the airport, yes, of course, that is so. And we have the most won-der-ful time together. We go to all the places, places of such beauty in that rich, gold sunlight, in that moonlight which is like no moonlight anywhere. We had such wonderful fun together as we have had before only in dreams—ah, those were gardens, there in South America—then we knew that it must always be like this, with us, in the gardens of the whole world, all our lives.

"And then—then we have to say a little goodbye. And then I flew from South America to New York. That was dream-like, too, even though a lonesome dream is not good. I made landings in places that were the jungles, near the Equator, near blue lakes lost in the mountains. I landed in Miami where the moon was warm and the next morning I am in New York and it is snowing! So I have played in all the gardens of the world as I had dreamed of doing when I was a child in my garden in France—yes, that was romance, every day, every night, every hour, every little minute!"

And then Annabella came back to Hollywood. She established herself, was "at home" in Hollywood in a house of mellowed, soft yellow brick, with a lovely garden—pepper trees dripping their fragile green lace and magenta rosettes over gal-

leries and balconies—over the pool where, in the early mornings and at twilight, after work was done, the water nymph of the garden of France played again—sometimes alone, more and more often with another "water creature," bronzed of body, dark of hair and eyes.

Everywhere people were asking "When will they be married?"—forgetting that the "when" depended upon the final freedom of Annabella. Then Annabella was loaned to another studio for a film and, again, she was happy in her work, happy in her heart—because Tyrone kept the dressing-room of Annabella filled with flowers, with all the flowers that make their homes in gardens; because Tyrone kept the phone in Annabella's dressing-room ringing—the phone in the commissary where she lunched ringing, too—because she knew that it would not be long, now, not much longer; because everyone was happy with them and for them, Tyrone's mother, her mother and father and brothers, Claude—because, too, I am sure, she could soon have her little girl with her, in a home, in a garden.

And so they were married in Annabella's home, with only eight people present: the family, Pat and Charles Boyer; with only *two* people present, for all they knew, Annabella and Tyrone, alone in their garden, at last.

Now they are at home, in the house Tyrone bought two months before their marriage, the beautiful house which Grace Moore built for herself but never lived in, the beautiful house in the garden which Annabella and Tyrone are making more beautiful with their own hands and hearts. They are planning their honeymoon trip to Italy just as soon as Ty finishes "Second Fiddle." Annabella will go on with her career. She wants her career and Tyrone wants her to have one. And just as it was in the beginning, so it is now—but let Annabella tell you: "Yes, we have such *fun* together, that is what is most wonderful—we like so much the same things—gardens and the sea and going long walks in the hills—reading books aloud to each other, playing music, the gypsy music we both adore—and our work—see, I was right when I said, 'I have such faith in life.' I do not know what is happening to me tomorrow. I do not ever think of that. I am not afraid. Because it is perfect happiness I have. I am *happy*, that is all."

And Tyrone will tell you that it is Annabella's love of living which is his especial delight. He will tell you that he has never liked to go out, that now he does not have to go out, *they* do not have to go out because they have found so much they can do together. "I can be quiet with Annabella," Ty says, "yet more alive, more lively, than at the gayest party. I can only say, again and again, that I have never been so happy in my life before."

One Smart Boy Grows Up

Continued from page 34

but when you hear the flute solo in the picture, just know that I actually played it. Another thing, Koster never lets anyone, not even Deanna, see the day's rushes, and this kept me a little uncertain as to how I was doing. While Koster became one of my very best friends during the picture, he's a merciless tease and kept telling me how terrible I was until honestly, I didn't know just how much of it he meant. But it was all a lot of fun—and after all, it turned out pretty swell."

Nothing succeeds like success. The ap-

clause from the preview had not died down before Universal signed him to a long-term contract. Joe Pasternak cast him in the top rôle of his next production, "The Under Pup," which will be followed immediately with the lead opposite Deanna Durbin in her new film "After School Days." The radio paged him and Bob joined the N.B.C. dramatic serial "Those We Love," besides making guest appearances on various programs. The afternoon of our interview he received phone calls with radio offers for two popular summer spots, and he had spent the two previous days with a well-known writer sent to secure material for Robert Cummings' life story. It's all very exciting, especially when you remember the six idle months when he was left cooling his heels. But Bob has tasted excitement before, for he's crowded a lot of color and many unusual experiences into his twenty-nine years.



Robert Cummings, who's mad about planes, holds only private pilot's license with instructor's rating in country.

Born in Joplin, Missouri, he was given an expensive education and finally landed at Carnegie Tech, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to study engineering, but instead, he fell victim to airplane fever. Wanting a plane of his own more than anything in the world, he decided to become an actor young enough to earn the necessary money after being told he "wasn't bad" in the college play of "The Three Musketeers."

Hastening to New York, he entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and on graduating stepped boldly onto Broadway, confident of a speedy and brilliant success. To his dismay, producers greeted him coolly, murmuring, "Now, if you were only a *British* juvenile!"

So, summoning all of his Missouri courage, (gall, he calls it) he hopped out and sold an insurance policy, took his pay of \$600 and sailed for England. There he bought a second-hand motorcycle, toured the country, learned the accent, idioms and geography, and selected the name of Blake Stanhope Conway, because it sounded ultra-British.

"It was then that I got a really swell idea," said Bob. "I had my picture taken in front of a small provincial theatre, standing beside a big lobby card announcing the engagement of Blake Stanhope Conway in a series of plays. The card set me back two and sixpence, the photograph ten shillings. I sent the picture to various New York agents, saying I was prepared to con-

sider American offers and believe it or not, I had half a dozen favorable replies.

"With my broad-A accent and my newly acquired knowledge of England, I hurried back to New York and stepped into the rôle of an Englishman in Charles Hopkins' production of Galsworthy's 'The Roof' starring Henry Hull. I was pretty bad, but for some reason I drew good notices and in my second engagement, playing straight to Milton Berle in Earl Carroll's 'Vanities,' (10th edition) I saw my name in lights. When the show closed, I continued with Berle in a tab version of our act on a long vaudeville tour, then returned to New York and became the juvenile in the 'Ziegfeld Follies,' 1933-34-35. I got this part because they wanted a smartly dressed young Englishman who could sing and dance. During all this time no one suspected I wasn't 100 percent British."

It was in February, 1935, that Bob married the dazzling little Vivian Janis, singing star of the Follies, and he confesses he still enjoys reminding her that the first kind word she ever spoke to him was to say that the only reason she liked him was because he was English!

When the show closed that season, Bob and Vivian, being in a venturesome mood, decided to look over Hollywood. They bought a station wagon, invited both mothers to accompany them, and set forth on a grand tour that included a belated honeymoon glimpse of Niagara Falls, and visits to all the relatives on both sides.

"Arriving in Hollywood," Bob took up the story, "I discovered an English accent wasn't in demand, so I owned up to my agent that I was from the Middle West and could go American on a moment's notice. The best picture in sight was King Vidor's 'So Red The Rose,' a drama of Texas, for which the Texas-born Vidor insisted the actors must all be natives of the Lone Star State.

"After all, acting is building illusion, faking scenes and emotions, and here's where a second hoax came in. I convinced my agent I could talk like a native Texan because I had spent several summers as a small boy, on my uncle's ranch in that state, so finally he introduced me to Vidor. I told him I had been born in San Angelo, even stood up under inquiries regarding several of the town's leading families by making my replies very elastic. After reading portions of the script for him I unconsciously cinched the deal by saying I knew I could 'knock the tar out of the part.' Vidor was delighted, said he hadn't heard that expression since leaving the old home town of Galveston. I got the rôle and Paramount signed me to a contract; I was there four years. I resumed my own name but it took me nearly a year to get back into my Mid-West speech for at the slightest provocation I'd stiffen up and trot out my Sunday accent."

An eager, handsome, smiling chap, Bob is so typically American that it is amazing he should ever be mistaken for any other nationality. At that, he proved himself a convincing actor. He's still mad about planes, having owned three during these eleven years, the latest being a four-passenger sport model, and he holds the only private pilot's license with instructor's rating in the United States. He's mighty proud of this. *Safe Flying* is his motto, and his enthusiasm burns at white heat as he explains his dream for the future of aviation as a peace-making influence among the peoples of the world.

During the afternoon I discovered also that he's a great reader; loves all outdoor sports; never goes to night clubs; is a vegetarian; has more loyal friends than most people; is happy and optimistic. This is but a very brief glimpse of Robert Cummings, but you'll be hearing more of him.

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"Beauty in the Making," by Helena Rubinstein, complete, inexpensive.

"BEAUTY in the Making" is the name of this convenient, compact and inexpensive kit by Helena Rubinstein. It contains the five basic and essential preparations for daily care and make-up that Madame Rubinstein considers vital to beautiful skin. The kit is lizard grain fabric in black, brown or red, and snaps shut to form a pocketbook. Contents are individualized for dry, or normal or oily skin, the latter differing slightly from the dry combination, sketched. Here, we have a tube of Pasteurized Face Cream Special, Skin Toning Lotion Special, Town & Country Make-Up Film, Flower Petal Novena Face Powder and Red Coral Lipstick. Rare opportunity for a surprising value in beauty.



Cool and comfortable is Fascinet, guardian of lovely coiffures.

YOU will find Fascinet, the cap that stays on, a real beauty blessing on your head. Designed primarily as a night cap to keep your hair-do intact, it also makes a cunning sports snood. Fascinet is made of Lastex yarn, is cut to fit perfectly, washes easily and permits you to sleep in peace and awake with coiffure in order. Now, when you get a new hair-do, you can depend upon Fascinet to help keep it in order. In black, brown, blonde, blue and tearose, in department stores everywhere, and nicely priced. Especially recommended for vacationists and summer travelers.

GYPSE trends, exotic colors and designs help spell Summer of 1939. And so does Revlon's "Tringar" nail enamel. For "Tringar" is named after a famous gypsy queen and inspired by the rose which the Magyar dancer puts behind her ear. In Revlon tradition, "Tringar" comes in three graduated tones of a gypsy-red-rose, from a soft, blushing rose to a deep, velvety flash of color found in the heart of the flower. All three tones flatter. They have a basic tone to make hands look fragile and lovely and to blend beautifully with the costume color spectrum.



Summer friends, Dorothy Gray Hot Weather Cleansing Cream and Hot Weather Cologne.

LIKE a cool breeze from heaven come two aids, to help us fight rising temperatures. You can tell this by their names, Hot Weather Cleansing Cream and Hot Weather Cologne, both by Dorothy Gray. The cream is light textured, cleanses thoroughly, actually feels cool on skin and is divinely scented. You will enjoy using it. Lave yourself in the Cologne and forget heat and humidity. You can afford it, too, because the big bottle is so pleasantly priced. In Rose Geranium, Jasmin Bouquet or Natural. It has a welcome cooling, smoothing action on skin, gives you a lift of spirits and leaves you fragrant and sweet, to delight yourself and your public. The Cologne is a grand hostess gift.



A star's perfume may now be yours—Franciska Gaal's own lovely and special blend.

OFTEN I am asked, what perfume does this or that star use. So, glad am I to tell you of a special blend, bearing the name of Franciska Gaal, versatile actress, sportswoman and importation from Hungary. This perfume has a sparkle, a lilt. Apply a drop to your under-wrist. A minute or two later, notice how the bottle scent has changed and tempered on your skin, how lovely and flower-garden-y it makes you. A little bottle is yours for a song; sweet, seductive and lasting. You will love it. C. M.

What Insiders Know About Shirley Temple

Continued from page 28

ality to Shirley's instinctive feeling for scenes. However, Shirley is unquestionably beginning to comprehend that a story that is fun to film turns into a very real piece of entertainment. So when she asked for a second look at "The Little Princess" her parents didn't make an issue of it; they took her to the early evening show at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. There was a line at the box-office of Hollywood's most famous picture palace. George Temple stepped into it, while Shirley and her mother modestly waited for him. Not a single autograph hound spotted her. No one recognized her, although she looks exactly as she does on the screen. Yet had her presence been made obvious the crush could have been colossal. Had the Temples dashed up, tried to sweep in, there could have been all sorts of a commotion. So don't feel sorry for Shirley's goldfish bowl existence, because she isn't being choked by the barbs of success. Common sense is prevailing. If you will stop a moment, you will realize what we Hollywood insiders know about the Temple name, too. You may have seen shots of Shirley reading, at a desk, or playing with a toy. But you have never looked at a run-out of the Temple home, and you never will. It was not built as a backdrop. It is not a showplace. It was not run up for her public. It is in Brentwood, one of Los Angeles' most attractive suburbs, and it is comfortable rather than spectacular. The atmosphere we find there is distinctly a family one. Shirley's oldest brother Jack, twenty-four, and her other brother Sonny, age nineteen, each have their own rooms, on a par with Shirley's bedroom, and there is only one spare room for company. Shirley has twin beds, and looks forward to inviting her best friend, Mary Lou Lieb, over for a week-end. Mary Lou, bosom pal since babyhood, was given the job of stand-in at the studio and there is any a star who behaves snootily towards her stand-in who could take lessons in democracy from Shirley.

For that matter, Shirley is on chummy terms with the cook and often helps with the dinner. She can already cook biscuits which melt in your mouth. She has household duties to perform, straightening-up obligations. No, there is no front maintained because the charming French provincial house the Temples live in is not a typical movie mansion. The Temples are still a sober, responsible family and they remember they came from moderate circumstances. None of them has gone on a large account spree. There is no get-rich-quick streak. Gertrude and George haven't cultivated influential people; they don't think they are better than they used to be. They are still loyal to the same family doctor and dentist they had before Shirley became a star. The man who worked next to George as a teller is still a welcome friend. Their circle has enlarged slowly, their best friends among picture people being the Harold Lloyds, the John Boleses, and Zasu Pitts—all of whom have unaffected children.

There isn't an ordinary kid sister relationship between Shirley and her two brothers, however, because they can tease her but they can't talk down to her. Not that Shirley rates special handling; she just is too smart to be treated like a baby. Jack was graduated from Stanford and he has become an assistant director at 20th Century-Fox. Of course being Shirley's brother helped him get a start there, but on his own request he is no longer assigned any of her pictures; he is determined

to advance on his own merit. Sonny has been attending prep school in Los Angeles; Shirley didn't get to any of his football games last fall, but she figures she's almost old enough to be an active rooter this fall.

We can't help but be impressed with the keen companionship between Shirley and her parents. They wanted a daughter for fifteen years before she was born, which explains so much. Gertrude has never hired a nurse or a governess; she believes a mother should raise her children personally. They have encouraged Shirley's fondness for pets, until she now has three dogs, three birds, and three ponies. They trained her to like nearly all foods. No, Shirley doesn't like every kind of food! They didn't let her design their house, built since stardom came, but she was allowed to select her favorite colors for her bedroom. So it is vividly red, white, and blue!

Gertrude Temple does not think a child should be entertained too strenuously. Consequently, it is a fact that Shirley will play alone for hours at a stretch. Mrs. Temple doesn't think a child should be waited on hand and foot, so Shirley has been taught neatness and replaces everything where it belongs. You needn't pity her as a poor little rich girl. She hasn't sacrificed her childhood. Shirley has plenty of friends of her own age and she gets pushed around as much as any of them when they rough-house, which they do. For the first five minutes strange children are apt to be deferential; then they forget her reputation and accept her for herself.

Evenings the family invariably sits down for dinner altogether, and afterwards Shirley is as much of a radio fiend as any child addicted to blood-and-thunder radio dramas. She turns on the radio and the living-room is filled with noise for one hour. Having adopted knitting as her new hobby, and currently being engrossed with an afghan of a hundred and forty-four squares, Shirley will sit solemnly, never missing a purl, as the radio chillers pile on death and destruction. The more killed the better, in her estimation. She listens with an invariably straight face, never so much as batting an eye at the damage being dramatized.

To get the proper slant on Shirley you must know her parents as we do here in Hollywood. Her talent would not have carried her half so far if she hadn't been reared so wisely. Her parents are in their mid-forties. George quit his job as the manager of a branch bank and he has gone into partnership with a man who was formerly chief trust officer for another Los Angeles bank. They have incorporated as business managers for individuals and estates, and they have an office on Hollywood Boulevard. But George is not capitalizing on Shirley's name. He has not gone after a movie clientele. An astute business man, always laughing, always happy, he is the complete extrovert. Gertrude Temple is friendly, but more introspective. Like any genuine mother, she is more minutely concerned over minor points that could alter her daughter's happiness. So it is Mrs. Temple who has charge of all of Shirley's professional contacts, although she does consult George whenever a final major decision is to be made. To put you right, Shirley was discovered when she was three. She is ten now, is fifty-four inches tall, and weighs seventy-five pounds. The discovery occurred at a dancing school, when Shirley was taking her third dollar lesson. Mrs. Temple had no intention of getting her

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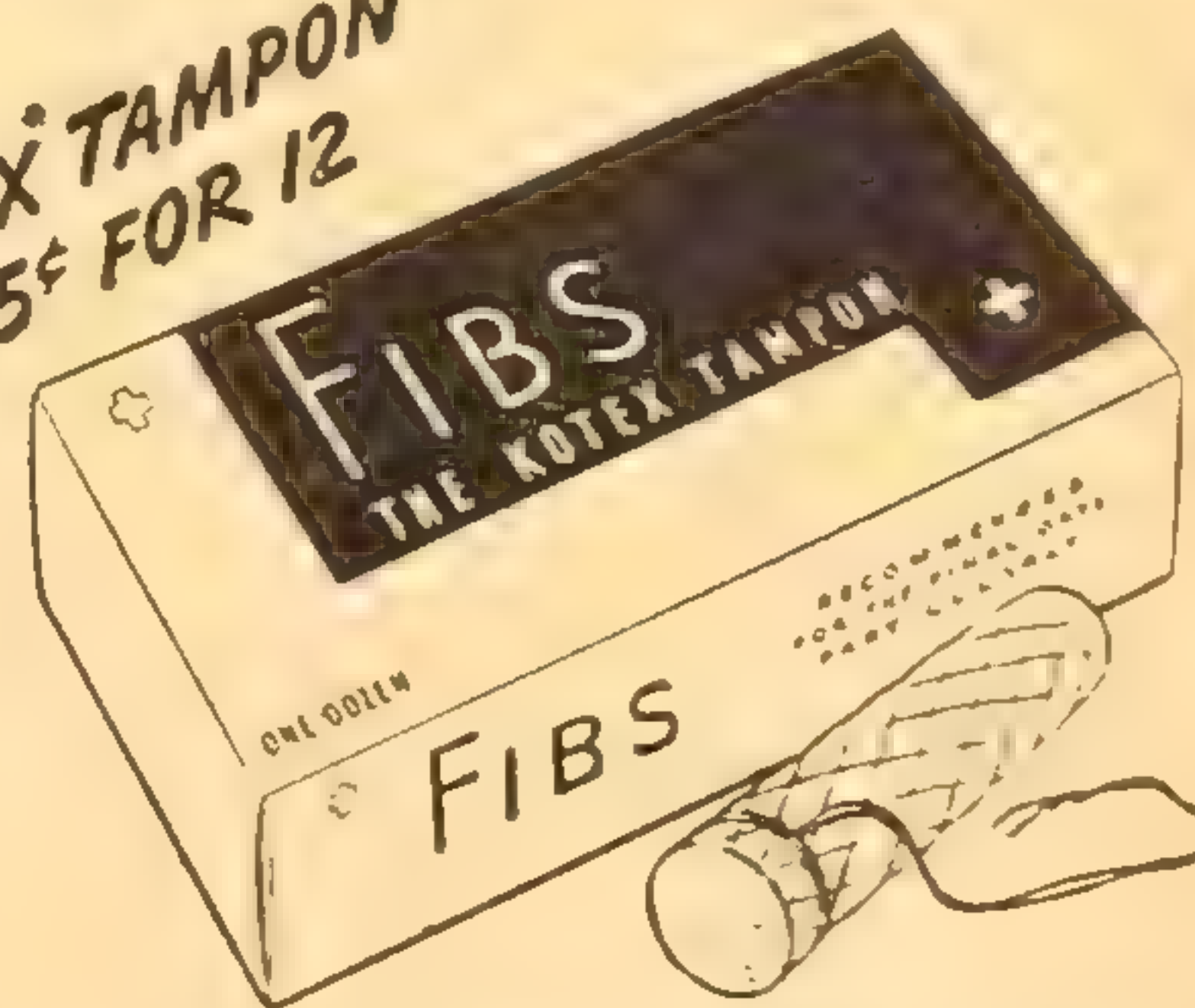
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Mr. and Mrs. George Temple are proud of their famous daughter and to them goes the credit for Shirley's unaffected manner. They see to it that she leads a normal ten-year-old's existence, and at home she's not *the* big star, but their little girl.

into pictures, and told the studio she would have to talk over the proposition with her husband.

But even Shirley has not been absolutely irresistible. For after a series of two-reel comedies, a musician told Gertrude of a rôle at Fox which Shirley could do to a T. Whereupon mother and daughter went out and got a run-of-the-mill rebuff from the casting office. They asked to see the casting director, and couldn't. He was too busy! The lesser fry were as indifferent as they generally are to hundreds of aspirants. But luckily the musician had also telephoned out about Shirley, so she was invited to take a singing test. Aspirants who moan for just one chance to sing a song will be intrigued by the fact that Shirley registered in pretty impromptu style, for no one bothered to give Mrs. Temple the words the child was to sing, and she had to ask a chorus girl what they were and scribble them on the back of an envelope. But when Shirley sang the musical director was so awed by the play-back that he rushed madly for the casting director, who requested that Shirley repeat the song before his very eyes. She did, and a long-term contract was immediately proffered. Gertrude said she would have to talk it over with George.

The Coogan case stirred up a lot of conversation about the vast earnings of poor little movie stars who never get their earnings after all. All the money Shirley has earned has been invested for her. The Temples live on George's and Gertrude's salaries. So don't think Shirley is being taken advantage of, financially. She isn't. The studio pays Gertrude an excellent weekly stipend for her guidance of Shirley. It amounted to \$52,000 for this past year, to be specific, as we insiders can be. But unlike the other stars, Shirley has no agent. Instead, the Temples hire Lloyd Wright, a leading Los Angeles attorney, on an annual retainer, and for a flat fee he handles all negotiations involving money or legal factors. We know, for instance, that Shirley's name on recommendations is worth as much as her acting. So there are tie-ups with various companies manu-

facturing certain types of clothes, foods and dolls. But Gertrude is resolved not to hurt Shirley in any way by these recommendations. We know that literally fifteen thousand different projects have been proposed to Mrs. Temple, and but fifteen have received her okay. We know that Gertrude Temple has rejected all the personal appearance offers that have been made because she feels that Shirley owes it to her fans to appear free, occasionally, but should not be put on exhibit, should not be exploited. You cannot doubt her sincerity when you know that Gertrude has turned down a cool million dollars for Shirley's services on the radio and for personal appearances. The top offer to date was \$25,000 for a few minutes on a Christmas radio program; this was declined because Christmas is not a money-making thing for Shirley. Mrs. Temple herself was offered \$15,000 cash for the use of her own name on a syndicated newspaper column. It was to be called Shirley Temple's Mother's Advice To Mothers. Gertrude will tell mothers whatever she can—free.

Your curiosity about whether letters to Shirley reach her can be satisfied by this insight into the disposition of all mail addressed to her. The studio opens none of it. It is sent right on over to the Temple house, where it receives careful consideration. Mrs. Temple's secretarial assistant is a married woman friend of hers, who comes in three days a week to help with the mail.

Now when Shirley is filming a picture and she does only three a year with long vacations in between, she and her mother don't swoop forth in a limousine. The Temples haven't one. They own a popular make sedan. Arrived at the studio, Shirley never goes near the make-up department. She wears no make-up. She never utilizes the hairdresser on the set, for Mrs. Temple personally curls Shirley's hair with bobby pins the night before. They put make-up on Shirley once—when she had to look haggard in Technicolor, and it was tough making her appear half-starved because she is so healthy.

There is no strain or confusion or temperament on a Temple production. Direc-

tors are anxious to be assigned to Shirley. She is always there on the dot, and doesn't have to be directed. They just rehearse the positions and the crosses and confer with the other players and then shoot. While the budgets on a Temple are big, the schedules long, her pictures nearly always wind up at least a week under the wire because of the quickness with which she grasps her rôles.

But Gertrude Temple is not one to let her daughter depend upon talent alone. Shirley goes over each day's script the night before, when she's climbed into bed, and it is really this thorough preparing which cinches her ability. Gertrude does not tell Shirley how she is to interpret a rôle. She enacts the characters with whom Shirley is to deal, throwing in accents and gestures, and Shirley thereupon responds as she feels she should. The Temples, incidentally, have no say on Shirley's vehicles. So we Hollywood insiders never pester them with bright ideas for wonderful stories. Darryl Zanuck choses all of them. All scripts, all story plots, all songs sent to the Temples are, by Zanuck's order, returned unopened. The studio is depending less and less on Shirley's cuteness and more and more on her giving real characterizations. They believe that, as a child, she has had a particular and sentimental appeal, but that she can be a fine actress. Her mother isn't fiercely determined that she shall go on acting. Gertrude says that whether or not Shirley works through the eventual awkward age depends upon the vehicles assigned, and as for being an actress when she is matured that will be up to Shirley herself. Gertrude Temple does wish that Shirley will win an Academy Award for her acting, though. She was given a special Academy Award for outstanding contributions in 1934.

When we watch Shirley with a director, with a cameraman, or even with a prop man, we see that they do not treat her as a baby. They don't mumble be a nice girl and do that. Rather, they detail, "Now this is the way it should be best." When Shirley noted how much brighter the Technicolor lights are she wondered why. They didn't retort, "Never mind. Don't ask silly questions!" They told her why the color cameras need more light.

Shirley does have an astonishing memory for her lines, but it is hardly true that she has never once forgotten a line. She is proficient at croquet, good at badminton, but she isn't an all-around athlete. Shirley is only a fair swimmer, and she can't dive at all yet. Her friend Mary Lou is a crack swimmer and diver, but when Mary Lou and Shirley are in a pool together Mary Lou doesn't dive or swim too discouragingly well. There is real consideration between these two.

One characteristic of Shirley's which we never cease commenting on is that she learns more from sound than from sight. She doesn't seem to pay much attention to her directors, or to her teacher. But even while she appears a little indifferent, in fact she is listening intensely to their words.

Her school work is identical with that of the public schools, only she covers it in three hours a day. This fall she will be in the A-6 and she will be ten years and four months old then. Besides the regular studies she is taking French three times a week and she now has a vocabulary of five hundred French words. She also takes ballet and piano lessons. However, her mother does not want her to be a prodigy, a freak of any kind. Once Shirley was given an intelligence test. The I.Q. they gave her, as a result, was 155, which is in the genius classification. Since that time no more such tests have been permitted; Gertrude vows there'll be no

guinea pig in her family.

To illustrate explicitly the demands made upon Shirley, in the little matter of interviews, we know here that Mrs. Temple talks to an average of three newspaper or magazine reporters a day when Shirley is busy on a new picture. We know Shirley as a friendly, uncoached, spontaneous conversationalist herself. She resents being given a kiddish line by adults. With children her own age she is her own age, but with adults she wants to be theirs. Pinch her cheeks and she'll burn up! When you want to interview Shirley herself the date is made casually, so far as Shirley is concerned, so she will not imagine that she is something significant. The only way we can get a story from Shirley is by playing with her. We don't ask her about her work, because it isn't work to her—it's fun. If we'd ask her if she were having fun, she'd say yes. If we'd ask her what she wants to do when she grows up, she'd reply, "Oh, I don't know." She is uninterested in such crossexamining, you see. But if we describe Boulder Dam, or a funny man who smoked three pipes and chewed gum all at once she is all smiles and childish confidences. She is diplomacy itself when we reach the topic of her favorite stars. She doesn't want to hurt anyone's feelings so she veers off into a rave over Walt Disney's cartoons.

But I promised to give you some tales of her naughtiness. Well, she is human, all right! One afternoon, recently, Mrs. Temple had to go downtown and she decided Shirley had become big enough to take care of herself on the set for a couple of hours. "Klammy," as Shirley has nicknamed Frances Klampt, her young teacher, chanced to be elsewhere. So Shirley and the youngsters there for the afternoon's scenes proceeded to spoil half-a-dozen expensive takes with their pranks and giggles.

And then there was that nonchalant, plump gentleman, sun-bathing serenely behind the shelter of his cabana, who was horrified at being suddenly run over by a run-away tandem bicycle. When he picked himself up, and glanced savagely at his collapsed protecting tent, he choked on his rage. For the intruder, the bicycle rider, was none other than Miss Shirley Temple. "I guess," sighed Shirley, blushing, "I was riding too fast!"

When the Temples took Shirley to Hawaii—from which they've only just returned to go into production on "Lady Jane"—they didn't even inform the studio they were leaving until their passages were bought and they were ready to sail the next day. Shirley had kept the secret. She had also been staging a vigorous campaign to take Mary Lou along. But Mary Lou had never been away from home for so long and her folks eventually said it would be too much of a strain on Mrs. Temple to manage two youngsters for six weeks. Came the parting day and Mary Lou cried and cried. During the excitement of the farewell party on the boat she disappeared. Her terrified parents located her a few minutes before sailing time. She was hiding in a closet where Shirley had taken it upon herself to stow her away. Already the two girls had demolished two plates of the canapes prepared for going-away refreshments. "I'll not get seasick now," explained Shirley. "Why, you know we should never go to sea on an empty stomach!" Walking toward their cabin they'd passed a traveler who had started celebrating too soon. Noting his staggering, Shirley had observed, "My, how quick some people get seasick!" So even though she has never suffered mal de mer she felt she had an ideal alibi.

The Shirley Temple we Hollywood insiders know is, in a nutshell, no stuffed shirt! And that's just how we like her!

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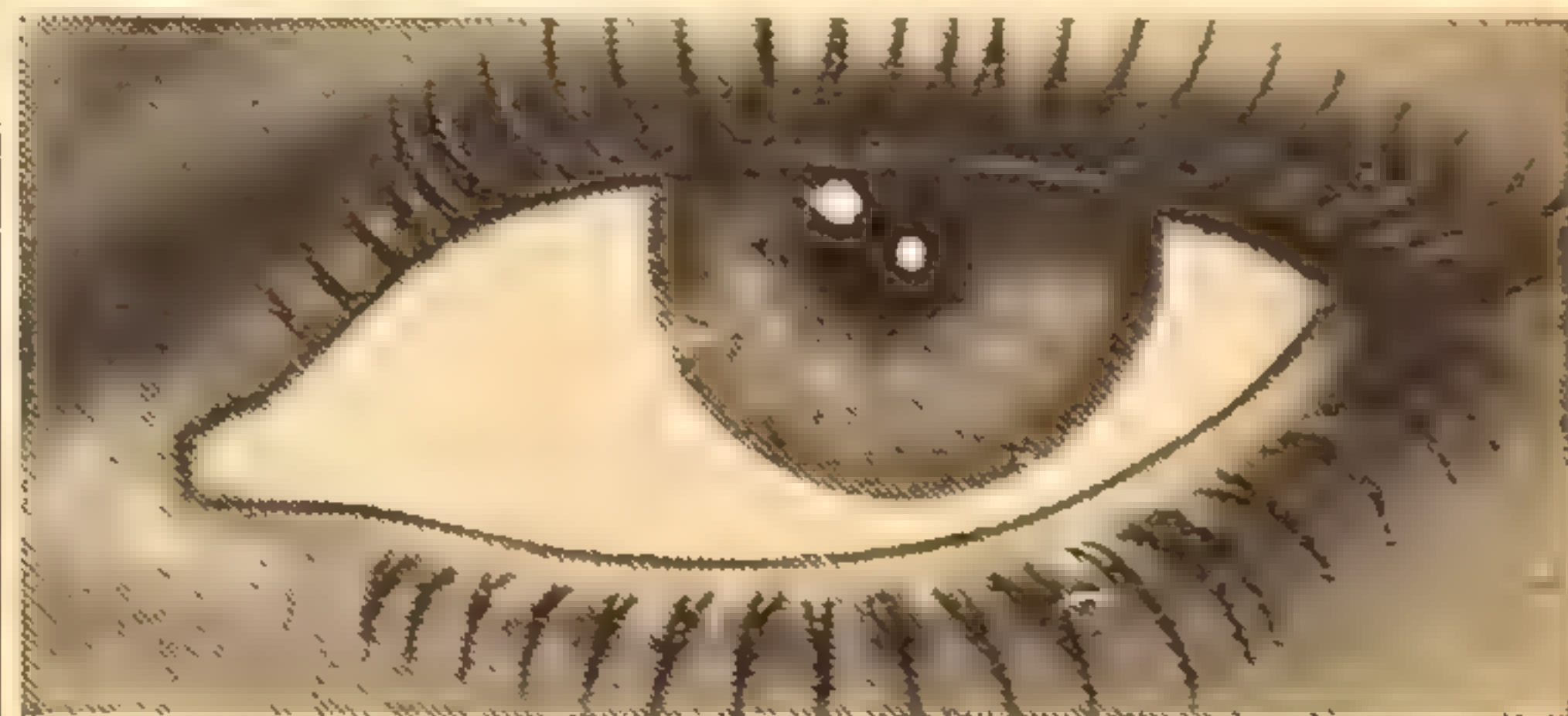
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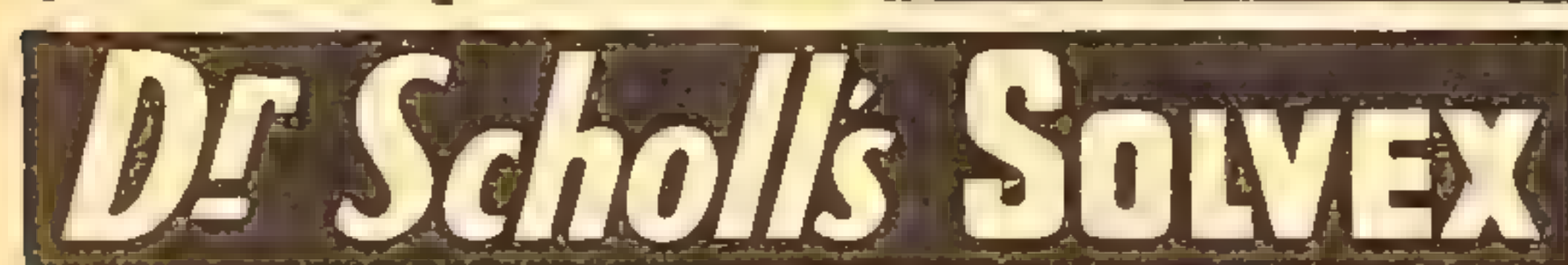
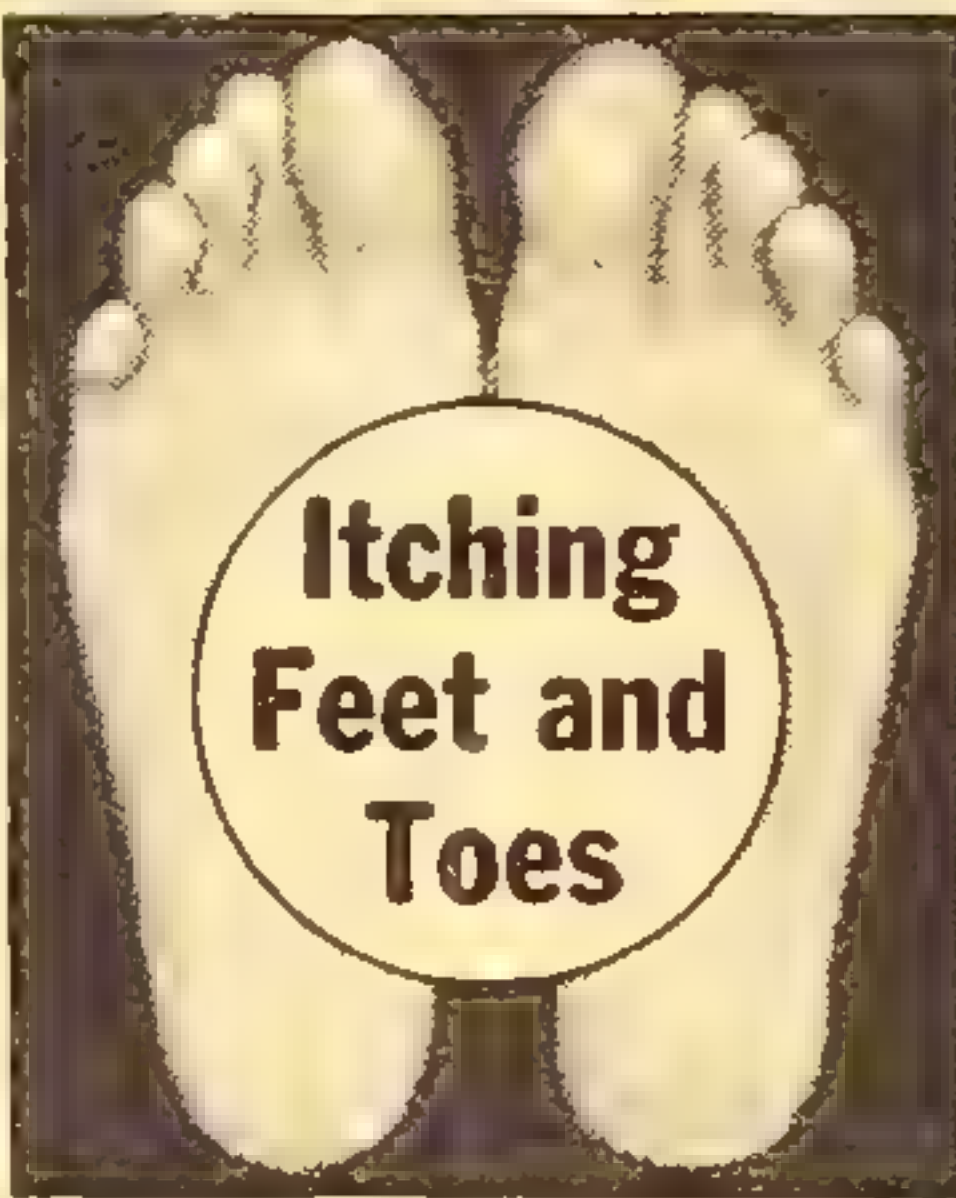
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only bright moment in a lot of dull footage, but the boys and girls in the publicity department, always on the prowl for "gag" art, would run their finger down the contract list and finally shout, "Get Sheridan." Ann has posed on sky-rockets, pumpkins, and turkeys (live, too); she has snowshoed across the burning sands of Santa Monica, and she has posed in more bathing suits than any actress, with the possible exception of the late Jean Harlow. Well you can't blame the press agents for that! With curves like Sheridan's? She should hide them under a bustle.

"Get Sheridan" is still a familiar sound around Hollywood, only today it has taken on terrific importance. During the past few months practically every producer in the industry has suddenly found a picture he wants Ann Sheridan to do. At the moment she is the most-in-demand actress in Hollywood. It isn't Garbo, or Dietrich, or Kay Francis, or any of those highly glamorized stars that the studios are yapping for—it's little Clara Lou Sheridan from Denton, Texas, who was told six years ago by a Paramount executive that she would never become an actress because she was too lazy. In exchange for Ann Sheridan today the producers are willing to loan their best box-office names. Indeed, quite a few of the Glamor Girls and Boys who think the studio couldn't get along without them would be quite surprised if they knew they had been offered to Warner Brothers in bunches for the loan of one Ann Sheridan.

And the Hollywood hostesses haven't been caught napping, either. "Get Sheridan," they say to their secretaries when they are planning gay parties for visiting Dukes and Duchesses. I had it explained to me by one of Hollywood's most famous, and exclusive, hostesses just the other night. "The men," she said, "need new faces at our parties." Well, I could fully appreciate that, after seeing some of the poor tired faces that had been dragging around "in Society" for a long, long time. And I must say "the men," all clustered in a corner around Ann, were certainly making the most of a new face—and figure. But I happen to know that Hollywood hostesses aren't *that* big-hearted. A "new face" in Hollywood hasn't the chance of a snowball in hell. Unless, of course, the "new face" is destined to be a Celebrity.

A few years ago, before she signed the Warner contract, Ann, down to her last baked bean, more than once would call up a friend and, trying hard to keep her voice casual, would suggest, "How's about you buying me a hamburger tonight? I love drive-ins, don't you?" Those were the days when she was *not* invited to partake of caviar with Dukes and Duchesses and Elsa Maxwell. Yes, indeed, you could "get Sheridan" for a hamburger in those days.

And strangely enough, you can "get Sheridan" for a hamburger today. I may be talking too soon—I'm knocking on wood like mad—but I've never seen anyone take success so completely in stride as Annie. If they want to make her a star (Warner Brothers is starring her for the first time in "Naughty But Nice" and Walter Wanger is starring her in "Winter Carnival") that certainly is all right by Ann, but she certainly is not getting "grand" about it, either. She has a very small, unpretentious house in the Valley with a colored maid, and she sees no reason why she should move into Beverly Hills and get an English butler, or give up all her old friends who stood by her when she was a nobody simply because the *creme de la creme* of Hollywood wants to take her up socially. I rather like the way she acted when the studio informed her she was now a star. "I

must get my hair done this afternoon," she said. "I can't afford to look frowsy now, can I?"

I first met Ann Sheridan six years ago at the Press Table in the Paramount commissary. She had just won a "Search for Beauty" contest along with some other youngsters, and was as shy as a mouse with an inferiority complex. Having just had a "Panther Woman" contest thrust down my throat I had decided I was allergic to contest winners, and anyway they never amounted to anything (Miss Gail Patrick and Miss Ann Sheridan can now sue me) so why should I bother? You had to be a Mae West to get a nod out of me on the Paramount lot in those days. (Whatever became of Mae West?)

The next time I met Ann was on the set of "Angels With Dirty Faces" where I watched her work for hours, fascinated by her resemblance both in body and voice to Jean Harlow. I discovered later that not only did she have Jean's looks and voice, but also all Jean's characteristics which so endeared her to the Hollywood Press—*independence, frankness, naturalness, and joie de vivre.* I have never seen two movie stars get more darned fun out of living than Jean Harlow and Ann Sheridan.

"Angels With Dirty Faces" was supposed to be Ann's big opportunity on the Warners lot, but the next time I met her she was back in another quickie, but not at all sour about it. (One of the "names" had thrown a tantrum because the part wasn't big enough and the "front office" had yelled, "Get Sheridan.") Over a couple of enchiladas in the "Green Room" Ann and I got to talking about Spanish and Cuban music, tangos and rhumbas and rhythm, and when she was called back to the set she invited me over to lunch on Sunday to hear her rare collection of Spanish records. It turned out to be the strangest luncheon I had ever attended in Hollywood, and the most fun. Along with the *cubra libras*, and good too, arrived a whole Cuban orchestra from one of the smaller night clubs in downtown Los Angeles. They did not come as entertainers, mind you, but as guests of honor, and it was Ann and her guitar who did the entertaining. But you can't keep a Cuban down, so before long the whole bunch of them were playing and singing and dancing and having the time of their lives. It seems that my rumba wasn't as good as I thought, but a sleek young man, fresh out of Havana, polished it off good. (I'm going to ask for him for Christmas.)

The "lunch," which got itself served along about five o'clock, consisted of heaping platters of chicken and corn on cob, which the maid had cooked up, and a whole lot of Mexican dishes, hot enough to blister the tongue right out of your head, which Annie had whipped up. Ann eats enough food to put any other woman into a reducing hospital. Next to Mexican food she loves mashed potatoes and canned peas and thick slices of fried ham. (You can take a Texas girl to Hollywood, but you can't take the Texas out of her.) She's a chain coffee drinker. She likes three good meals a day.

Though one of the most amiable movie gals I have ever met you can make Ann awfully mad by calling her lazy. She really isn't, you know, but just because she is good-natured and thoroughly un-complex about everything people get the idea that she's lazy. It makes her blood boil. And as long as the insult rankles she ceases to be good-natured. It is a very unfair accusation because Ann has worked like a slave to improve herself ever since she has been in Hollywood. She has a big burning desire

to be a great actress. Like Bette Davis. Even when there wasn't much money, before the Warner Bros. contract, she would spend her last cent on voice and diction lessons.

If you compare that little contest winner with the whine in her voice who had a few seconds in Paramount's "Search for Beauty" with the calm, poised, charmingly mannered Ann Sheridan of Walter Wanger's "Winter Carnival" you can readily realize how hard Annie has worked. She has done six pictures already this year so you'd think that when she was given a few days off from "Winter Carnival" she'd have herself a gay time of it—but not Annie, she spent those three days studying with a famous dramatic coach. She'll joke about anything you want to joke about—except her career. She's deadly serious about that. Though she tried her best not to show it, she was terribly thrilled at the billing of "Dodge City" which had her name in the same size type as Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. "Gee," she said, "and I only had a bit in the picture." When he thought no one was looking—this was in the Dodge City Special en route to Dodge City last April—Ann surreptitiously gathered up all copies of the newspapers and sent them to the folks back home in Texas.

When Walter Wanger releases "Winter Carnival" Ann won't have to gather up newspapers to get a thrill. Mercy, no. She's the great big one and only star in "Winter Carnival" and appears in every reel. Wanger, feeling that the title "Oomph Girl" is not dignified enough for the star of their picture, has tabbed her "A Western American Glamor Girl" and claim that she has a seductiveness and refinement that she has never had before." She plays an heiress who on her way from Reno, where she has just divorced a Duke, finds herself stopping off at Hanover for the famous annual Dartmouth Winter Carnival. She and a young professor, played by Richard Carlson, take up where they left off several years before. After a flock of hard-boiled dance hall and showgirl parts Annie's quite delighted to play a "lady" for a change.

You can be quite certain that all the eligible young men in town wanted to "Get Sheridan" too, after she divorced her attractive young husband, Eddie Norris, about a year ago. At first Ann was quite content to stay around her new home, fixing it up, pattering around, and crocheting bed spread (she's only been on it for two years.) But Ann's a gay soul and likes people, crowds of people, and so it wasn't long before she was accepting invitations to go dancing and ice-skating—the two things she likes most to do. Of all her dancing and skating partners there was none so smooth and charming as Cesar Romero. Pretty soon it was a "hot" romance.

Cesar confided to a few intimate friends that it was the big love of his life. And Ann went out only with him. But when Richard Carlson arrived from New York to play opposite Ann in the Wanger picture he rented a house in the Valley near Ann's and the next thing we knew Ann was stepping out nights with young Mr. Carlson. She even baked him a cake for his birthday. But now, it seems, Cesar's in again and it is he who escorts her to the uppercrust social events of Hollywood that she's making now.

Of course that makes Cesar about the most envied man in Hollywood at present. All the guys want to date Annie. "Why," I asked a I-want-Ann-Sheridan boy friend the other day, "why are you so keen about Annie?"

"Because," he said, "Annie how you look at her she's beautiful."

Talk about "Annie doesn't live here anymore,"—he doesn't!

The Old Maid Goes to Town

Continued from page 31

her corner between scenes. It's quite a long time since Miriam has appeared on the screen and she is fortunate in reappearing in such a grand film as "The Old Maid" taken from Zoe Akins' stage play of the same name. Strangely enough they are not changing the title this time.

The Davis wears her laurels very gracefully and modestly for one who has twice won the Academy Award for the best performance of the year. Pleased as Punch she is, naturally, but says that it makes each new performance harder for the glories and responsibilities one has to live up to. We are all thinking that the Academy will have a hard time next year to find a better performance than Bette's in "Dark Victory." She was so funny when she told me about seeing the preview of that. When it was over one of the studio heads asked her how she liked it. Bette, with a broad grin, told him she thought it was wonderful. "I felt so ashamed afterward," said she, "for I was thinking of the character and not myself. Anyway, myself or not, it's still a grand film." In "The Old Maid" she says the part is very good and it's interesting to play a woman of forty. How many of our Hollywood gals would admit they find that interesting? I mean those still far from the forty-year-old mark, as Bette is.

It's like a one-man show to watch Edmund Goulding direct a film. With such fine troupers as Bette and Miriam he merely discusses quietly the scene to be done and rarely will he get up himself to show how he wants it acted. With the small-part people he generally acts out the part himself first. One day he was explaining a scene to a wee tot of five or six years—she who plays Bette's little girl in the film. To show her how he wanted her to enter a door and look around the room he went off the set, got down on his hands and knees, so as to appear nearer her height, and crawled in through the door with an eager look on his face. He then told her to act as much like him as she could. Imagine our surprise when the door opened and in crawled the tot on her hands and knees in exact imitation of Goulding!

While making "The Old Maid" Bette is busy with costume and wig fittings for her next film, the rôle of Queen Elizabeth of England, to be called "The Lady and the Knight." Errol Flynn will play opposite her. It's to be in Technicolor so of course the colors of the costumes play an important part in the scheme. "They are making different colored wigs to match the costumes," Bette said, "I'm fighting hard to be allowed to play some of the scenes entirely bald! Won't it be a riot when the audience sees me with a shining hairless dome? Elizabeth was bald and in all the paintings of her her wigs look very 'wiggy.' So it would be only natural that some of the scenes would show her in the privacy of her boudoir entirely wigless. In fact, I've read of her fury at one of her favorites who caught her by surprise minus her wig. Oh, I do want to play some scenes like that, if only my eyes won't seem to be popping out of my shining head!" There you have Bette in a nutshell. She loves a part with guts in it, one that she can get her teeth into, and then proceeds to play it for all it's worth—regardless of how she might look. No wonder she is called the greatest actress on the screen. How fortunate she is to be blessed with that great power and not have to worry about which side of her profile to turn to the camera or if she is back-lighted correctly.

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Norvell Predicts Your Romantic Future

Continued from page 27.

follows Leo-born in love and marriage.

In passing, it might be interesting to note that most of the famous screen stars who were born in July and August, in the Sign of Leo, the Lion, are under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, whose trade-mark happens to be Leo, the Lion! Myrna Loy, Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer, and William Powell, all M-G-M stars, come under the rulership of Leo.

What does this month hold for those of you whose birthdates come in the other Signs of the Zodiac? For every Sign there is a different forecast every month, so find the month in which you were born, and read below what the stars reveal for YOU this month.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

This month is good for new plans and ideas. Especially favors those in office work, or connected with printing, publicity, writing, or secretarial activities. The stars countenance asking for advancement or raise in salary at this time. Make friends and attend to social activities. The financial outlook is somewhat better than it has been. Romance uncertain, with changes impending. Some quarrels and misunderstandings may arise, but nothing very serious. Good days: the 4th, 7th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 28th, and 29th.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

This is the house in the Zodiac ruling wealth, and all things that have to do with the earth. This month favors financial deals and extensive campaigns to raise money or to make changes in business. Jupiter favors the home, and any investments in real estate. Good for signing papers or legal affairs. Be cautious in romance; do not make any change unless you have given it serious thought. Some afflictions to Venus may make you restless and unsettled in love. Good days: 1st, 3rd, 6th, 8th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 26th, 29th.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

This is the Sign of the twins, one pulling in opposite direction from the other, and this month may find your interests in romance or marriage divided. You will have to be firm and know what you want in life. Good month to make radical changes in love or business. Set a goal and then work toward it, for success will be yours in what you attempt. Travel is favored for pleasure. New romance may be on the threshold of your life, so be alert and friendly, lest you frighten it away! Good days: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 20th, 24th, 27th, and 30th.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

As the Moon is your ruler, you come under some very idealistic vibrations this month. This may affect the present romance in your life, and cause you to be somewhat restless and unhappy. After the 15th, you come under steadier vibrations and may carry out any plans you may have in romance or marriage. An immediate solution to your financial problems may loom just ahead, so keep working toward your goal. Good days are: 3rd, 6th, 7th, 9th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 25th, and 27th.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

To what we have already said about Leo-born, we might add that this month presents several opportunities in business to make money and to climb a little higher up the ladder of success. The vibrations favor all public work, acting, dancing, singing and music especially. Rudy Vallee and Buddy Rogers are two musicians born in

Leo. Also favors romance for this month. Good days for Leo: 1st, 4th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th 29th.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

Better conditions exist for you this month than formerly. You have been restless and disturbed, and must still watch your health. However, you have the planets working with you at this time and may venture courageously into new ventures in business and even in romance. A good month for social activities, and for proposals, engagements, or marriage. Mars may bring some danger from vehicles, so watch your step. Travel this month, or change residence, if you so wish, for the stars show satisfactory conditions about new locations. Legal affairs, real estate, oil deals, gold mining, etc., are favored. There are no decidedly adverse days.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

Venus, the planet that rules romance, comes under excellent aspects this month, and brings you one or more chances in romance, if you wish to take advantage of them. Do not be hasty in making decisions or changes, and if married, this may be a month of vital decisions for you. Try first of all to settle disturbances through amicable means, but if they fail your stars reveal this month that you will still find happiness in love. Money matters do not change radically, but there is a gradual improvement, and an opportunity to seek a new business contact that should prove profitable for you in the months to come.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

This is the Sign of Scorpio, ruled by Mars, and you may have felt the disquieting vibrations that have been issuing from this war planet for the past few months. It has brought about world unrest and war agitation for some time, and in your personal life there may be conflict in the romantic or business affairs of your life. By using diplomacy and caution you may overcome any such radical disturbances and profit from the stimulating rays of the planetary emanations. There will be an active interest this month in business promotion schemes. You may consider going into business for yourself, or seek advancement in your present position, but whichever you are most interested in doing, enter into it wholeheartedly for you will have a splendid chance to win success in the coming months. The good days for this month are: 1st, 4th, 6th, 8th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 28th, and 30th.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

The month starts rather slowly, and you may have some disturbing vibrations from Saturn or Mars at this time. Be conservative, save money, and be safe rather than too aggressive this month. It favors starting new ventures where you need not invest too heavily, or leaving an old place of business for a new. Also good for vacation interests, travel for pleasure, and new romances. If you have not yet found happiness in love or marriage, this month may hold the key to your future happiness. You may meet someone socially who may influence your life for the entire future. The latter half of the month, relax, rest, and conserve your energies. There are no outstanding good or bad days, as they are all fairly favorable.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

The influence of Saturn this month may bring about some startling and revolutionary



Rex, winner of \$5.00 prize in our Pet Picture Contest, shows dog sense. He proudly displays issue of SCREENLAND in which his picture was published.

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 59 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

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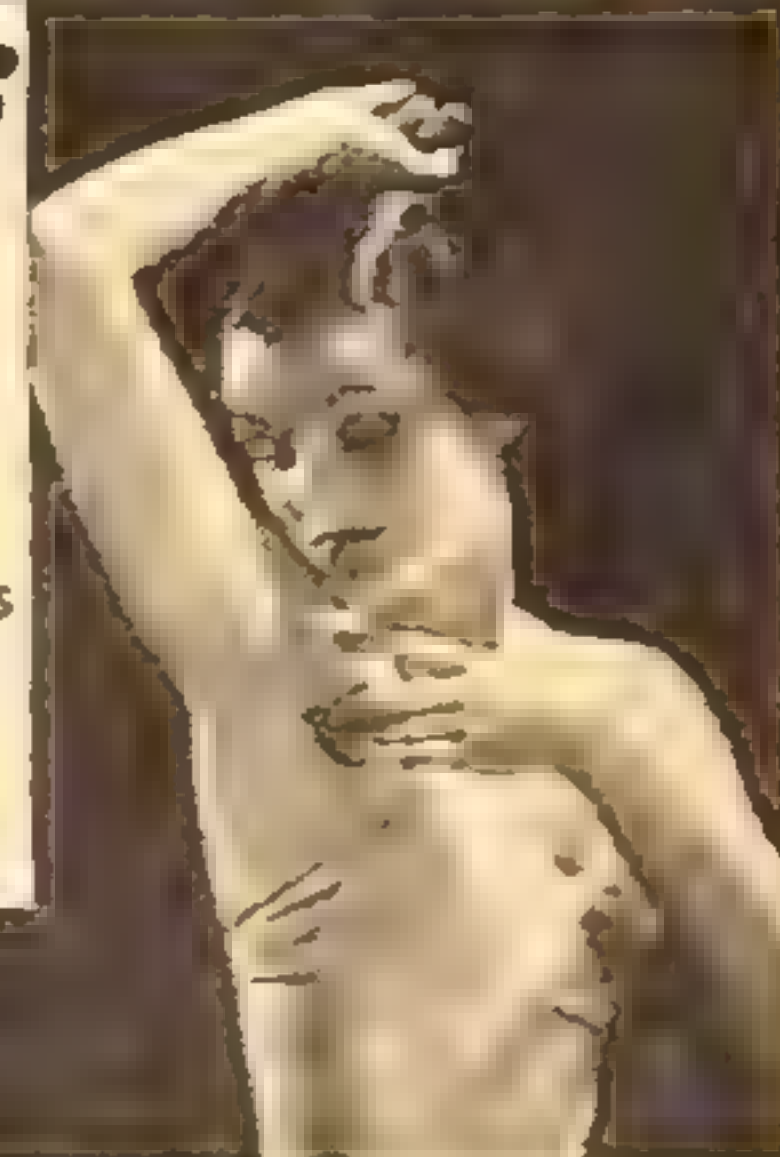


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On Location with Gary Cooper

Continued from page 61

of this one struck me speechless. A plank road, held together by strips of iron, winds for a mile and a half across the sand from the main highway to the camp. This was built at a cost of \$50,000 and took six weeks to construct. It had to be laid before any material or equipment could be hauled in to the camp itself. Ninety-six tents were erected to house the cast and crew of 700 men. All of them have wood floors and half way up the walls are wood, too. The principals, production heads and executives sleep two to a tent, each of these tents equipped with its own bathroom, hot and cold running water. The rest of the men sleep four, six, or eight to a tent, according to their importance. There is a huge recreation tent where movies are shown nightly, a giant mess tent—large enough to accommodate the whole company at one sitting—and a bath tent equipped with showers, lavatories, etc. A sprinkling cart runs all night wetting down the sand streets of the camp to keep them packed solid.

As we turned off the main highway, a man with a team was dragging the plank road to keep it free of sand, which the wind was whipping up into a cloud of fury, so thick it was hard to see fifty feet ahead. We made for the tent of William Wellman, the director. "Wild Bill" his friends call him. His language, away from the refining influence of women, is more picturesque than polite. His wit borders on the Rabelaisian and for sharpness his tongue would make a razor seem dull in comparison. He glanced up as I entered, and turned to his assistant. "I haven't troubles enough already," he muttered audibly. "This (meaning yours truly) has to happen."

But I was determined to let nothing—not even the warmth of my host's greeting—mar my visit. "How's it, Billy, old boy, old boy?" I beamed.

"It's awful," he retorted, "and good humor at a time like this is even worse."

"Why, what's the matter?" I queried in well-simulated surprise. "The sun is shining—"

"Yeah," he snapped me off, "when you can see it. Listen to that wind! Look at that sand blowing! We can't work. Buttercup Valley; they call this place," he continued sourly. "When we were looking for a location the natives told us the wind never blows around here. Gary Cooper's sick. Ray Milland's sick. And now you're here and I'm sick." He held his head in mock distress.

"Listen, you big walrus," I barked, "you're no panacea for my ailments, either. I only came down here because I wanted to turn an honest dollar and thought I might give you a little free publicity doing it. The hell with you."

Bill grinned and turned to his corps of assistants sitting around. "Boys," he invited, "meet the press. Mr. Mook is a shining example—even-tempered, shy, retiring. There are times—notably when he's asleep—that you have to blast to get a word out of him."

I grinned sheepishly. He can get my goat quicker than anyone I know. I've known him for years and yet I have never learned to refuse the bait he throws at me.

Gary wandered into the tent. "Hi, Dick," he exclaimed cordially. "Nice day you picked for a visit."

"Hi, son," I offered, "how're you doin'?" He shook his head. "Not so good. Sore throat. I think I'll lie down for a while and try to catch a few winks."

Well, that's nothing new for Gary. He's

been catching a few winks as long as I've known him and that's nine years. He can sleep standing up, sitting down or lying down—and does. Go ahead," I encouraged him. "You gotta conserve your strength."

Mr. Wellman eyed me morosely. "You friend, Milland, is across the street playing bridge when he should be in bed, so he can work tomorrow. Maybe you can take his place and persuade him to lie down and 'conserve his strength,'" he suggested.

I mosied over to Harold Huber's tent and there were Harold, Ray, Ronnie Rondel and George Chandler up to their hips in bridge. "Hi, Ray," I began. "Bill says you should take your place and you should go to bed so you can work tomorrow."

"Tell Bill to go to hell," he exploded. "And if there's a sub-hell that's where you can go."

Mr. Milland explodes easily—but so do I. "Why, you——" I screeched, "I knew you when not another writer in Hollywood would even acknowledge an introduction to you."

"Yeah," he shouted back, "and I knew you when you were a nice guy—but it's so long ago I can hardly remember."

Brian Donlevy, who plays *Sergeant Markoff* (the old Noah Beery rôle) rushed into the tent. "Hey, Ray, the tarpaulin has blown off your Ford and this sand will pit the paint."

Mr. Milland exploded again. "——!" he swore, jumping up and rushing outside to secure the canvas covering.

I glanced out the window and noticed the tarpaulin had also blown off Gary's expensive model. I dashed over to his tent. Mr. Cooper was catching a few winks. "Hey, Gary!" I yelled, shaking him. "The tarpaulin's blown off your car and this sand will chip the paint to pieces."

Gary opened his eyes—briefly. "Has it? Will it?" he grunted and rolled over to go back to sleep. All at once he sat up. "Say, Dick, you going into town to stay tonight?"

I nodded. Even inside the tent the sand was sifting inside my collar and shoes.

"Think I'll go with you. I can see a doctor in town and get something for this cold." He hoisted himself out of bed. "Let's see if Bill wants anything," he suggested.

"Yes," Bill replied to our query. He seized a pencil and wrote rapidly. "Send this wire to my wife." The wire consisted largely of a request for various medicines (some of them for Gary, some for Ray), some of his cook's date sticks and ended up with, "We have hot and cold running water in our tents but the water has struck oil and, as the two don't mix, we have given up bathing!"

I was appalled at the length of the telegram. And, knowing his wife was expecting a baby very shortly, I shuddered at the amount of shopping and packing she would have to do to get off all the junk he was ordering. "I can get most of those things in Yuma," I protested, "and Gary can bring them out in the morning."

Bill shook his head stubbornly. "She likes to get long wires from me and, besides, if you fellows bought these things there'd be no romance to it. This way, if I know my wife is sending me a package I'll have something to look forward to."

In Yuma, Mr. Cooper engaged a room, summoned a doctor and retired. I retired, too—to the bar.

Next morning I called him on the phone. "Are you receiving this morning?"

"Come on up," said Gary.

His room looked like a miniature apothecary. "The doc sent this stuff up," he

attered, following my gaze. "Let's go out and see if we can buy some shells for my shotgun."

In the hardware store Gary purchased shells. "Lotsa dove and quail in Mexico," the shopkeeper told us.

Gary turned to me. "Remember that time we were on that cruise on Dick Arlen's boat and that restaurant keeper in Tina gave us those quail and you cooked 'em for breakfast?" He licked his chops. "Boy, those were good!"

"It's a pleasure to cook for an appreciative clientele," I murmured expansively, remembering Gary had eaten six of the twelve.

Before we go back to camp I want to see one Sandra (his wife). She's in Phoenix with the baby. The baby has a cold."

He phoned, Sandra reassured him concerning the baby and we drove the seven miles back to camp—mostly in silence. Acquidity is not one of Gary's besetting sins. The wind had died down and the company was shooting. "We'll go up to the fort," Gary announced. "They may be waiting for me." He slipped into his uniform of a soldier in the Foreign Legion and we started out.

My eyes practically bulged out of my head. The day before, when I had arrived, the sand had obscured things. Today, in the sunlight, it was different. Off in the distance, loomed the sand dunes, refracting many colors in the sunlight—grim and forboding in the dusk and night. High, up one of them, stood Fort Zinderneuf, stronghold of the Legion in the desert. Perhaps a hundred yards from the fort, Paramount had built an oasis. Fifty palm trees were transplanted 250 miles from the Paramount nursery in Hollywood for this oasis. An entire date orchard had been transplanted a distance of forty miles. A water hole had been dug. If you looked in the opposite direction from the camp it was an easy thing to imagine yourself in the vastnesses of the Sahara. Inside the fort, the company was assembled, the extras wearing the most villainous make-ups I have ever seen. Gruesomely realistic, these "veterans" looked battle-scarred, right.

"Come on, Gary," Wellman snaps, "we're waiting."

Gary takes his place in the formation of men. The gates leading from the desert to the fort swing open and two scouts are lying in a couple of dying deserters.

"After the desert, Zinderneuf does not seem so bad, eh?" the villainous *Sergt. Donlevy* sneers softly.

"No, Sergeant, one of them whispers. "Water—water," moans the other.

Donlevy orders water and then, as the men crawl towards him, he throws it on the sand. "Find it in the sand," he mocks. "It's yours!" He watches them a moment, and then, "I insist you escape." The men try for mercy and cling to his trousers. He attempts to kick them off but they hold on with the grip of the dying. He catches a whip from one of the scouts and starts lashing them with it. Somehow the two manage to get to their feet and stagger to the gate. Brian hands the whip to one of the scouts. "Drive them out where you found 'em—and keep them away from the oasis." Then he turns to the assembled men: "Any more of you want to desert? If you do, you can go now. I won't stop you." No one speaks. In the background, the deserters and the scouts can still be seen. Donlevy grins sardonically.

"Later," he says, "you may wish you had taken my offer—I promise you!" He waits a moment for his words to sink in. There is a dead silence. He walks to his quarters. "Cut!" calls Wellman, and turns to me. "You know, Dick, I don't often shoot off my mouth about the things that are close

to me but, by George, sometimes I wake up in the night in a cold sweat over the magnitude of this picture. I've made big pictures before but this is the most pretentious re-make that has ever been filmed. The original 'Beau Geste' was one of the sensational successes of all time. It's no small undertaking to attempt to follow it. The budget on this picture is almost \$1,750,000. That's about three times what the other one cost. Look at the investment in this camp alone. It took another six weeks to build after the plank road was completed. We hauled 50,000 lbs. of equipment out here two weeks before the company started shooting. When you stop and think that you and you, alone, will be held responsible for the returns on this investment it's enough to give you the willies. On top of all that, I'm here and Dottie (his wife) is 250 miles away, expecting a baby almost any minute. This is a hell of a business." He paused a moment. "I guess they're about ready for the next shot. Come on, this is one of the best scenes."

It is the scene, near the end of the picture, where the Arabs are attacking the Fort. Donlevy, an excellent soldier despite his despotism, doesn't want the Arabs to know he is short of men. So, as a man falls, he seizes him and props him up against the parapet, with his rifle sticking through. The remaining soldiers rush from one opening to another, firing at the enemy. At the end, all are dead except Donlevy, Gary (who has been mortally wounded) and Robert Preston (Gary's youngest brother). Donlevy, thinking Gary is dead, stoops to search him for a jewel he thinks Gary has. Preston rushes at him in a frenzy. "Keep your filthy hands off my brother or I'll kill you!" he shouts.

Brian pulls his pistol to shoot Preston but just then Gary, not quite dead and aware of what is happening, jerks Donlevy's leg and throws him off balance. Preston runs a bayonet through Brian and kills him.

Brian Donlevy is wearing a wooden jacket to protect him from the bayonet. They rehearse the scene once and then shoot it. But, in the shooting, Donlevy loses his balance and instead of falling where he is supposed to fall, he falls a little to one side. Preston's bayonet actually pierces his body and goes within two inches of his heart. There is a horrified gasp from the assemblage as Donlevy sinks to the floor, blood spurting from the wound. But the cameras keep grinding.

Such an air of tenseness pervades the set no one can speak. When Howard Batt nudges me and whispers, "We've got to go," I merely nod. But, before leaving, I exact a promise from Bill to have someone phone and let me know how Donlevy is. Bill keeps his word. The wound, though painful, is, fortunately, not serious, and four days later the plucky Mr. Donlevy is back at work.

That's how movies are made—on location.

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

H	E	D	Y	P	A	T	B	E	L	A		
H	E	N	I	E	A	S	H	E	B	O	N	Y
O	N	C	E	A	N	T	I	C	B	R	I	E
S	R	O	E	L	E	A	N	O	R	E	T	A
T	Y	R	O	N	E	I	S	L	E	T	A	R
E	R	A	S	E	R	M	E	A	T			
B	E	S	E	T	V	E	R	A	M	A	S	T
O	R	G	E	N	E	A	N	T	E	P	A	
W	A	C	O	E	R	S	T	O	C	E	A	N
A	N	N	E	H	E	A	T	H	S			
C	A	R	I	D	L	E	P	E	E	K	E	D
H	U	R	P	L	E	A	S	E	D	I	D	A
A	T	O	M	E	A	R	L	S	A	M	E	N
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S	L	E	W	T	R	Y	T	E	S	S		

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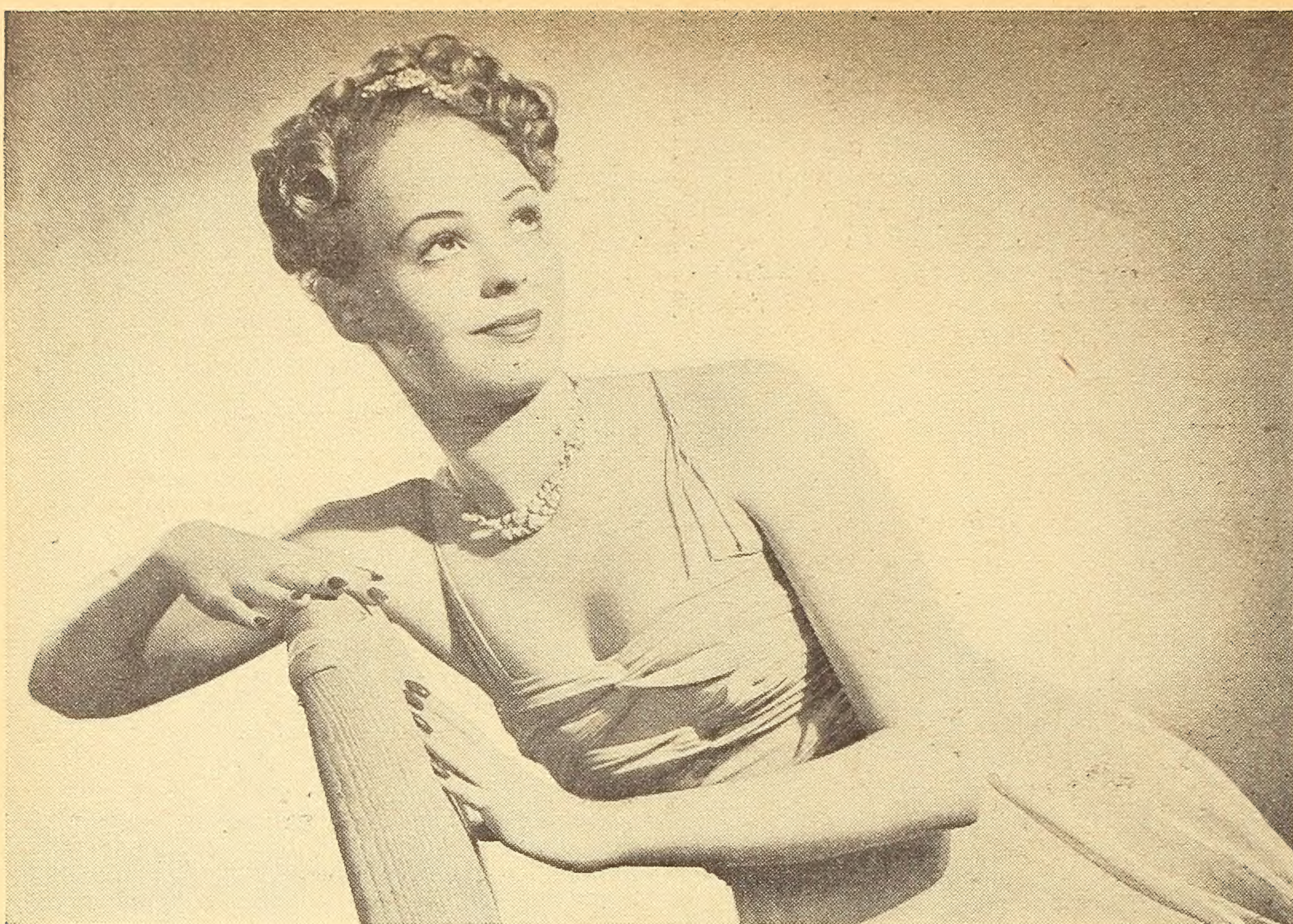
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

milk. Add Crisco and mix lightly. Put in muffin tins well oiled and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes.

"Another salad I like very much and often serve is this one: A slice of pineapple and a slice of tomato, set in shredded lettuce, and dotted with hearts of artichoke. My special summer drink is lemonade, but *what* a lemonade! I use seltzer water, which gives it a sparkle, put mint leaves on top and serve half a fresh peach in each glass.

"I like plain food, and never care for sauces and dressings, but while I was abroad I got some delectable recipes for sauces and dressings—you know how they specialize in these in France. I usually have two or three kinds of sauces on the table so my guests can choose which they please. One that my guests like is called Italian Sauce.

ITALIAN SAUCE

Cover one-third of a cupful of dried mushrooms with one cup of boiling water and let stand one hour; drain, save the water and chop fine. Heat four tablespoons olive oil in a saucepan, add one finely minced onion and one tablespoon chopped parsley; cook until the onion is clear, add the mushrooms, one cup and a half of canned tomato puree. (Gerber Products Co.), one cup beef stock, seasoning of salt and pepper and the mushroom water. Simmer for thirty minutes and serve.

"Speaking of unusual dishes, Cauliflower Soup served cold is delicious. It gives you the same cool feeling that raw cauliflower does—you've served raw cauliflower in tiny pieces on toothpicks dipped in mayonnaise?"

COLD CAULIFLOWER SOUP

Chicken stock
½ cauliflower
2 cups milk
½ cup cream
1 onion
2 stalks celery
Dash white pepper and salt to taste
Cook cauliflower in stock until very soft.

Mash and put through sieve. Simmer in milk, strain and mix with other ingredients. Again let simmer, then chill.

Serve with hot muffins.

"Cauliflower Bouquet makes a nice salad, too. This can be very pretty."

CAULIFLOWER BOUQUET

Select 1 large perfect cauliflower and boil until tender but not soft enough to break; drain it and set it to cool. Arrange in the salad bowl a lining of well washed red and green beet leaves; place the cauliflower in the center; cover with remoulade dressing made of 1 raw beaten egg, tablespoon vinegar (Heinz) 3 tablespoons olive oil and 1 teaspoon chutney syrup. Garnish with little carrot roses that have been marinated in lemon juice and sugar for half an hour, and put in the center of each a little bit of chopped red pepper.

"Fresh fruits are my usual dessert in summer time. I don't think you can use enough of them. I like my fruit plain, but if you have guests you can dress up your fruit in different ways. Strawberry Coupe—or any other berry—is an example."

STRAWBERRY COUPE

Crush with a silver fork a quart of washed and hulled berries. Leave in a sieve to drip for an hour. To the pulp remaining (which should measure ⅔ cup), add 1 cup powdered sugar, drain again. When quite dry, fold into ⅔ cups heavy cream, beaten stiff. Serve in glasses.

"Oh yes, there's a special dish served here that we call Eggs a la Golden Rod, but guests call it *Eggs Russell*. You powder the yolks and put them on top of the whites, which you have creamed with white sauce. Serve it on toast, with a sprinkle of paprika. I don't know why my guests are so fond of it. But often they call me and say: 'I'll come over, if you'll have *Eggs Russell*!'"

Rosalind has always been interested in houses. "At home we had an immense household—you can imagine, with seven children and my father and mother! Almost always we had guests, too, in fact I can scarcely remember sitting down to dinner unless

there was at least one guest. My mother had to run her home as if it were a small hotel. She's one of those women who have never eaten anything in her own home that she didn't select herself. She can pick out melons, grapefruit, steaks, avocados, anything, and she's never wrong.

"I didn't consciously learn anything about decorating houses or the difference in furniture and so on. I must have picked it up painlessly, simply because I was interested. When I went on my own, I always had a small place to myself, even if it was only an apartment, and I always did the room over myself. Once when I was in New York and not very well off, I had a tiny place with a garden. A garden is very rare in New York, so I concentrated on that—I had Dutch doors opening out into it, and did the place as a Dutch house, plenty of color, tulip shades and lots of yellow. I used crisp white curtains, inexpensive materials but the best of its kind. I never had cheap damask or cheap chintzes. I believe in having the best of whatever it is you can afford, not cheap imitations. I've never cared much for modern furniture. I'll admit there is some beautiful modern furniture being designed, and if you can afford the very finest things, you can get something beautiful, but I like to live with good old pieces, lovely old things. A house is an investment, if it's properly managed. I like to decorate a house nicely; then if I want to go abroad I can rent it and have a snug income."

When Rosalind was abroad last year, she bought some things for her house, as what doesn't? "I collect glass and got some gorgeous pieces in Venice. I found some china in Czechoslovakia as well as in France. I happen to be interested in glass and china so I've read enough about them to know hall-marks and be able to judge whether I'm buying wisely. I bought pictures, too. I'm a fool for Michael Angelo so I loaded myself with pictures of his things. Then there were other pictures from the Sistine Chapel. I know what appeals to me in pictures; I don't claim I might not pass by the most valuable of painting in the world if I didn't happen to like that sort of thing."


Everywhere in Rosalind's house you find flowers. "I think we need gay flowers these days," she observed, "I used to think I liked white flowers best and when I could I'd have a white garden, but now I'm sure that colors do more for you. I'm planting every kind of gay bloom I know." She glanced at the long garden, where Californian summer flowers bloomed in colorful array. "I use every flower I can get hold of, if it's gay enough to pick up an otherwise dull room, but I'm actually old-fashioned enough to love roses best of all.

"Don't know where I got that streak of old-timeyness! My mother is terribly modern about life. She believes in large families, but she also believes that each child is entitled to his own life. She thinks if laws or parents often break up what might have been happy marriages. She wouldn't interfere with one of us for anything. After all, she says, she has had her own life, why mix into her children's lives? She won't even stay overnight with her two married children. She will go to dinner with them, if invited, but at ten-thirty hours she goes; no weather short of a cyclone or a cloudburst would keep her later, and no far neither catastrophe has occurred.

"She uses good psychology, I grant you. If she isn't always barging into our home, we'll all want her the more. All of us are begging her to come to our houses. She makes it an occasion and we appreciate it. Do you know, she has only been to my house *once* since I've been in Hollywood. I hope I can be as wise as she is, if I marry and become a parent. We all bless her."



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